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THE

PROGRESS OF IDOLATRY,

A POEM, IN TEN BOOKS.

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THE THREE ORDEALS,

OR THE

TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE,

IN FIVE CANTOS.

STUDLEY PRIORY,

AND OTHER POEMS.

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES,

ETCHINGS OF THE PRINCIPAL HINDU DEITIES,

AND OTHER PLATES.

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BY

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SIR ALEXANDER CROKE.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

In these speculative times, when all creeds and opinions become the subjects of doubt and discussion, the Author thought it the duty of every sincere believer to support, as far as he was able, the doctrines to which he conscientiously adhered. It was his design therefore, in the longest of the following poems, to add the testimony of another disinterested layman to the truth and beauty of the Christian religion.

For this purpose, he has endeavoured to shew the general corruption of human nature and to prove the excellency of Christianity by contrasting it with the errors, the follies, and the gross absurdities, into which men are betrayed, when they deviate from the path of divine inspiration, and are guided solely by the light

of unassisted reason: to display God's wonderful goodness in interfering to counteract human frailty, and to recal mankind from their fatal wanderings: to point out the adulterations by which presumption and ignorance have corrupted these divine communications: to relate the meritorious efforts which have been made to correct these errors, and the opposition which they encountered: that whilst many churches and sects have deviated, in different directions, from the pure standard of the Gospel, the Church of England was founded, both in doctrine and discipline, upon the Holy Scriptures and the practice of the early ages of Christianity: and, lastly, that the Divine Spirit has foretold the final destruction of idolatry and superstition, and the ultimate triumph and reign of our Saviour Jesus Christ. However various and extended therefore the subjects of the poem, it presents an unity of design, and a relation between the different parts.

The Author is aware that, upon these subjects, little novelty can be expected, and that little farther can be advanced than is to be found in the works of Barrow, Hooker,

Stillingfleet, and other learned divines. Yet he thought that a short and plain statement of these truths might not be altogether useless, and that their appearing in a poetical dress might be some recommendation. Though he makes no pretensions to the lofty character of a poet, yet an early acquaintance with the most celebrated writers of that description, both ancient and modern, had rendered him familiar with poetical conceptions and language.

How far he may have succeeded in this attempt, his readers will decide: but he hopes that his motives may atone for any faults in the execution of the work. If he shall have contributed to convey any information upon a variety of important and interesting subjects to the young and inexperienced: if he shall have awakened the attention of the careless and thoughtless, or have brought doctrines already known to the recollection of those who are better informed: if he shall have confirmed any in their correct and orthodox principles, or excited any religious feelings in their minds: he will have accomplished every object he had in view, and will consider his labours as well rewarded.

As for the lighter poems, they are calculated only for amusement. But the Author has the satisfaction of reflecting, that nothing will be found in them which can offend against the purest feeling of religion, morality, or delicacy.

ALEXANDER CROKE.

Studley Priory, Sept. 1840.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

	Page
The Progress of Idolatry.	7
Fragments.	197
The Plates.	
Explanation of the Plates of the Hindu Deities.	207
Notes.	219

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

The Three Ordeals, or the Triumph of Virtue.	1
Ballads.	51
Prologues.	108
Epigrams.	121
Fugitive Pieces.	127
Studley Priory.	183

CONTENTS

OF THE

PROGRESS OF IDOLATRY.

BOOK I.

ORIGIN OF IDOLATRY.

Page 7.

Introduction, and subject proposed.—The creation.—Man created perfect, and the worshipper of one God.—His fall, and consequent corruption the cause of idolatry.—General wickedness and idolatry.—The destruction of mankind by the deluge.

The tower of Babel, built in honour of Baal.—The dispersion of mankind, and, with them, idolatry disseminated through the earth.

The Sabæan idolatry of the Arabians.—Job, unpolluted by it, retains the worship of the true God.

Idolatry further extended, and the foundation and origin of it.—Worship of the heavenly bodies.—Deification of the inventors of useful arts, benefactors, conquerors, princes, the powers of nature.

It prevails in Egypt, Syria, Greece, Rome, and amongst the Celtic nations.

BOOK II.

EASTERN IDOLATRY.

Page 25.

Happiness of India.—Purity of her original religion.—Corruption of it.—One God, *Brahm*.—His nature.—His power divided between three Deities, *Brahma*, *Vishnu*, *Siva*, and

inferior Deities.—Creation of the world.—*Brahm*, *Maya*.—*Brahma* produced.—Creates the world.

The wives of the Deities their active agents.—*Sarasvati*, Brahma's consort.

Vishnu, his powers.—*Lachsmi*, his wife, sprung from the Ocean, when churned, as *Rembha*, Queen of Beauty and Love.—Their son *Cama*, resembling Cupid.—He attacks *Siva*, by whom his corporeal parts are consumed.—Vishnu's *Avatars*, or descents upon the earth.—His ninth, as *Chrishna*.—The *Gopis*.—His marriage and adventures with Radha.—*Gita Govinda*,—his many wives.

BOOK III.

EASTERN IDOLATRY CONTINUED.

Page 55.

Siva.—His wife Parvati, as *Anna Purna*, as *Durga*, as *Kali*.—Her two sons, *Ganesa* and *Kartikeya*.—Other Gods.—*Indra*, *Ganga*, *Arun* the Dawn, *Surga* the Sun, *Chandra* the Moon, *Rama* and *Sita* his wife.—*Hanuman*.—*Yama*, the god of Hell; his wife *Bhavani*.

Corruption of worship and morals.—Introduction of Christianity.

BOOK IV.

NORTHERN OR GOTHIC IDOLATRY.

Page 69.

Odin.—Religion affected by the climate.—They held one God, and an original Chaos.—Creation of the world.—First, the *Giants* from *Ymer's* body, then *Odin* and the *Aser*.—The

earth formed from Ymer's body.—Men from two ash trees, the first pair named *Ashur*, and *Embla*.—Other beings, the *Vaner*, *Elves*, *Genii*, and *Dwarfs*.—Deities presiding over every part of nature.—Nine worlds.—*Odin*, *Valhalla*, *Sleipner*.—His principal wife *Frigga*.—The Valkyriur.—Death of *Baldur*.— *Thor*, son of Odin.—His descent to Iotenheim, the abode of the Giants.—King Utgardelok.—The six trials.—*Lok*, his character, adventures, and crimes.—Goes in a female character, as a bride, to deceive *Thrymer*, a giant; recovers Thor's mallet, and destroys the attending giants.—His wife *Angerbode*, mother to *Fenris*, the wolf, the serpent *Jormungandur*, and *Hela*, the goddess of Death and Hell.—The three *Norni*, or Fates.

BOOK V.

GOTHIC IDOLATRY CONTINUED.

Page 93.

Freya, the goddess of love.—Elves, Fairies.—The unfortunate marriage of Freya with Oddur, the god of war.—*Dwarfs*, *Vaner*, *Tyr*, god of war, *Bragi*, of poetry, *Ægir* of the sea, with *Ran*, his wife.—The Norni or Fates, *Urda*, *Verdanda*, and *Skulda*.—The ash *Yggrasil*.—Night, the Dawn.—The eagle demon of winter.—The lord of summer.

The final catastrophe of all things foretold.—*Vala* raised from Hela's abode.—Her prophecies.—The age of destruction, of frost.—The demons loosed from their confinement.—Battle with the gods.—The Aser led by Odin: the serpent, the wolf, the kings of fire and frost by *Lok* and *Hymer*.—Battle on the plain of *Vigrida*.—The giants, gods, and demons mutually slay each other.—*Surtur*, the god of fire, burns up the

world.—The *nameless being* comes forth, sits in judgment, and pronounces sentence on all.—A new earth, with every pleasure for the good; *Nastrond*, a hell, for the bad.—These prophecies accomplished by the conversion of the north to Christianity, and the abolition of idolatry.

Invasion of the south by the northern idolaters.—Compensated by the introduction of some good principles; honour, liberty, bravery, and respect for the female sex.—The fairy scenes of Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare, derived from the northern mythology.

BOOK VI.

THE DISPENSATION OF PROVIDENCE TO RESCUE MANKIND FROM IDOLATRY.

Page 111.

The call of Abraham.—Departure from Egypt, wanderings in the wilderness.—The Law.—Settlement in Canaan.—Solomon.—The Asmonæans.—*Idolatry of the Jews.*—Conquest of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar.—Samaria lost for ever; restoration of Judah by Cyrus.—The new temple.

General corruption of Jews and Gentiles.—The necessity of a new revelation.—Prophecies of it at the Fall, by Isaiah, and the other Prophets.—The happy state under the Messiah foretold, yet a man of sorrows.—Effect on Jerusalem.—The calling of the Gentiles.—Christ as the Avenger.—Mysteries of redemption.—John the Baptist foretold.

BOOK VII.

THE COMING OF THE MESSIAH, AND THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE PROPHECIES.

Page 129.

The Salutation of the Virgin.—The birth of Christ.—The designs of Satan against him.—Herod's cruelty.—John the Baptist.—Temptation in the wilderness.—Persecution by the Jews.—Christ crucified by God's will.—Satan, sin, and death, vanquished by the Ascension.—The destruction of Jerusalem.—The propagation of the Gospel.—The fall of Paganism.—Persecution of the heathens, Nero, Domitian.—St. Polycarp, Blandina.

The blood of Martyrs proved the seed of the Church.—Constantine, and the public profession of Christianity.

BOOK VIII.

POPISH IDOLATRY.

Page 145.

Satan enters and corrupts the Church.—Popish idolatry.—Pride of the Priests.—Forms and ceremonies substituted for vital religion.—This apostacy foretold by Prophets and Apostles.—The vision of St. John.—Babylon.—Accomplishment of these Prophecies. The Pope usurps God's authority.—The power of the Church unfounded.—Presumption against it from its abuse.—The Pope's arbitrary power, and the alleged unity of the Church, calculated to maintain these usurpations.—Venality, sins pardoned for money.—Purgatory.—Monachism.—Austerities contrary to God's providence.—Erroneous doctrines.—The Council of Trent, confession, penance, transubstantiation.—Arguments against it.—Invocation of Saints, and the Virgin Mary.—Relicks.—The Cross.—Service in

Latin.—The Scriptures forbidden. Persecution by Popery.—Whether Catholics can be saved.

BOOK IX.

THE REFORMATION.

Page 165.

Prophecies of the Reformation.—The two heavenly witnesses.—Reformers from time to time.—The Vaudois.—Peyrani.—Spreading of their doctrines.—Luther.—Calvin.—The Church of England.—St. Paul, Gregory, Wickliff.—Restoration of learning, and Printing invented.—Henry VIII. Edward VI. Queen Elizabeth.—Establishment of the Church of England, and its character.

BOOK X.

Page 177.

Satan endeavours to prevent the Reformation.—Arms the monks and friars, and institutes the Order of Jesuits.—Their tenets.—Protestants persecuted.—Montford wages war in defence of the Church.—Raymond of Thoulouse persecuted.—Supporters of the Church, Frederic, Ferdinand, Charles V.—The Inquisition instituted.—Dominic.—Proceedings in the Inquisition.—An Auto da Fe at Seville.

Persecution in England.—Queen Mary.

The French Revolution, the reign of atheism and wickedness, proceeded from Satan.—Embodied in Buonaparte, who was God's instrument to chastise the nations.—His fall.

Present dangers to Great Britain from the rise of Popery, and violence of sectaries.

Prophecies of the final destruction of Satan, and Antichrist.—The vision of St. John.—Destruction of popery, under the name of Babylon.

The restoration of true religion under the form of a new heaven and a new earth.—Hymn of the saints.—Christ comes to judgment, happiness of the saints, and punishment of their enemies.

Conclusion.—Time no more; awful view into eternity.

FRAGMENTS. 197

THE PLATES.

1. Brahma.
2. Saraswati.
3. Vishnu.
4. Lakshmi.—Anna Purna.
5. Vishnu and Radha.
6. Vishnu marrying a Bear.
7. Churning the Ocean with the mountain Mandara.
8. Buddha.
9. Siva.
10. Siva as Kal.
11. Durga.
12. Ganesa.
13. Kartikiya.
14. Surya.
15. Hanuman.—Nareda.

Explanation of the Plates of the Hindu Deities. 207

NOTES. 219

THE

PROGRESS OF IDOLATRY.

Ἦ θαύματα πολλά.
Καί πού τι καὶ βροτῶν φρένας
Ὑπὲρ τὸν ἀληθῆ λόγον
Δεδαιδαλμένοι ψεύδεσι ποικίλοις
Ἐξαπατῶντι μῦθοι·
Χάρις δ', ἅπερ ἅπαντα τεύ-
χει τὰ μείλιχα θνατοῖς,
Ἐπιφέροισα τιμὰν,
Καὶ ἄπιστον ἐμήσατο πιστὸν
Ἔμμεναι τὸ πολλάκις.
Ἀμέραι δ' ἐπίλοιποι
Μάρτυρες σοφώτατοι.

Pindar, Olympic. i. 43.

And oft these tales unheeding mortals charm,
While gaudy Fiction, deck'd with art,
And dressed in every winning grace,
To Truth's unornamented face
Preferred, seduces oft the human heart.

Add to these sweet Poesy,
Smooth enchantress of mankind;
Clad in whose false majesty
Fables easy credit find:
But ere long, the rolling year
The deceitful tale explodes.

West's Translation.

BOOK I.

ORIGIN OF IDOLATRY. SABAISM, EGYPTIAN, SYRIAN, GREEK, AND ROMAN IDOLATRIES.

Introduction, and subject proposed.—The creation.—Man created perfect, and the worshipper of one God.—His fall, and consequent corruption, the cause of idolatry.—General wickedness and idolatry.—Destruction of mankind by the deluge.

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BOOK I.

ORIGIN OF IDOLATRY.

By no kind muse of Helicon inspired,
Nor led by fame, or by ambition fired,
To laugh at folly, hardened vice reprove,
To please my friends, or honour those I love,
Whilom I sang some rough unpolished lays,
The idle offsprings of departed days.
But years advancing, serious thoughts inspire,
And bid me tune to sacred song my lyre. (1)
O Thou eternal and benignant Power,
My kind Protector from my natal hour,
To Thee this debt of gratitude I pay,
The humble tribute of an artless lay;
To shew thy gracious and eternal plan
Of mercy, to redeem apostate man:
How Satan strove, on man's destruction bent,
Thy providential cares to circumvent:
His utmost efforts by thy arm repelled,
And all the powers of sin and darkness quelled.

My humble talents though unfit I deem,
Trembling I venture on the arduous theme;
Nor can I stray from Truth's directions wide,
God's word my prompter, and my constant guide.
And Thou, who didst bestow thy heavenly grace
On the great Prophets of thy chosen race,
And taught thy Shepherd lofty hymns to form,
With hope, and trust, and meek devotion warm;
To aid my course thy sacred Spirit send,
Whilst Sion's holy mountain I ascend,
And my bold Muse, from that celestial height,
Speeds round the moral world her rapid flight:
And, led by Truth, unfolds the devious ways,
Where man is lost in Error's tangled maze.
The Father, dwelling in eternal light,
By wisdom led, and goodness infinite,
Millions of worlds predestined to create,
Through the vast void, immeasurably great,
Unnumbered creatures into life to raise,
To share his happiness, and sing his praise.
Midst these to senseless matter gave he birth,
The rude materials of the future earth:
Dark, without form, and void, a lifeless heap,
And God's great Spirit brooded o'er the deep.
The great Creator light and heat infused,
And life and motion through the mass diffused.
The lighter airs expanded first ascend,
The ponderous globules to the centre tend.

By vast convulsions torn the rocks emerge,
And the deep channels hold the ebbing surge. (2)
Sun, moon, and stars, were made, with glorious light,
To mark revolving seasons, day and night.
Rich herbs the valleys, forests clothed the hills,
Enriched and watered by refreshing rills.
Next the Almighty, with paternal care,
Peopled with being water, earth, and air;
From great Leviathan's gigantic form,
To the light broods that in the waters swarm,
The living motes that human sight escape,
Endowed with sense, and formed of wondrous shape,
Myriads that in a drop of water free,
Frolic and sport as in a boundless sea. (3)
And thus all-gracious Providence assign'd
Its proper element to every kind.
And instinct led the various tribes along,
Disclosed the pasture, and inspired the song.
By nature taught their proper bliss to trace,
Exult in life, and propagate their race.
Thus all was perfect, yet were wanting still
The sentient soul, the independent will.
Man from the clay, of more exalted kind,
God in his image form'd, and gave the godlike mind:
With sense and reason to direct his ways,
To rule God's works, and celebrate his praise.
Yet with free-will endowed, and left to choose
Things good or bad, to use or to abuse.

His active mind, endued with reasoning powers,
By every sense collects its various stores.
Through all creation wings its airy flight,
From earth to regions of ethereal light.
Confined below, yet, with a soul elate,
He views above a more transcendent state,
Where bliss ecstatic reigns, not found on earth,
And pants for Heaven, from whence he had his birth.
Man knew his Maker, and no God beside,
And walk'd with him, his Teacher, and his Guide,
No need of sculptur'd altars, splendid fanes,
Of studied forms, or penitential pains:
Simple his rites, and prayers, to Heaven address'd,
The warm affection of a spotless breast.
Thus all the earth with living being teemed,
And love divine on all creation beamed,
And every creature, in its powers and kind,
Enjoyed the bliss by gracious Heaven design'd.
Almighty God the whole creation view'd,
And, pleas'd, pronounc'd that all his works were good.
The morning stars in joyful concert sang,
And hallelujahs through creation rang.
And choirs of angels, in the skies above,
Hymn'd this new sample of Jehovah's love.
Plac'd in a garden, where gay scenes impart
Nature's rich beauties, undeform'd by art,
Eden was man's, from all restriction free,
Save from God's warning voice one mild decree.

" Of every tree that in the garden grows,
" His bounteous will the luscious fruits bestows.
" The mystic tree of knowledge only spare,
" Nor think in wisdom with the Gods to share."
Of all the subtile beasts that range the fields,
None in shrewd cunning to the serpent yields,
More subtile still, into his wreathed spires,
Unwonted sense the crafty fiend inspires.
With specious lies, and flattery, he assails
The gentle Eve, and by his arts prevails;
And Adam shares her guilt, God's law defies,
Plucks the forbidden fruit, and eats, and dies.
'Twas done! all Nature sickened at the sight,
And the fallen soul abandon'd Reason's light.
Unruly appetites, and passions reign,
Still lead to death, and everlasting pain.
The guilty serpent lowers his towering crest,
And licks the dust, abhorr'd by man and beast.
The woman in conception hence sustains
Increasing sorrow, and heart-rending pains,
Compell'd a lordly husband to obey,
A slave, submissive to his lawless sway.
No more the lands spontaneous produce bring,
And noisome weeds from sterile pastures spring.
Condemn'd to misery, and endless toil,
With sorrow mortals till the thankless soil,
To force their living from th' unwilling earth,
Till turn'd to dust, from whence they drew their birth.

Nor were the heav'ns unchang'd, with influence mild
No more the Spring through every season smiled.
Cold Winter brought his ice, and snow, and sleet,
And Summer parched the earth with raging heat.
From the bleak north conflicting tempests sweep,
And spoil the land, and raise the troubled deep.
Pregnant with thunder murky clouds ascend,
And earth's fair face terrific earthquakes rend.

Adam, though formed all perfect, thus subdued,
His fatal course the conquering fiend pursued.
Degenerate man, in weakness and decay,
Left to himself, became an easy prey.
As earth was peopled, flagrant vice increased,
And love for God's paternal blessings ceased.
And wandering man on Nature's works bestowed
The worship to his God he justly owed. (4)

And now corruption through the world prevailed,
And e'en Seth's progeny in duty failed.
The sons of God, by female arts misled,
Took heathen virgins to their lawless bed,
Abandoned damsels, skilled in every art,
With dance, and song, to win the thoughtless heart,
Hence sprung a giant race, of lofty fame,
Who gained by ruthless arms a conquering name.
Led by the passions of a carnal life,
The earth was filled with cruelty and strife.

Now thro' the sky the thundering tempests sweep,
Pour forth their floods the fountains of the deep.

All fly confused, the air with clamours rend,
And lofty pines, and mountain tops ascend:
Nor for themselves alone, each tries to save
Some much-loved object from the swelling wave.
Close to the mother's breast her infants cling,
Scared at the roaring tides that round them spring.
And whilst the rushing torrents o'er her spread,
She holds the drowning infant on her head:
Maternal love controls the sense of death,
Still strong and active with her latest breath.
At length the waters o'er the summits rise,
A dreadful scene of mingled sea and skies.
Where late proud palaces, and cities stood,
And busy crowds, now flows the sweeping flood.
Hark, what strange noise from Babel's walls proceeds,
Like the hoarse wind that rattles through the reeds!
From stammering mouths discordant voices sound,
And tongues unknown the baffled sense confound.
Tribes from the east their Maker's laws disclaim,
And seek in Shinar's plain a deathless name.
Stupendous walls and palaces arise,
And idol towers insult the cloudless skies.
High on the summits Baal's form displays
In mimic gold the sun's ethereal rays.
From hence, deep versed in astrologic lore,
Chaldæa's sons the heavenly host adore. (5)

Vain arrogance! From heaven the Lord descends,
Checked is their pride, their fruitless labour ends.
No more one speech their mutual thought conveys,
No master orders, and no slave obeys:
From Babel's plains the heaven-struck people fled,
And through the earth Sabæan errors spread.
And as from formless Chaos order rose,
And jarring parts harmonious worlds compose,
From this confusion of the rebel race,
Their various origin all nations trace.
From Noah's stem three mighty branches sprung,
Distinct in features, character, and tongue. (6)
From *Seth*, the favoured race of Abraham's seed,
And Ismael's independent sons proceed:
And those who dwell where rich Euphrates leads
His fertile streams through Babylonian meads,
And Syria's marts, where commerce fixed her throne
And the dark Æthiop in the torrid zone.
But *Ham's* descendants, more extended still,
India's wide plains, and Egypt's valleys fill;
And where the Persian kings in splendour reign,
And stretch their vast dominions to the main,
And China, cultured from the earliest times,
And rich Japan's inhospitable climes;
And Greece and Rome, and Scandinavia's coast—
All these from Ham their ancient lineage boast.
Japhet's wild tribes, of far extended name,
In ancient times Sclavonic hordes became,

And still their pastoral character maintain,
Rude wanderers on the high Tartarian plain.
In eastern climes the righteous Job abode,
Just to the world, and pious towards his God.
Whilst eastern climes, forgetful of the Lord,
His ministers, the hosts of heaven ador'd;
Not when he felt the sun's transcendent power,
Or the bright moonshine in her midnight hour,
Denied he God, and raised his hand on high,
To greet the splendid glories of the sky.
Of wealth unbounded, and superior state,
Above the neighbouring chiefs supremely great.
O'er the rich plains his countless sheepfolds spread,
And kine unnumbered in his pastures fed.
Three thousand camels on his service tend,
And rear their lofty heads, or lowly bend.
Seven manly sons and three fair daughters grace
His daily board, an honour to his race.
Each, as the circling year his birth-day brought,
Spread the rich feast, with every dainty fraught.
The hospitable day with mirth and dance prolong,
And glad their souls with festive rites and song.
As the fierce lion, eager for his prey,
Around the sheep-folds steals his nightly way,
If chance some playful lamb should hapless stray,
So Satan, foe to man, in evil hour,
Prowls round the earth, insatiate to devour,

Some fit occasion for his arts to find,
The tempter and accuser of mankind.
The sons of God before his presence stand,
To sing his praise, and do his high command.
Amongst them Satan came, uncalled, unawed,
Alone intent on evil deeds, and fraud.
When wise, and subject to his Maker's law,
The happy Job the envious demon saw,
With rage and malice boiling in his breast,
Jehovah thus the artful fiend addressed:
" From interest only Job adores the Lord,
" Self-love his motive, riches his reward.
" Thy friendly hand his wealthy house sustains,
" Aids all his works, and multiplies his gains.
" Through thee his teeming flocks and herds increase,
" Through thee he dwells in happiness and peace.
" Withdraw thy blessing, let his joys depart,
" And deep affliction wound his sinking heart,
" Plunged in misfortune, sorrow and disgrace,
" Unrighteous Job will curse thee to thy face."
Permission now to Satan was assigned,
To tempt with sorrow Job's all righteous mind.
His favoured sons our gracious Father tries,
And friendly rods their venial faults chastise.
Now whilst his sons the sumptuous banquet shar'd,
In haste and grief a messenger appeared:

" Thy faithful servants at their daily toil,
" With ploughs and oxen tilled the stubborn soil,
" A band of wild Sabæans came in view,
" Thy cattle plundered, and thy servants slew.
" And whilst around their murdering swords prevail,
" I but escaped to tell the mournful tale."
And, whilst he spake, another came in haste,
And told of Arabs from the desert waste,
" Whose plundering troops through all the country
" stray,
" And men and camels make their lawless prey."
Another came, " By dreadful lightning slain,
" Your flocks and slaves lie dead upon the plain."
As in the tide of Winter's savage power,
When roaring tempests o'er the ocean lower,
Wave following wave, the last above the rest,
Like a huge mountain, rears its foaming crest,
So next a keener sorrow pierced his heart,
And love paternal barbed the poisoned dart.
Whilst all his house a brother's love unites,
Assembled to partake his birth-day rites,
In social joy his sons and daughters join,
Share the rich feast and quaff the generous wine,
A furious tempest from the desert sands
O'erwhelms the house, and desolates the lands.
Smote by the shattered building in its fall,
One undistinguished ruin buries all.

For Job one harder trial yet remained—
A dire disease his tortured body pained;
From head to foot the loathsome ulcers spread,
And filthy ashes formed his mournful bed.
Of wealth and children, and of health bereft,
With pains afflicted, and no comfort left,
No consolations for the blessings lost,
Vexed by his friends, and by his helpmate cross'd,
To all events of Providence resigned,
No discontent disturbed his patient mind:
And no temptations moved him to defy
His Maker, and to curse his God, and die.
Left to itself, and reason's glimmering light,
Man's wisdom soon is lost in mental night.
The first traditions, simple, plain, and pure,
Were soon corrupted, and became obscure.
The first great truth, one only sovereign Lord,
First taught by Heaven, and first by man adored,
Clear spring of knowledge, soon perverted ran
Through muddy channels, led by wicked man.
As when lone travellers benighted stray,
And turn aside, and miss the proper way,
Still more perplexed, through thorny paths they roam,
And every step leads farther from their home;
So here at first, though scarce perceived the change,
In time immense became the devious range.

High, deep, and wide the monstrous fabric grew,
A pathless labyrinth without a clue.
To numerous deities new altars rise,
Each has his votaries, each his sacrifice.
Gods of all natures into being start,
By morbid fancy formed, or priestly art.
The sun, of this great world the light and eye,
The moon and stars that nightly gild the sky,
Their splendid glories man's devotion draw,
And elevate the soul with pious awe.
Yet sentiments, so natural and true,
In time to false Sabæan worship grew.
Hence all the host of Heaven as gods appeared,
By various names, in various forms revered. (7)
The useful knowledge, first by Heaven inspired,
Taught by tradition, or by skill acquired,
Corrupted, or forgotten by mankind,
Brute ignorance disgraced the human mind.
Degenerate man, deprived of heavenly grace,
Sunk to the level of the savage race:
Fed rudely on the wood's precarious fruits,
And fought for lodging with his brother brutes.
Then, when some being of superior parts
From realms refined imparted long-lost arts,
Or poured instruction, or by genius taught
In social life some great improvement wrought:
Or drove the shining plough-share o'er the plain,
And the rich valley laughed with golden grain:

Or pressed the purple clusters of the vine,
And cheered the heart of man with generous wine:
Or taught rash man to fell the sailor pine,
Trust the frail bark, and brave the stormy brine:
Fearless to subjugate the rampant steed,
And wing his progress with a Centaur's speed:
With rapid hand the needle's course to ply,
If matrons taught, with pictured scenes to vie,
And in the rich embroidering threads pourtray
The ancient deeds of many a well-fought day,
And clothe rich garments with the garden's bloom,
And shoot the rattling shuttle o'er the loom:
Each seemed a god descended from the sky,
And was adored a friendly deity.
Tyrants on lofty pedestals were raised,
And wholesale murderers by weak mortals praised,
Approached with horror by their trembling slaves,
By courtiers flattered, and by well-paid knaves.
And Time's obscuring flambeau o'er the dead,
An indistinct, but dazzling, glory shed.
And Nature's powers, or friendly, or severe,
Found votaries, moved by anxious hope or fear.
Terror and cowardice created gods,
And evil spirits held their threatening rods.
With petrifying fear the sinner quakes,
When vengeful furies toss their fiery snakes.
In ancient Egypt, Nile's prolific plains,
Colossal gods adorn gigantic fanes; (8)

With sun, and moon, and Nature's highest forms,
With nauseous things the bestial temple swarms;
Dog-headed gods, the ox's frowning brow,
The ravenous crocodile, the sacred cow,
The serpent-slayer ibis, and the ape,
Onions, and birds, and beasts of every shape.
Turn we our eyes to trading Sidon's shore,
Where merchants still more horrid gods adore:
Astarte, goddess of impurest love,
And Bel, foul image of celestial Jove,
And Moloch, furious king, whose rites require
The blood of babes to gorge his craving fire.
The victims he receives in brazen hands,
And rolls them struggling in the blazing brands,
Whilst deep-toned drums, and tinkling cymbals sound,
And burning infants' piercing screams are drowned.
And Dagon's shapes, a monstrous union shew,
Above a human form, a scaly fish below:
And Thammuz, by the poets raised to fame,
By soft Adonis's much fabled name. (9)
Gems of the world, the glorious Grecian race,
Were stored with learning, sense, and manly grace.
Yet, not to base material earth confined,
High thoughts of grandeur raised their lofty mind,
And, true to Nature in her finest forms,
Ideal beauty plastic talent warms.

Creative powers to brass and marble give
The breathing forms that seem to think and live.
Her lofty Muses gods and kings pourtray,
And purge the soul with terror and dismay.
Or whilst each vice and folly they deride,
With heart-felt laughter shake the hearer's side,
Their odes sublime to heavenly grandeur rise,
And mount the regal victor to the skies,
By human art unequalled, and alone
Excelled by those on whom God's Spirit shone.
From Egypt's priests and oriental climes
Greece drew her doctrines in the earliest times;
Yet all their grosser falsehoods, left behind,
By genius nurtured, and by taste refined;
Warmed by a climate, where the solar rays,
With mild effulgence brighten genial days,
Where fleecy vapours float in azure skies,
And from the tepid waves Etesian zephyrs rise,
And manly dignity, and female grace,
Adorn the noblest of the human race.
Hence the rich fancies of the Grecian muse,
O'er senseless follies golden charms diffuse,
With brightest glow imagination shines,
Poets their prophets, lawyers, and divines.
From them their fine mythology they draw,
Old Homer's Muse their bible and their law. (10)
Hence no vile reptiles adoration claimed,
No human victims bloodless altars stained.

The willing steers, with flowery garlands bound,
Advanced in triumph to gay music's sound.
No gloomy superstitions damped the mind,
But festive games to cheerful thoughts inclined.
In every stream the wanton Naiads sport,
To every mountain playful Gods resort.
In every grove are friendly Demons seen,
And kindly Dryads guard the forests green.
Yet from fallen man they drew the heavenly race,
Stained with all vices that can man disgrace,
Blaspheming Titans, and adulterous Jove,
And drunken Bacchus, and polluted Love.
Rome claimed no talents for the arts of peace, (11)
Indebted for her gods to Egypt, Tyre, and Greece.
Etruria's forms her sacred rites supplied—
Etruria still in darkness mystified!
On every god whilst white-robed flamens wait,
All rites received the freedom of the state.
To Christ alone no marble temples rise,
No altars blaze, no incense scents the skies.
Yet whilst they conquered, by ambition led,
And through the world their pagan ensigns spread,
The wide extension of imperial sway,
For great Messiah's reign prepared the way,
No longer hostile, barbarous realms unite,
Schooled by refinement for the Gospel's light.
The Celtic tribes their sacred lore conceal,
Nor books nor songs their mystic rites reveal.

They held, that painful transmigrations past,
The soul well cleansed to Heaven ascends at last.
In gloomy groves, inspiring holy fear,
The sacred oak and misleto revere.
Of monstrous stones their sacred fanes compose,
Where human blood in sweeping torrents flows,
And think a God's protection to obtain,
In burning images his children slain. (12)

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BOOK II.

EASTERN IDOLATRY.

Happiness of India.—Purity of her original religion.—Corruption of it.—One God, Brahm.—His nature.—The rest of existence, Maya, or delusion.—His power divided between three Deities.—Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, and inferior Deities.—Creation of the world.—Brahm, Maya.—Brahma produced.—Creates the world.

The wives of the Deities their active agents.—Sarasvati, Brahma's consort.

Vishnu, his powers.—Lakshmi, his wife, sprung from the Ocean when churned—as Rembha, Queen of Beauty and Love.—Their son Cama, resembling Cupid.—He attacks Siva, by whom his corporeal parts are consumed.—Vishnu's Avatars, or descents upon the earth.—His ninth as Chrishna.—The Gopis.—His marriage and adventures with Radha.—Gita Govinda.—His many wives.

BOOK II.

EASTERN IDOLATRY.

THESE splendid fabrics, built with zealous care,
On nothing founded, vanished into air.
The mighty nations which the temples reared,
With all their power and pride have disappeared.
Where guides Sesostris now his lofty car?
Where leads great Ammon's son the brunt of war?
Ephesian temples where, and Babel's tower,
And all the triumphs of the Persian's power?
Rome's conquering banners o'er the nations hung,
And Greece's arts divine, and magic tongue?
Turn we our eyes to India's bigot plains,
Where gross Idolatry triumphant reigns. (1)
O happy country, Nature's darling child,
At whose first birth thy Guardian Angel smiled.
Here powerful suns their genial warmth display,
And call to life the vegetative clay:
Luxurious fruits their tempting grandeur show,
And fragrant flowers in dazzling beauty blow.

The skilful natives, with industrious care,
Weave the thin web, and choicest works prepare;
For latent wealth, the pregnant mines explore,
And fine rich gems, and metals from the ore.
Blest with the joys that Poets only dream,
Here wild Imagination rules supreme,
And peoples, mountains, rivers, lakes, and vales,
With fairy beings, and romantic tales.

Ere history began, in ancient times, (2)
A dark religion ruled in Eastern climes.
In sculptured temples learned Brahmans reigned,
And verse refined their sacred laws contained,
And highly gifted poets poured along
The swelling torrent of the varied song.
Hence incense worthy of a God ascends,
And next to earth its groveling vapour bends.
Thus with sublimest thoughts, that raise on high
The raptur'd soul to converse with the sky,
Romantic legends strangest scenes display,
Where Gods of forms grotesque in wild adventures stray.

When India first was peopled since the flood, (3)
Her faith was pure, her institutions good.
They held one God, a self-existing cause,
Upholding all things by determined laws,
Eternal, co-extending time and space,
Pervading every being, every place,

The world itself, and all created things,
Deriving being from the King of Kings.
He sole existence, all this mighty *whole*
But *Maya*, vain illusion of the soul.
In all we see, or hear, his essence found, (4)
His glorious presence shines on all around:
In water flowing, burning in the flame,
Celestial music in the starry frame:
Light in the solar, and the lunar ray,
And sparkling fires that gild the milky way:
Sweet odours, splendid colours, in the flowers,
The vital spark in all created powers:
Felt through all nature, freshness in the air,
Strength in the strong, and beauty in the fair:
Wisdom and virtue in the pious mind,
And guiding instinct in the brutal kind.

His form no fanes, or images contain,
His spirit no external rites profane.
His worshippers, low bending to the ground,
Are lost in adoration most profound,
Present no offering but a will resigned,
The tribute of an unpolluted mind.

There simple truths, in place of modest vest,
Were soon in splendid allegories drest.
The threefold energies, that, joined,
Form'd but one essence in th' Almighty mind,
To three distinguished beings were assigned.

The functions to create, and to destroy,
Preserve and change, their separate cares employ.
Brahma was first the world's Creator sole:
Next *Vishnu*, kind preserver of the whole:
And *Siva*, of appearance fierce and strange,
Almighty sovereign to destroy and change.
To these great Gods a far inferior host,
Their various qualities and functions boast:
And men, and animals, earth, sea, and skies,
With ruling powers the Hindu creed supplies.
Each has his station, each his system guides,
Each o'er his part of nature's works presides.
Thus mere abstractions of the mind became
Realities, and gained a substance, and a name:
And plastic Fancy opened all her stores,
To body forth their attributes, and powers.
And Gods, created by the sculptor's hand,
In brazen metaphors terrific stand.
Absorbed in contemplation of his state, (5)
The world great *Brahm* determined to create.
Whilst o'er the darken'd void his spirit hung,
He looked, and *Maya* into being sprung.
Her magic casket pictured to his mind
The vast idea of the world designed.
He bade the new-made ocean's waves to flow,
Impregnated by gales that warmly blow.

A lucid bubble from the water swelled,
Not by the sun in brilliant light excelled,
And soon an egg of golden form became,
Impregnated by *Brahm's* enlivening flame.
Brahma burst forth, the great creating power,
Cradled, and sparkling in the lotos flower.
To him the first of Beings gave command—
"Go bid the world exist, formed by thy skilful
"hand."
By this decree the universe arose,
And all the forms that heaven and earth compose;
And men were made, to occupy the place
In heaven, unpeopled by a fallen race:
Eternal souls, by transmigration tried
To mount the skies, sublimed and purified:
There with their great Creator to unite,
Faint emanations of ethereal light. (6)
Thus *Brahma* to the soul, and senseless earth,
And all creation, gave primeval birth.
When first descending from our mother's womb,
He stamps in lasting characters our doom,
Our actions, sufferings, high or low estate—
Which not the Gods can change, for what he wills is
fate.
His awful image, of gigantic size,
His various power displays to mortal eyes.
His four great arms almighty strength disclose,
From four-fold head unerring wisdom flows.

The active agents of their power divine,
A wife to every God the creeds assign,
With kindred attributes, their power the same,
They differ only in their sex and name.
Fair *Sarasvati* is great *Brahma's* bride,
Imagination's power personified.
Her sweet inventions gods and men delight,
Goddess of harmony, and arts polite.
Wealth she bestows, and eloquence inspires,
And taught melodious notes the vocal lyres.
Her sigh's soft music charms the list'ning ear:
Her seat a lotos, and a pearl her tear.

Great *Vishnu*, as the world's preserver known,
Next in the Triad fills a splendid throne.
In earth, and water, fire, contained, and air,
The primal elements his presence share.
His worshippers his power almighty deem,
Identified with *Brahm*, the God supreme.
Laid on the snake Ananta, in repose,
He pondered on creation ere it rose.
Sprung from his body see a lotos rise,
And bear creating *Brahma* to the skies.

On his almighty will all beings rest,
Friend to the good, the wretched, and opprest,
The tyrant trembles at his nod, and falls,
The merry banquet for his presence calls.
As ocean's God a trident's form he bears,
For ocean too employs his friendly cares.

Borne on Geruda's wings, that widely spread,
The hawk far-seeing forms his piercing head.
Raised from his hand the towering eagle flies,
And darts around the lightning of his eyes.
The spouse of Vishnu from the ocean rose,
The goddess Lakshmi, lulled in deep repose.
What time the swelling deluge swept the ground,
And in the deep heaven's greatest gifts were drowned.
And rich Amrita sank beneath the sea,
The beverage of immortality.
The mountain Mandar from its base was hurled,
And by the Gods in rapid motion whirled.
The serpent Vasoki around it coiled,
And the churned waters of the ocean boiled.
From out th' abyss the buried gems arise,
And golden splendour beamed from Lakshmi's eyes.
Her bosom swelled with all a mother's pride,
And all her sons with milky balm supplied.
Her arms rich pearls, a crown her head displayed,
Her jetty locks in graceful ringlets played.
Bright was her body as ignited gold,
And fourfold arms the horn of plenty hold.
Borne on a lotos, sweet with fragrant dew,
O'er waves of cream the rising Goddess flew.
Goddess of plenty, her all bounteous hand,
Showers wealth and produce o'er the smiling land.
She sends the kindly showers, the solar rays,
And corn and fruits the teeming earth displays.

And whilst the lowing herds her favours share,
She guards the lambkins from the biting air.
As sportive Rembha, laughter-loving Queen,
Around a choir of playful nymphs are seen.
Cama, her son, the God of soft desires,
Heart-rending power, inflaming love inspires.
To Maya, Fancy's Deity, he owes
His birth, and takes *Affection* for his spouse.
Twelve blooming damsels, in a sportive ring,
Led by Affection round him dance and sing.
His powerful bow the sugar cane supplies,
Armed with resistless power from maiden's eye.
The busy bees compose his weapon's strings,
With honey sweet, and pungent with their stings,
Five arrows, each with spicy blossoms bound,
Against five senses pointed, burn and wound.
The God of Spring, Vasanta, is his friend,
To fill his quiver, and his bow to bend.
When the kind Moon extends his darkening veil,
And sacred lovers tell their amorous tale,
He shields from curious eyes the happy pair,
And hides the blushes of the yielding fair.
Borne on the lory, where he guides his ways,
All nature smiles, and adoration pays.
Earth, sea, and skies his joyful reign proclaim,
The clouds disperse, the raging waves are tame.
The earth, enlivened by his genial powers,
Puts forth her treasures, richest fruits and flowers.

The Sun refreshed assumes a brighter ray,
And sheds a milder influence o'er the day.
With sovereign power o'er sentient souls he reigns,
And beams their eyes, and revels in their veins.
E'en savage beasts his efficacy prove,
Lay by their fury, and give way to love.
Wars and seditions at his presence cease,
And all the world is lulled in joy and peace.
Yet, too presumptuous in his powerful arts,
Against great Siva he directs his darts.
His powerless weapons from the God rebound,
And vengeance visits the attempt to wound.
From Siva's mouth darts forth an azure flame,
And fire consumes fond Cama's earthly frame.
Of form corporeal nought remains behind,
But silver ashes scattered by the wind.
From earthly dross, by all-refining fires
Thus purified, his airy power inspires
No earth-born passion, but a love refined,
The aspiration of a heavenly mind.
Throned in the regions of ethereal joy, (7)
Vishnu's kind care inferior worlds employ.
From time to time incarnate he descends,
To man propitious, and for glorious ends.
Lord of the universe, in essence one,
Corporeal forms of being he puts on.
His heavenly substance earthly shapes disguise,
And hide his Godhead from presumptuous eyes.

First in a wondrous fish's shape he saves
A pious King from overwhelming waves,
Small though at first, yet blazing all with gold,
Scarce can the sea the swelling monster hold.
A tusked boar, and tortoise next sustain
The earth, convulsed, and sunk beneath the main.
Burst from a marble column's opening side,
A lion next he checked a tyrant's pride:
And, like the poisonous bee's destructive sting,
Tore and destroyed the too presumptuous king.
When irreligion prospered in the world,
Three times his warlike standard was unfurled;
Giants with hundred arms he slew in fight,
And rescued mortals from their lawless might.
Eighthly, as Chrishna, whilst his beauty glowed,
He wore a mantle like an azure cloud,
Tripping like Yamana's proud waves along,
Subject of many a sage's sacred song.
The ninth, as Buddha, from the heavenly heights
Descending, he abolished blood-stained rites.
Nine Avatars are passed, the next to come
Wastes its completion in Time's secret womb.
When Destiny appoints the fatal hour,
He comes on earth a desolating power.
See in what great magnificence he stands,
A flaming comet blazing in his hands.
On milk-white steed, in fiery vengeance borne,
He mows the nations like a field of corn.

The stars then cease to move, the sun his light,
The universe dissolves in shapeless night.
Hence new-born worlds, unlike the first, arise,
New earth, new seas, new people, and new skies.
As Chrishna once upon the favoured earth, (8)
Rich Vasudeva gave him mortal birth.
He seemed a shepherd, beauteous, wise, and young,
From the fair sister of Madura sprung.
O thou, the God of elegance and taste,
With every science, every virtue graced,
To thee the arts of polished life belong
The pictured tablet, and the festive song.
What though but Fancy's visionary child,
Begot by Superstition, false, and wild,
Let thy bright radiance lofty thoughts impart,
Some emanations of thy genial art.
And whilst thy sportive deeds I sing, infuse
Some sweetness of thy Bard's luxurious Muse.
The tyrant Cansa, as the bards relate,
His life to save from sure impending fate,
Sought Vishnu's life, and sent him far from home,
On mount Madura's distant plains to roam.
There kept by Nanda and Yasodha's care,
A herdsman and his wife, a happy pair.
He tends his flocks and herds, his sole delight,
She in her dairy toils from morn to night.
In this retreat he passed his hours away,
With beauteous Gopis, formed for wanton play.

The merry dance, the flute and festive song
Their nights enliven, and their days prolong.
His fair companions, with love's passion warm,
Doat on his purple bloom, his manly form.
The choicest flowers of spring adorn his neck,
Rays crown his head, and pearls his limbs bedeck.
The sacred lotos in his hand he bears,
And flowing robes of golden tissue wears.
And the dark bee, by veneration led,
In circling mazes dances round his head.

Yet not in pleasure only passed his days,
As brave as fair he earned a hero's praise.
Not famed Alcides, with his hundred deeds,
The Lord of Conquests noble acts exceeds.
The serpent Calangan, with gore defiled,
Felt the great power of the wondrous child.
Then with his finger's point he raised on high
The mountain Goverdhana in the sky,
To shield his shepherds from the thundering shower,
The vengeful storm of Indra's angry power.

No tongue can tell, no learning could explain,
The numerous demons, beasts, and giants slain.
The brave defender of the poor oppressed,
He vanquished kings, and gave their subjects rest.

" Dark is the night, and murky clouds deform
" The face of heaven, and threat the raging storm.
" The black Tamanas through the forest spread,
" A darker horror o'er the woodlands shed.

" Go, daughter, go, a wretched wanderer strays,
" No moon or stars to guide his devious ways.
" His presence seek, no longer let him roam,
" But bring him kindly to my rustic home."
Thus Nanda spoke to Radha, beauteous maid,
His lovely daughter, and was quick obeyed.
'Twas mighty Vishnu, and from hence arose
Their mutual loves, and consequential woes.
Vishnu and Radha, his betrothed care,
In love united, formed a beauteous pair.
Yamuna's flowery banks, or harbours green,
Of sweet connubial joys the happy scene.
Yet recollections of the happy hours
Spent in his youth in amaranthine bowers,
With wanton maids of every charm possest,
With old affection still inflamed his breast.
He sports with Vraja's daughters all the day,
Nor thinks of slighted Radha far away.
Whilst his deserted consort through the grove,
In poignant anguish seeks her absent love.
Amidst a wilderness of sweets she roves,
The scene of former happiness and loves.
The fragrant Cetaca, the Cokil's song,
And halcyon gales her tedious time prolong,
And Philomel, that loudly sings her woes,
And breaks, but sweetly breaks, the night's repose.
In mournful absence Radha thus appears
A water lily in a veil of tears.

Palasa, dearest of her faithful friends,
With wisest counsels on her walks attends,
Yet aggravates, though meant in kindly part,
By tales too true, the troubles of her heart.
" The gale, she said, that wantons round the trees,
" The Cokil's notes, the murmur of the bees,
" And all the pleasures of the lovely scene,
" Pour soft oblivion o'er a mind serene.
" Yet 'midst the breathing winds, the fragrant
" flowers,
" Deserted damsels weep the lonely hours.
" In this gay season faithless Vishnu strays,
" And courts the favourites of his youthful days.
" In dance and laughter, crown'd with garlands
" gay,
" And sparkling jewels, sports the mirthful day.
" The herdsman's daughters, nothing loth or coy,
" To gain his favour every art employ.
" In various modes their fondness is expressed,
" And find responsive ardours in his breast.
" Whilst sweetest songs his raptur'd ears solace,
" They meditate the lotos of his face.
" Others in mirthful game pretences seek
" To print warm kisses on his blushing cheek."
She spoke. Her words increased fair Radha's pain,
And indignation for her love's disdain.
Her sighs a storm, or a consuming fire,
She pants, she faints, just ready to expire.

A love-sick fever burns in all her veins,
He, sole physician who can cure her pains.
To the sweet bower of twining plants she flies,
And sinking languid to the earth, replies.
" Though Vraja's damsels on his beauties smile,
" And joyous sports his absent hours beguile,
" Ne'er can my soul forget his early charms,
" And fond remembrance all my rage disarms.
" Sparkling the jewels which his ears adorn,
" Brilliant his eyes, and joyous as the morn,
" With what delight the graceful dance he plies,
" His sparkling soul all beaming from his eyes!
" What though with happier damsels hemmed
" around,
" His sight delights me as he beats the ground.
" And, though offended by his faithless deeds,
" My soul adores him, yet with anguish bleeds.
" Bring him, my friend, my roving lover here,
" One smiling look would banish every tear.
" Bring him, on beds of roses to recline,
" Where round my bower the fragrant shrubs
" entwine.
" Bring him in all the youthful charms he shewed,
" When plighted love ecstatic bliss bestowed.
" Sweet is the gale that breathes o'er yonder lands,
" When joyous spring the opening buds expands.
" Sweet too the sigh that issues from my heart,
" Yet full of sorrow, nor relieves my smart.

" Sweet on the mountains falls the morning dew,
" Whilst murmuring bees their honeyed task pursue:
" Sweet are my thoughts when fixed on Vishnu's joys,
" Though his sad absence every hope destroys."
Vishnu mean time, with sense returning, cloys
Of maids too loving, and too luscious joys.
The thoughts of Radha rush into his mind,
Her faithful love, so modest, yet so kind.
His ancient wound, and all its former pain,
From love's envenomed arrows, bleeds again.
Vraja's fond maids he unregretting leaves,
And deeply for his former folly grieves.
In vain he seeks his love in every spot,
Then weary rests beneath a shady grot.
Yamuna's banks afford him no relief,
And thus aloud he vents his heartfelt grief.
" She's gone! disgusted with the faithless sight,
" And I, too conscious, durst not stop her flight.
" Alas! she feels with too acute a pain,
" Her honour wounded by my cold disdain.
" In justest anger from her presence hurled,
" What are to me the pleasures of the world?
" O what is wealth or power, without control?
" Not heaven itself can joy my tortured soul.
" Her beauteous features to behold I seem,
" Her just resentment, pictured as a dream.
" And then again imagination shews
" Her love returned, and ended all my woes.

" Alas! 'tis all a vision, anger tears
" That heaving bosom, and her flight prepares.
" Where art thou gone, the forest holds thee not,
" Nor the soft couches of the favourite grot.
" O but forgive me, 'tis my last offence—
" With pity view my painful penitence.
" Return, return, nor haste thy rapid flight,
" And with thy presence cheer my raptured sight.
" O fly not, fly not from my fond embrace,
" No hateful demon I of Siva's race.
" No serpents with their wreaths my head bedeck,
" But the gay lotos glitters on my neck.
" Garlands of flowers around my bosom wave,
" Not skulls fresh rescued from the yawning grave.
" No poisoned vapours from my limbs exhale,
" But sweet perfumes that scent the passing gale.
" The sandal dust is sprinkled on my head,
" Not the pale ashes of the mournful dead.
" O God of love, the world's all-conquering
" king,
" No more thy arrows barbed with flowerets bring.
" Brace not thy bow, and wound me not again.
" 'Tis want of valour sure again to kill the slain.
" Pierced by keen arrows from my Radha's eyes,
" My wounded heart exhausted, faints, and dies.
" In splendid march her conquering flag unfurled,
" She reigns triumphant empress of the world.
" Her nectared speech, the glances from her eyes,
" The sweet perfumes that from her mouth arise,

" Her lips as ruddy as the Brimba's hues,
" Through all my soul its former love diffuse.
" Yet all their raptures but increase the pain
" From Radha's just resentment I sustain."
Thus Vishnu to the echoing woods complains,
And vents his sorrows in pathetic strains.
By Radha sent the fair Palasa found
The prostrate god with flowery shrubs around.
With gentle eloquence, and graceful mien,
She thus relates the sorrows of her queen.
" Thy Radha, in the forest's wild retreat,
" By moonlight takes her miserable seat,
" Broods o'er her sorrows 'midst the woodland
" glooms,
" Whilst all her strength a secret fire consumes.
" Such is her weakness, that around her head
" The waving garland seems a weight of lead.
" Amidst the flowers that blossom on the trees,
" The poisonous serpent's gliding form she sees.
" On her soft hand her languid head reclined,
" Seems like a lotos drooping in the wind.
" And as a tyger, unrelenting foe,
" Rushes impetuous on the harmless roe:
" So the fierce god of love, in Death's array,
" Low couching springs, and seizes on his prey.
" She draws thy picture in her fancy's eyes,
" And dips her pencil in the rose's dyes.
" Her thoughts enraptured on thy beauties gaze,
" And adoration to thy form she pays.

" Her pious hymns thy wondrous powers rehearse,
" And every sentence closes with this verse;
" O Vishnu, fallen at thy lovely feet,
" The moon inflames me with unusual heat.
" She sighs, she smiles, convulsive laughs and
" weeps,
" Nor for a moment one position keeps.
" Her faltering voice in murmurs dies away,
" Her eyes are closed, or dim their visual ray.
" Divine physician! thou alone canst cure,
" The piercing wounds her aching limbs endure,
" The nectar of thy lips, the sovereign balm
" To ease her pains, and sad emotions calm.
" Thou, the physician of her wounded soul,
" Thy skill alone her madness can controul.
" Thy love, the only healing medicine give,
" Assuage her mental pangs, and bid her live."
He heard her voice, and conscience stung, replied,
" Go, sooth her care, and bring my sorrowing bride."
Palasa bears the message of the God
To Radha, in her sorrowful abode.
" Whilst from Malaya's hills the gentle winds
" Waft on their plumes the God of amorous minds,
" Crowned with the blossom of a thousand scents,
" Thy absence, O my Friend, the God laments,
" Distracted misery rages in his heart,
" And each returning night adds smart to smart.

" He quits his palace, so superbly gay,
" And sinks despairing on a bed of clay.
" Thy praises to the vocal reed he sings,
" And all thy words to sweet remembrance brings.
" Oh with what rapture he salutes the gale,
" Which kissed thy lips, and brought the flattering
" tale!
" Delay not, loveliest of thy sex, depart,
" And bless the doating sovereign of thy heart.
" The bright-haired God is sunk beneath the west,
" Proceed, my friend, in azure mantle dressed.
" In darkness veiled thy sorrowing lover seek,
" Who longs to sip the honey of thy cheek.
" Oh seize the moment of delight and rest,
" A sparkling gem on Vishnu's sacred breast."
The friendly maid saw all her counsels vain,
Radha too weak the journey to sustain,
Returned, her sad contrition thus relates
To anxious Vishnu, who her coming waits.
" O sovereign of the world, thy Radha mourns,
" Hope and despair distract her mind by turns;
" For thy approach she casts her eyes around,
" Then faints and falls all languid on the ground.
" She rises for thy coming to prepare,
" And interweaves with flowers her flowing hair.
" Dressed like her lover, as in sportive games,
" She acts her part, and laughingly exclaims,

" *Behold the vanquisher of Madhu!* Loud
" Repeats his name, and catching at a cloud,
" In madness takes it to her fond embrace.
" It flies her grasp, and leaves a vacant space.
" Then in her gayest ornaments appears,
" Expects her lord, and wipes the flowing tears.
" If a light leaf but quiver in the grove,
" She thinks she hears the footsteps of her love.
" Drowned in a sea of rapturous delight,
" She spreads her couch, and chides the lingering
" night.
" Her soul attracted by his fancied grace,
" Bursts from its fetters, and deserts its place.
" Though fancy for a time beguiles her care,
" Again she feels the anguish of despair.
" My Vishnu comes not, must my blameless youth,
" My faithful love, my never-failing truth,
" Affection's fires with which I ceaseless burn,
" Thus unrewarded find no kind return?
" For him I sought the forest's gloomy night,
" His loved retreat, led by his beaming light.
" O let me die, no more the cooling breeze
" Brings to my burning brain refreshing ease.
" Whilst I amusement find in empty toys,
" Some happier damsel all his love enjoys.
" Forgetful of his wedded love he stays,
" And spends in mirthful scenes his jocund days;

" My hated rival in his presence lies,
" Warmed in the sunshine of his beaming eyes.
" Dressed from love's armoury, her waving hair
" Floats like a banner streaming in the air.
" His looks, his form, his robes, her joys enhance,
" Whilst on his cheek her brilliant ear-rings dance.
" Bashful at first, at length she shameless doats,
" And on a sea of love and pleasure floats,
" And, dazzled with the blaze, she shades her
" eyes,
" And her soft voice in gentle murmur dies.
" See round her waist a string of bells he ties,
" Which tinkling laugh, and leafy wreaths despise.
" Joyless, and hopelessly I pass the night,
" Whilst my glad rival revels in delight.
" Malaya's poisonous gales bring speedy death,
" Or Ganga's streams absorb my parting breath!
" Go, Vishnu, to her bower, thy aid supply,
" Nor leave her sorrowing to lament and die."
Thus the sad night in agonies she passed,
Still wishing every moment were her last.
Soon as the dawn had chased the stars away,
Her lover penitent before her lay.
He asked forgiveness, but her jealous pain
Still festered in her heart, and high disdain.
First anger stopped her voice, at length she cried,
Whilst indignation unknown strength supplied,

" Go, Vishnu, fly, nor speak with flattering guile,
" Thy tainted vows my purer soul defile.
" Thy eyes half clos'd, still mark'd with sleepless red,
" Declare thy wakings on thy faithless bed.
" How canst thou say, dissembler, we are one?—
" Our thoughts how different, since thy love is gone!
" How couldst thou false and thus deceitful prove
" To a fond girl, existing in thy love?
" Thou rovest in woods, and females are thy prey,
" Like harmless does that in the forest stray.
" Whilst yet a child, with hateful rage imbued,
" You slew the nurse who gave you milky food.
" Since all thy tender love, which through the trees
" Was whispered daily by the conscious breeze,
" Has vanished, and thy faithless bosom glows
" With ardent passion for my rival foes,
" I blush whene'er thy hated form I see,
" To think my love so weakly fixed on thee."
O'erwhelm'd with grief, of reason scarce possessed,
And Vishnu's love still labouring in her breast,
Her soul absorb'd, in silence hush'd her tongue,
He fled unseen, by her reproaches stung.
Her friend, with softest words, and thoughtful care,
Tried thus to reconcile the wretched pair.
" Whilst all thy happy damsels laugh around,
" For thee what pleasure in thy bower is found?
" Forbid him not, let indignation cease,
" Resentful woman, let him come in peace.

" As well may perfumes, sprinkled by thy hand,
" Become rank poisons at thy harsh command;
" As well the moon, who cool refreshment yields,
" Become a scorching sun, and burn the fields;
" As soon the dew may all the plants consume,
" Turn'd to a flame, and wither all their bloom;
" And love's delight, by transformation strange,
" At once to agonizing tortures change;
" As thy disdain and cruelty be shewn
" To the fond God who lives for thee alone.
" O be not proudly silent, should he lay
" Prostrate on earth, nor turn thy face away.
" Let his soft words thy poignant grief expel,
" O let him bless thy sight, and all be well."
Vishnu returned, unable to sustain
Her indignation, and his absent pain.
Her inward joy the rising blush disclos'd,
And soon their fleeting quarrel was compos'd.
His vows of love unceasing greet her ears,
And soon annihilate her jealous fears.
Reviving love, by cruel fate repressed,
Now burnt with fiercer fury in her breast.
Whilst to his bower he hastens to provide
The nuptial banquet for his much-loved bride.
Clad in her starry mantle, sable night
Now veiled all objects from the human sight.
Radha bedecked her form with nicest art,
To meet her spouse, the sovereign of her heart.

Attendant maids her native charms display,
By richest robes, with gems and flowerets gay;
The quivering garlands on her bosom played,
And brilliant earrings on her shoulders strayed.
Her lovely locks, with flowers and jewels bound,
Her ancle bells harmoniously sound,
Her slender waist adorned with circling bells,
And every care her fond affection tells.
Then through the grove she took her joyful way,
Where her loved spouse in expectation lay.
When, by the light his sparkling gems diffus'd
She saw his face, a modest red suffus'd
Her blushing cheek, but soon it disappear'd,
By ardent Vishnu's kind reception cheer'd.
His bower she found with twining creepers spread,
And choicest flowers their fragrant incense shed.
The downy lotos's his couch compose,
By bridemaids formed for pleasure and repose.
His face illumed by glances from her eyes,
His garments emulate the rainbow's dyes.
Earrings of sparkling gems like suns appear,
His cheeks and lips the sweetest smiles endear.
His sable locks the richest flowers adorn,
Like the gay colours of the rising morn.
She feels the gales that sweep the fragrant trees,
And hears the murmur of the honeyed bees,
And birds melodious answering to the breeze.

More sweet than honey, or the cooling gales,
he hears enraptured all his flattering tales.
Her eyes suffused, with tears of rapture flow,
And watery glances on her lover throw.
In converse sweet they pass the happy night,
Nor dream of slumber till the dawn of light.
Thus Jayadéva, in delightful lays,
Sublimest truth in fiction's garb arrays,
And in the vesture of romantic tales
The union of the soul with love seraphic veils. (11)
'Twas thus Madaura's sage the fable told
Of Psyche, worthy to be writ in gold!
The strange adventures of the love-sick maid,
By fatal curiosity betrayed.
How, Cupid reconciled, her trials passed,
She found a paradise of bliss at last.
Thus the wise king, with mystic raptures warm,
Seraphic love displayed in earthly form.
And Christ the Bridegroom, filled with sacred fire,
Addressed his Church in words of fond desire.
In notes responsive, his ethereal bride
In language, dictated by love, replied.
But should a God, on joyous pleasures bent,
With one sole wife, like mortals, be content?
Should earth-born Radha, or the Gopis nine,
Expanded love in nuptial bands confine?
Not gay Apollo, or luxurious Jove,
Could vie with Vishnu in successful love.

Enraptured maids adored his charms divine,
And he too kind to let them hopeless pine.
First eight Nayagas were his blooming brides,
O'er whom the fair Rohimini presides.
Next sixteen thousand Raja's daughters wed,
He took all loving to his sacred bed.
Like fruitful vines each bless'd his kind embrace,
With ten brave sons to multiply his race.
Each had her palace, each her court maintained,
And o'er a crowd of rich attendants reigned.
And wonderful! he visited each bride
At once, one god to many multiplied!
Each his affection thought she shared alone,
His time and fond endearments all her own.

BOOK III.

EASTERN IDOLATRY CONTINUED.

Siva.—Parvati, his wife as Anna Purna, as Durga, as Kali.—Her two sons, Ganesa and Kartikeya.—Other gods.—Indra, Ganga, Arun the Dawn, Surya the Sun, Chandra the Moon, Rama, Sita his wife.—Hanuman.—Yama, the god of Hell.—His wife Bhavani.

Corruption of worship and morals.—Introduction of Christianity, and wishes for its success.

BOOK III.

EASTERN IDOLATRY CONTINUED.

God of destruction! when his form appears,
Nature alarmed, tremendous *Siva* fears.
Time, flood, and fire, his agents to devour,
Are but the symbols of his mighty power.
Known to his votaries by unnumbered names,
His speaking form his various power proclaims,
Not to annihilate but reproduce,
To change, and alter, to some other use.
As justice pure, o'er which the God presides,
A milk-white bull, mysterious form, he rides.
His dreadful attributes, inspiring awe,
Are but the symbols of impartial law.
His triple eyes, of bright and piercing hue,
The past, the present, and the future view.
Around his neck the prince of serpents twines,
Whose circling coil eternity defines.
His forehead bears a crescent moon sublime,
The monthly emblem of revolving time.
A chaplet formed of human skulls he bears,
Device of time, that no existence spares.

His thirty arms and thirty hands contain
Swords coloured with the blood of victims slain. (1)
Whilst from his crest the sacred Ganges flows,
Whose stream immortal happiness bestows.
On Meru's peaks his paradise is seen,
Blessed with the presence of his radiant Queen.
Her lovely hand the golden cup presents,
Amrita's wine, immortal the contents.

She, mountain Goddess, to the realms below,
Sprang from *Himalaya's* summits, clothed in snow.
Fair *Parvati*, by names discordant known,
By which her various attributes are shewn.
Now, *Anna Purna*, on the lotos placed,
Whilst richest ornaments her figure graced,
Her loving arms the tender babe embrace,
Fed at her breast, and smiling in her face.
Now *Durga*, pictured in terrific form,
Tremendous jaws and blood-stained tongue deform.
And venomed snakes, which deadly powers denote,
Girdle her waist, and creep around her throat.
Blood-dropping heads her cruel hands contain,
And skulls supply an ornamental chain.
Her dreadful figure sinners fills with dread,
And strikes her foes, the foes of Virtue, dead.
A tiger bears her in the mortal frays,
And *Active Virtue* her opponent slays,
Dread *Mahishásura*, skilled in foul device,
The prototype, and abstract form, of Vice.

As horrid *Kali*, in the days of yore,
Her blood-stained altars flowed with human gore.
See whilst his axe the murdering Brahman lifts,
These invocations ask her richest gifts.
" Hail, Goddess Kali, who delight in blood,
" Cut, eat, destroy, and drink the gory flood.
" And feed the hungry snakes around thy waist,
" And let thy tongue delicious morsels taste.
" And grant thy worshippers, for victims slain,
" Wealth, happiness, and honour to obtain."
The milder Veda's sacred laws disclaim
Such horrid rites, now only known by name:
Save where assassin Thugs, with poniard keen, (2)
Offer their thousands to the Stygian Queen.
O the dread dance by Siva's consort led!
When Nanda's drum awakes the sleeping dead!
Chamunda spurns, and shakes, this earthly ball,
The ocean trembles, and the mountains fall.
From Siva's banner, streaming through the sky,
The scattered planets from their orbits fly.
Spectres and goblins join the airy dance,
And shriek, and chatter, as they gaily prance.
Joined with the fiends, whom curling snakes adorn,
Gaunt skeletons on palm-like legs are borne.
The mazy dance the sable corpses share,
With meteors darting from their burning hair.
Their gloomy light the half-extinguished pyre,
With human victims clogged, put ready to expire.

In ghastly laughter grinning skulls rejoice,
And brainless heads reecho to the voice.
Midst mouldering bones their frolic feet they ply,
And owls and bats in piercing shrieks reply.
And yet to Párvati two sons belong,
Ganesa wise, and Kartikeya strong.
Wisdom, from whom all good inventions spring,
Ganesa nominates her lord and king.
The elephant his monstrous head supplies,
With reasoning faculties supremely wise.
The crafty rat, the sharpest creature known,
Attends his footsteps, and adorns his throne.
Man, who a splendid palace paints and gilds,
For burrowing rats a spacious mansion builds;
To serve their wants employs his daily cares,
Stores the rich grain, and creamy cheese prepares;
And, whilst they make the work of man their prize,
Gins, snares, and fell grimalkin's claws, despise.
Brave *Kartikeya* on a peacock rests,
With six strange faces, eye-bespangled vests.
Whilst the gay bird that bears him through the skies
Expands his glorious train, his rainbow dyes.
With weapons wielded by his powerful hands,
He fights, like Mars, and heaven's brave hosts commands.
Who would not wish by virtuous deeds to rise
To *Indra's* glorious palace in the skies?

Lord of the firmament, immortal King,
His subject gods his well-earned praises sing.
The winds, or gently blow at his command,
Or sweep in tempests o'er the shattered land.
The clouds, his ministers, his voice obey,
Like elephants in disciplined array:
Now drop their kindly influence on the earth,
And give to flowers and fruits their genial birth:
Now roll the thunder, dart the lightning's glare,
And drive the sweeping whirlwind through the air.
And then again, his smiling face to shew,
Bend on their dewy breasts his radiant bow:
Reflect the sun's bright beams, the moon's pale light,
Or hide, like nuptial veil, from human sight.
In *Dwerga*, heavenly station, he abides, (3)
Or to mount *Meru* on a sunbeam rides.
Meru with jewels all resplendent shines,
And all the riches of celestial mines.
Like a fair lotos, spreading flowers adorn,
The charming seat, as brilliant as the morn.
Eastern Olympus, here the gods reside,
In perfect happiness, with each his bride.
The court of Brahma, on the summit placed,
Is all around with heavenly beings graced.
Millions of *Apsaras*, like nymphs divine,
Round Indra's throne, in airy garments shine:
Sprung from the sea, with beauty, youth, and grace,
They dance, and sing, the glory of the place.

Joined by the *Cinnaras*, in the flowery mead,
The vocal choir the gay *Gandharvas* lead.
And the sweet harmony of Nared's lyre,
Enlivens mirth, or breathes the soft desire.
Here every joy the blessed inmates prove,
In *Nandana's* cool shades, and bowers of love.
Where crystal streams from flowery hills descend,
And scented plants their sweetest odours send.
From golden goblets rich Amrita flows,
And the pure heart nor care, nor sorrow knows.
Hence *Ganga* pours her streams o'er rugged cliffs,
And blesses mortals with her choicest gifts.
Herald of morn, the modest blushing *Dawn*,
Illumes the earth, by *Surya's* horses drawn,
Opes the bright gate of heaven, and leads the way
For the great God, who rules the realms of day.
Then *Surya*, in his chariot of the sun,
Starts from the east his daily course to run:
The joy of heaven, the earth's supreme delight,
His splendid rays expand their circling light,
His seven green steeds, whilst *Arun* guides the reins,
Dart light, dart fire, from ever-flowing manes.
Raised by his power, the swelling clouds ascend,
And o'er the world their shading veils extend.
Forth from the sea he calls the softening dews,
Which health and vigour through the earth infuse.
Before the splendour of his scorching fire,
The savage beasts to secret dens retire:

Man goeth forth to earn his daily food,
Or seeks the covert of the shady wood.
The fiends of darkness from his presence fly,
And sinners fear his penetrating eye.
The merry Seasons round him dance and sing,
And greet their Lord, and grateful offerings bring:
Summer his fruits, the Spring his painted flowers,
Autumn his sheaves, and Winter fertile showers.
When in the west he lowers his waning light,
What various tints in harmony unite!
Resplendent gems his gorgeous beams diffuse,
And gold and rubies' evanescent hues.
Sprung from the solar ray, the paly moon,
Chandra illuminates his midnight noon.
In slow and stately progress he appears,
A prince, amidst his court of starry peers.
The clouds his mantle, fringed with silver light,
He rides triumphant through the spangled night.
By motly antelopes his chariot drawn,
He quits the skies before the rising dawn.
Friendly to man he gilds the darkling hours,
And beams beneficent on plants and flowers.
He spreads his influence o'er the earthly ball,
Creation rests, in splendid silence all.
Day's gaudy colours fly his modest rays,
The gay delusions of the solar blaze.
The dazzling brightness of the noontide quailed,
In softened tints the shaded world is veiled.

A calm sublime o'er mortal senses pours,
And the rapt soul in heavenly visions soars.
Vishnu as *Rama* to the earth descends, (4)
Wields his broad axe, and bow unerring bends,
Of monkeys formed, an antic troop he led,
With *Hanuman* commanding at their head,
And freed his consort *Sita* from the chain
Of *Ravana*, monarch of gigantic reign.
To form a passage for the warlike train,
A bridge he built across the raging main. (5)
To Ceylon's adverse shore, and deathless fame,
Still to existing rocks assigns the hero's name.
Hence to this day, with great devotion fed,
The gentle apes are kept and worshipped.
Yama, dread God, with mighty Siva shares
The seat of justice, and judicial cares. (6)
Destroyer, Death, insatiate and sincere
Mild to the good, to conscious sins severe.
In *Patali*, in *Yamapur* he dwells,
And his dread rod departed souls compels.
Two ravenous dogs around their master bark,
Three-headed *Cérbura*, *Syáma* dark.
Mysterious rites, by holy Brahmans led,
Attend in vain the dying and the dead.
Cleansed by the waters of the sacred fount,
Which radiant flows from blest *Cailasa's* mount,
The dying soul departs in peace, nor wants
The sacred hymn the holy Brahman chants,

The Veda's doctrines, which, in tuneful verse,
To all mankind these useful truths rehearse,
" Foolish is he, with present joys elate,
" Who seeks continuance in this mortal state:
" For life is hollow, as the plantain tree,
" And transient as the foam that crowns the sea.
" Since heaven, and earth, and ocean pass away,
" How can the bubble man expect to stay?
" Death hungry being, sweeps from off the earth,
" Men, birds and beasts, and all of mortal birth:
" Nor with these victims satisfies his soul,
" More than the drunkard with his flowing bowl."
Whilst rich perfumes adorn the funeral pyre,
The kind relation plies the sacred fire.
Their torches then a flame resplendent shed,
To the dark shades to light the wandering dead.
At Yama's dread tribunal all appear,
Their last irrevocable doom to hear.
To *Swerga's* heavenly palace to ascend,
Or find in *Nareka* a dreadful end.
In whose dark caverns poisonous serpents dwell,
And all the monstrous progeny of hell.
Or if a mawkish medium they disclose,
Too bad for heaven, too good for endless woes,
They rise to earth, a human form put on,
A beast's, or bird's, a reptile's, or a stone.
His wife *Bhavani*, of celestial birth,
Is *Parvati* when resident on earth.

Swardévi's name in heavenly realms she claims,
One only Goddess with her threefold names.
Thus triform *Artemis*, in Grecian lore,
Three different offices and figures bore:
As *Dian*, huntress in the forest green:
Below as *Hecate*, tremendous queen:
The *Moon* resplendent in the realms above,
Whose modest charms inflamed Endymion's love.
Priests scarce can number, or their volumes tell,
The many gods that in Cailasa dwell.
Well found in Deities the Hindu claims (16)
A thousand gods with each a thousand names.
They mix, and change, and in confusion lie,
The juggles of a dark mythology.
Thus with false meteors Satan gilds his night,
And veils his darkness in the robes of light.
And Brahmans, in transcendent error wise,
With splendid fictions blind their dazzled eyes.
Although these sacred mysteries contain
Sublimest truth in allegoric vein;
Though brightest ethics float upon their tongue,
Their fictions moralize, and point their song;
Yet think not these professions can insure
A faultless conduct, or a virtue pure.
No good can grow from Satan's poisonous roots,
But deadly blossoms, and corrupted fruits.
Their boasted virtues real substance want,
And moral laws, unmeaning forms supplant. (17)

To strange austerities the power was given,
To force the votary through the gates of heaven,
O'er the wide world to rule with sovereign sway,
And prostrate Gods before the sons of clay.
Their fanes with all abominations stored,
The parts of shame were imaged and adored.
In sacred rites lascivious damsels ply,
Thread the lewd dance, and roll the wanton eye,
And pious matrons consecrate their charms,
By prostitution in a Brahman's arms.
Polluted Ganga's sacred waves contain
Heaps of deserted babes untimely slain.
Here artful Brahmins' teach the idiot crowd
Beneath the idol's car to shed their blood.
There youthful widows, with a ghastly smile,
In opiate joy ascend the funeral pile.
The patient Hindu, Asia's softest child,
In constitution and his climate mild,
By falsehood governed, and the priests' control,
Belies the native virtues of his soul.
To falsehood, flattery, theft, and murder prone,
Resolve and manly fortitude unknown.
For India yet one blessing is in store:
The Gospel's splendour shines on Ganga's shore.
To India's realms though first the love of gain
Led the rich fleets of Britons o'er the main,
And through Ambition she extends her sway,
Through the vast plains from Indus to Cathay,

Yet gracious Heaven the human passions guides
From selfish aims to higher views besides.
Where ardent Thomas brought the word divine,
And martyred occupies an honoured shrine,
Now Christian Bishops heathen converts lead,
Through the pure doctrines of the Gospel's creed.
With favouring eyes may gracious Heav'n look down,
And full success these institutions crown!
May heathen priests their idol temples quit,
And true religion learn from Holy Writ!

BOOK IV.

NORTHERN IDOLATRY.

Odin.—The severe climate of the North.—Its effects on Religion.—Gothic nations held originally one God, and a *Chaos*, out of which was produced the creation of the world,—first of the *Giants*, from Ymer's body, then *Odin* and the *Aser*.—The earth formed from Ymer's body.—Man formed from two ashen trees, the first man and woman Ashur and Embla.—*Vaner*, *Elves*, *Genii*, *Dwarfs*.—Deities presiding over every part of nature.—Nine worlds.—Odin, *Valhalla*, *Sleipner*.—His wife Frigga.—The Valkyriur.—Death of Baldur.—Descent of Odin.—*Vala*.—Hela, goddess of Death.—*Thor*, son of Odin.—*Iotenheim*, the abode of the Giants.—*Thor's* descent.—King *Utgardelok*.—The six trials.—*Lok*, his character.—His adventures and crimes.—Goes in a female garb, as a bride, to deceive *Thrymer*, a Giant.—Recovers Thor's mallet, and destroys the attending Giants.—His wife *Angerbode*, mother to *Fenris*, the wolf, the serpent *Jormungandur*, and *Hela*, the goddess of death and hell.—Description of her palace.

BOOK IV.

NORTHERN IDOLATRY.

ODIN from eastern climes his bands led forth,
Far as the frozen regions of the north:
A fierce and hardy race, of warlike fame,
Harsh as the savage land to which they came.
No splendid fables from luxurious climes,
Nor the sweet harmony of Sanscrit rhymes,
Enrich their songs, or o'er their creeds diffuse
The loves and graces of the Eastern Muse.
Their cheerless wilds no fragrant shrubs perfume,
There sable fir trees cast a mournful gloom.
Gigantic rocks in shapes fantastic scowl,
And hungry wolves in midnight silence howl.
Eternal forests earth's fair face deform,
No genial suns can penetrate or warm:
Unthawing snows on icy rocks appear,
And paly suns scarce light the shortening year.
Hence in their breasts the sterner virtues reign,
Which no refinements soften, or profane:

Virtues that hold all countries to belong
By right of battle only to the strong.
On every shore the bold adventurers land,
And pirate Kings the robber bands command:
By fire and sword their lawless claims support,
Their business war, and cruelty their sport.
Through raging seas their dangerous course they hold,
Nor summer's heat they fear, nor winter's cold.
At home they pass the winter's hours away
In song, and banquet, and domestic fray.
The gifted *Scalds* the mystic runes indite,
Teach the wild song, and lead the savage rite.
With incantations raise their votaries fears,
And start at images their fancy rears.
Hence gross idolatry defiles their fanes,
Where Superstition's darkest form obtains.
And giants, dwarfs, and monstrous gods, supply
The basis of their wild mythology.
Yet, midst the darkness of unhallowed dreams,
A ray of truth sublime obscurely gleams.
From inspiration, by tradition known,
They held the great, uncaused, eternal ONE,
Dwelling in *Gimle's* everlasting light,
Father of all, Creator infinite!
Chaos of earthly matter first was formed,
A frozen mass, no genial vapours warmed.

No harmony or order there were found,
Dread silence reigned, and darkness most profound.
No sun, no moon, with cheering splendour beamed,
No fertile earth with vegetation teemed.
From Chaos first the Giant race arose,
To bounteous Gods and men, malignant foes.
From *Ymer's* body sprung the hateful race,
Whose bulk enormous filled the formless space.
Next *Odin* rose from God's creating mind,
The mighty father of the *Aser* kind.
And first the monstrous giant *Ymer* slew,
From whose firm flesh the earth's foundations grew.
Formed were the lofty mountains from his bones,
His dreadful teeth produced the rocks and stones.
His blood the sea, his hair the woods supply,
His brains the clouds, his forehead formed the sky.
The shaggy brows, that o'er his eye-balls curled,
Midgard became, man's habitable world.
Close on the borders of the raging seas,
Were seen two lofty and mysterious trees,
High in mid air their fertile branches spread,
And healing leaves prolific virtues shed.
From hence descend refreshing showers and dews,
And strength, and vigour, health and joy diffuse.
Deep in the earth their forked roots descend,
Their lofty tops with richest produce bend.
Hence *Odin* formed the first created pair
Of mortals, *Ashur* bold, and *Embla* fair.

Their bodies, thus of earthly substance made,
Their frail and fading origin betrayed.
Born for a season, and condemned to death,
A withering blossom, and a fleeting breath.
But Odin breathed into the lifeless clay
The eternal soul, and heaven's ethereal ray.
Though lords of all the splendid Aser race,
Yet powerful spirits held a second place.
Giants and Vaners, Elves of various form,
And skilful Dwarfs through all creation swarm.
O'er genial Nature guardian gods preside,
No part without its deity and guide.
They rule the elements with boundless sway,
Sun, moon, and seas their sovereign power obey.
Aerial nymphs direct the chrystal rills,
Protect the woods, and people all the hills;
Smile in the sunshine, in the tempest lower,
Parch in the draughts, and nourish in the shower:
O'er the glad fields the welcome harvest spread,
And guard the cattle in the winter's shed.
Hang round the trees the sparkling diamonds glare,
And snowy vests for nature's face prepare:
In hollow oaks the honied sweets compose,
And scatter fragrance from the blushing rose:
Dance on the wave, and in the meteor gleam,
Sport in the storm, and revel in the stream.
Nine mighty worlds the universe contain,
Where gods, and men, and elves and giants reign.

First *Gimle* was ordained the Gods' abode,
And seat of retribution for the good.
The Lord of fire, the spirits of the air,
And other Gods to other worlds repair.
Next *Niflheim* rose, for wicked men designed,
When their last destinies await mankind:
And Death's dread power, whom Gods and mortals fear,
Found her wide world of gloomy caverns here.
In *Midgard* Man his earthly world possessed,
With every comfort and convenience blessed.
Utgard became the Giants' dreary den,
Far from the cheerful haunts of Gods and men:
Black rocks, and yawning caverns, all around,
With ice and snow, and shatter'd fragments crowned.
In the bright regions of eternal day,
The mighty *Aser's* heavenly city lay,
Twelve palaces, with every glory bright,
And gold and jewels shed a constant light;
The Zodiac of the Scandinavian heaven,
Where to each God a sacred month was given.
Yet Fate has fixed that at the final day,
Seven of the fleeting worlds will pass away,
And heaven and hell alone will then remain,
Seats of eternal joy, and endless pain.
High on his throne great *Odin* stood revealed;
The darkest clouds his origin concealed;

Like earthly parents to his children mild,
Hence justly by his sons *All-father* styled.
His tongue, harmonious, with poetic art,
Informs and penetrates the hearer's heart.
Yet all triumphant as the God of war,
All nations bend beneath his conquering car.
His coal-black war-horse twice four legs sustain,
And bear him furious through the heaps of slain.
Valhalla's palace is his glorious seat,
And two wise ravens on his service wait. (2)
Daily around the spacious world they fly,
And all that passes view with piercing eye,
Report their progress, all they see and hear,
Perch on his throne, and whisper in his ear.
He formed the magic *Runes* mysterious staves,
To raise dead mortals from their silent graves.
His native form his powerful art could change,
A bird or beast around the world to range.
His wife was *Frigga*, heaven's resplendent queen, (3)
Mother of Gods, in royal glory seen.
The language of the beasts and plants she knew,
And future times were open to her view.
From her bland womb the race of Asers rose,
Who heaven's superior hierarchy compose.
But who those maids who round his table stand, (4)
And wait to execute their lord's command?

" Hark! the dread noise of battle rends the sky,
" To aid the work of slaughter swiftly fly!"
These are the dread *Valkyriur*, helmet crowned,
With flaming swords, and armour guarded round.
Whilst meteors glare, and forked lightnings play,
Their eyes flash fire, and scatter wild dismay;
Their rampant horses darting from their manes,
The blasting hail to wither hills and plains.
Like northern lights they flit from side to side,
And like white swans the yielding clouds divide.
'Tis theirs to lead the fight, and choose the slain,
High favoured, rescued from disease and pain.
'Tis theirs the slain to *Odin's* hall to bring,
And lead with honour to *the Battle-king*,
To share the banquet, and high wassail hold,
And quaff the sparkling mead from horns of gold. (5)
The maids then lay their hostile weapons by,
And, *Hebe* like, the rich metheglin ply.
With flowing curls and eyes of heavenly blue,
They smile with charms that every heart subdue.
Their swords before had marked their murderous way,
As surely now their female weapons slay.
Nor gods, nor men, 'tis so the Fates ordain,
Are quite exempt from sorrow, loss, and pain.
This Odin found, with every virtue blessed,
And high in dignity above the rest.
To *Baldur*, favourite son, wise, brave, and fair,
Kind, peaceful, loved by all, the public care,

In strange foreboding dreams it was revealed,
His death impended, and his fate was sealed.
Deep melancholy thoughts his soul oppressed,
He shunned society, and courted rest.
Dark was the dream, nor could the Gods disclose
The hidden nature of the destined woes.
Odin the mystic *Runes* had cut in vain,
And all his magic arts no light obtain.
Nine nights he travelled, and nine sunless days, (6)
To Hela's palace down terrific ways;
Hela, Death's goddess, who unfeeling reigns
Midst gloomy shades, and desolated plains.
There Vala's mould'ring bones, in grave forlorn,
From times long past the tempest's rage had borne.
With magic runes, and incantations deep,
He roused the prophetess from ancient sleep.
In hollow murmurs, with unwilling grace,
She told the secrets of the deathful place.
" The feast is furnished, and prepared the bed,
" For Baldur soon to join the mighty dead.
" For know, O king of mortals, 'tis decreed,
" Thy much-loved son by friendly hands shall bleed."
Hence every earthly thing was charmed to swear
The gentle Baldur's valued life to spare:
Save the weak Misleto, whose twining form
Seemed every fear of danger to disarm.
Lok from its roots, in spiteful malice, tore
The fated plant, and the *Pigmies* bore.

A spear they formed, with magic powers combined,
To do the work of death by fate designed.
One from its mother snatched an infant child,
Unmarked its dimples when it sweetly smiled:
Deep in its bosom plunged, the sharpened dart
Drank the red blood that warmed its trembling heart.
Whilst the dread song of Death's unearthly sound
In chorus chaunted woke the echoes round,
" Hark to the noise of life's expiring sigh,
" The gasp convulsive, and the tortured eye,
" The clotted blood now steels the weapon's force,
" Nor can or gods or men, arrest its fatal course."
The Gods, assembled on a festive day,
In manly tournaments their skill display.
In *Hædur's* hands, unconscious of his art,
Lok placed the spear that wounded *Baldur's* heart.
Oh! who can tell of wretched Odin's grief?
Nor tears, nor sighs can bring the wished relief.
Frigga's sad breast was filled with deep despair,
Pierced by the feelings of maternal care.
The good Hermodur, for his brother slain,
Resolved to ease his mother's anxious pain.
From Hela's caverns to release her prey,
And bring back Baldur to the light of day.
But vain their hopes, and fruitless all his pains,
For Hela's love the charming youth detains.
As famished wolves in wintry season cold,
Remorseless seize the younglings of the fold,
And in tenacious grasp their victims hold.

So Hela clasps him in a cold embrace,
Whilst clammy dews start from her stony face:
And, whilst the vipers round her temples hiss,
Fierce as a wolf, and maddened with the bliss,
Gloats on his eyes, and prints the freezing kiss.
To *Odin next*, submissive crowds adore
His son, great *Thor*, whom lovely *Frigga* bore.
God of the rolling thunder, from his eyes
Flash the bright lightnings through the parted skies.
Three powerful weapons, formed by magic skill,
Inforce his strength, and give the power to kill.
His mallet's massive weight no force withstands,
Wrought by the wondrous *Dwarf's* all-skilful hands.
His gauntlets, formed of adamantine mail,
And strengthening girdle, o'er his foes prevail.
High on his lofty throne as *God of War*,
His terror strikes the nations from afar.
His palace, studded round with golden shields,
Not to the meteor's fire in brightness yields:
And gold, and purple cast a brilliant light,
To halls, unnumbered as the stars at night.
Around are spacious lakes, and verdant fields,
And all the charms the smiling summer yields.
Remote from earth's inhabitable face,
In gloomy caverns dwelt the *Giant* race:
Midst chilling ice, and everlasting snow,
No sun to cheer with warmth and light arose,
In *Jotenheim*, the giant land, confined,
Foes to the Gods, to virtue, and mankind.

Their hateful king, by all destructive fire,
Against great *Odin* shewed his rancorous ire.
His splendid temple in *Upsala's* walls
Destroyed, for quick and signal vengeance calls.
Thor boldly offers to avenge the god,
And beard the tyrant in his drear abode,
With Lok his chariot's golden seat ascends,
And down the rainbow to his realm descends.
The violet fades, the blushing rose decays,
Before the mighty god's too powerful rays.
Through strange adventures, as the Eddas tell,
He reached at last the gloomy gates of hell.
The king prepared the hospitable feast,
And, artful, honoured his illustrious guest.
Too long and tedious were it to relate
The strange events that marked the plenteous fête,
Save some deceptions magic art designed,
To please *Utgardeloh's* deceitful mind.
Such stratagems low cunning oft prepares,
And tricks the wise with unsuspected snares.
Six trials were prepared, designed to prove
The boasted talents of the gods above.
First *Lok* proposed a gormandizing feat,
And challenged all the giant race to eat.
A champion rose, with vengeful looks of ire,
And round him fluttered hissing tongues of fire.
Wide was his mouth, his nails like vulture's claws,
And jagged teeth of iron deformed his jaws.

The table groaned with meat, a savoury sight,
And the two combatants commenced the fight,
Like savage wolves, with greedy appetite.
The judges cheered, *Lok* had devoured his share,
His bones were picked, the numerous dishes bare.
But soon the *Giant* made them change their note,
Meat, bones, and plates had vanished down his throat.
The glutton claimed the prize from one and all,
And *Lok* defeated left the fraudful hall.
Who was the Giant who performed this feat,
And who the being who a god could beat?
No being he, but of the funeral pyre—
The great devourer was *Incarnate Fire.*
A foot race next was planned, a *Dwarf* came forth,
To challenge *Tialf* in the fleeting course.
His size was small, his limbs of pliant form,
Active his steps, with emulation warm.
They ran. The Dwarf returned, in triumph gay,
E'er sweating Tialf finished half his way.
No wonder—no strange miracle was wrought,
For who on earth so quick and swift as *Thought?*
None with the mighty *Thor* could e'er compete,
In quaffing mighty horns with mead replete,
When from great *Odin's* unexhausted store,
The beauteous maids the fragrant nectar pour.
To try his strength, was set before his eyes
A horn of wroughten gold of monstrous size.

Thor drank, and drank again, and drank his fill,
Yet the capacious horn was brimming still.
Based in the ocean's depth, concealed from view,
The vase from thence an endless current drew.
Yet as the ocean's flowing waves he quaffed,
Its waters sank at each stupendous draught:
O'er the high rocks the breakers ceased to roar,
And ships left dry, were stranded on the shore.
Next did the *giant king* a task propound,
To raise his favourite *Cat* from off the ground.
Puss seemed no beast of feline substance formed,
Her sides hard skins, like serpent's scales, deformed.
Though fierce her looks, unusual too her height,
Thor knew his strength, nor quailed before the sight.
But all his utmost vigour useless proved,
For not one paw an inch's width was moved.
The *demon cat* her monstrous body swelled,
And reached the ceiling, where the feast was held.
When unavailing all his art he found,
He dashed the swelling monster on the ground.
'Twas *Jormungandur*, with his monstrous spires,
Who fear and hate in gods and men inspires,
The serpent, of gigantic form, who curled
His wreathing length around the vasty world;
Destined a most important part to play,
When gods and men shall meet the fatal day.
Disgraced, defeated, fooled by art and guile,
In *Thor's* great breast arose the splendid bile.

Erect and conscious of superior might,
He dared the giant king to single fight.
The giant king rejects the bold request,
" All laws forbad to fight an honoured guest.
" But as he wished his boasted power to try,
" He'd call a friend, and fight by deputy."
Appeared the royal champion—Behold
A wretched beldame, shrivelled, bent, and old.
Sunk in her head are dim and bleared eyes;
A knotted crutch her tottering limbs supplies;
Her sunken cheeks her toothless gums display,
And round her face some matted tresses stray.
Think with what rage the god the insult bore.
" Is thus the thunderer scorned?" No time for more;
Sudden the beldame on her rival sprung,
Fierce as a tygress plundered of her young;
His brawny neck her skinny arms embraced,
And clung, like ivy, round his straitened waste,
Her foe with more than lover's ardour hugged,
And to and fro his reeling body tugged.
Long in suspense the equal fight remained,
Nor either foe the least advantage gained,
Till *Thor*, in the dire struggle hardly pressed,
Fell on one knee, and female power confessed.
The god enraged, with all his followers rose,
Flew forth the gates, which loudly thundering closed.
He threatened vengeance, but the giant train,
Had disappeared, and left a barren plain.

Yet had no common being gained the day,
And no disgrace on *Thor's* high godhead lay.
'Twas *Time*, whose certain and resistless power
Can gods, and kings, and earth itself devour.
Lok, though descended from the giant race,
Amidst the *Aser* found an honoured place:
In *Odin's* palace was allowed a seat,
Near *Asa Thor*, benevolent and great.
Yet not their bright examples could control
The native vices of his treacherous soul;
Fickle, sarcastic, and to envy prone,
Seeking advantage for himself alone.
His honied words distilled like morning dew,
From a false heart that all deceptions knew.
In gibes, and censure, in malicious vein,
He loved to give his benefactors pain.
Yet, a buffoon, with wit and merry jests,
He pleased the gods, and seasoned all their feasts.
But who the history of his life can tell,
His wondrous deeds in heaven, and earth, and hell?
From zone to zone his wild adventures range,
From shape to shape his pliant features change.
He frowns a beldame, grumbles as a bear,
Slides as an eel, or gambols as a mare.
Some real service to the gods he wrought,
By his malicious acts too dearly bought.
To *Odin* gave his stallion, *Sleipner* hight,
With twice four legs, and coloured black as night;

To *Freys* procured his magic ship and boar,
And to great *Thor* his mighty mallet's power.
Sif he attempted, *Thor's* too faithful wife,
And clipped her amber hair in vengeful strife:
Decoyed *Iduma* from her husband's home,
A mistress to a giant to become.
Thiasse, as an eagle, seized the fair,
And bare her struggling through the troubled air.
So mighty Jupiter, in classic lore,
The beauteous Ganymede in triumph bore.
And once at *Ægir's* lordly hall a guest,
Lok in disgrace was banished from the feast.
Then, not unworthy of his fraudful art,
In female dress he played a woman's part.
Whilst in soft slumber *Thor* incautious lay,
His mallet giant *Thrymer* stole away,
Nor would restore it, fully satisfied,
Unless the beauteous *Freya* were his bride.
" Bring me," said *Thrymer*, " to my rich abode,
" Sole ransom for the weapon of the god,
" The lovely *Freya*, as the lily fair,
" With azure eyes, soft lips, and golden hair,
" I hate the raven locks, the swarthy face,
" The only beauties of this rugged place."
Lok came, a willing messenger, to treat
Of this proposal, and regain his seat.
In *Freya's* face the blood indignant rushed,
Struck was each god, in angry silence hushed.

Shocking, a goddess of the Vaner kind
Should to a horrid giant be resigned!
Then *Heimdall* rose, God of the painted bow,
Whose penetrating look sees all below.
" Let some deep craft the giant's will deceive,
" Yet still untouched the lovely *Freya* leave.
" *Lok*, in a female habit, in disguise,
" Shall seem a beauteous virgin in his eyes."
Lok was enraged, and struggled for a while,
Still brought to reason by fair *Freya's* smile.
The laughing goddesses, in playful sport,
To dress the god to *Odin's* hall resort.
A robe of scarlet sportive *Fulda* brought:
A leathern boddice for his vest was wrought:
Two shields of copper, fastened to his side,
A lady's swelling bosom well supplied:
A sparkling necklace gemmed his hairy breast;
His head with feathers and gay ribands drest:
And herbs of powers cosmetic Odin chose,
To give his nut brown cheeks the blossom of the rose.
Yet all his charms the nuptial veil concealed,
To his fond spouse alone to be revealed.
And by his side a bunch of keys he ware,
Pledge of devotion to domestic care.
A scented nosegay, formed of every sweet,
Adorned his breast, and rendered all complete.

The merry *Disers* with a farewell kiss,(7)
And peals of laughter, happy *Lok* dismiss.
He mounts the golden car, and, by his side,
Tialf and *Thor*, as maids, attend the bride.
With shoes of gold, his goats, like lightning fly,
And bear the heroes through the yielding sky.
The horn of *Heimdall* bade the gods farewell,
And the gay maids that in the rainbow dwell.
Whilst fragrant dews, and aromatic flowers,
Are shed around, in ever grateful showers.
Attendant nymphs the nuptial feast provide,
And *Thrymer* joyfully expects his bride.
In flames arrayed, his boundless riches boasts,
And the rich splendour of his numerous hosts.
The *Jewel-Nymphs* as bridal maids attend,
And through the hall a rainbow tincture send,
The emerald's green, the ruby's amorous hue,
The diamond's brilliance, and the sapphire's blue.
So in some rich cathedral, Gothic pile,
In storied windows sainted virgins smile,
And, sun-illumed, prismatic colours shed
O'er the cold marbles of the coffined dead.
The bridegroom was astonished—well he might!
At gentle *Freya's* modest appetite.
She picked eight salmon, and an ox devoured,
And hogsheads three of sparkling mead de-
flowered.

Pleased with her prowess, raptur'd with her charms,
He longed to press his bride within his arms.
The contract to perform, the *Dwarfs* appear,
And in their arms *Thor's* long lost mallet bear,
Sweating and toiling underneath its weight,
They rest, and cast it at the bride's fair feet.
The *Giant* tries to lift the nuptial veil,
But scared by fiery scowls his efforts fail.
He starts, and sees defiance in her stare,
Her eyes with flames and threatened vengeance glare.
Lok in his native majesty is found,
And deals his powerful weapon all around.
Till *Thrymer*, and the wedding party slain,
Lok to the well-pleased *Thor* his mallet brings again.
At length *Lok's* crimes were full, and vengeance dire,
Awaits him justly from the *Aser's* ire.
Seized by great *Thor*, and on sharp marbles spread,
A serpent dropping venom on his head,
With painful writhes and howls he shakes the earth,
Till the dread hour that gives new systems birth.
Of giant breed was *Angerbode*, his wife,
Of evil harbinger, and mortal strife.
From their embrace, three monsters drew their breath,
A Wolf, a Serpent, and the Queen of Death.
Fenris, the wolf, to all the Gods a foe,
Destined to work their everlasting woe,

Too strong to bind by massive bands and chains,
A magic cord at length his force restrains.
Made by the *Dwarfs*, in form both small and light,
Six strange components in its twist unite:
The noise of creeping cats in silence heard,
A rock's deep roots, a woman's sightly beard.
The nerve of bears, who delicately growl,
The fishes breath, the spittle of the fowl.

Next *Jormungandur* breathed the vital air,
The fitting offspring of the well-matched pair.
By *Odin* in the boundless ocean hurled,
His serpent length encircling girds the world.
Condemned to this sad fate, till that dread hour,
When gods and men will suffer from his power.
Huge krakens round his scaly armour sport,
And all the monsters of the deep resort.
Midst coral groves his tortuous path he wends,
And rugged rocks and scattered islands rends.
Whene'er he strives his prison house to break,
The ocean rises, and the mountains shake,
Hecla's vast cauldron boils with deaf'ning roar,
And pours its molten stones, its liquid ore.

In *Hela's* palace, silent, dark, and cold, (8)
Pale shadowy forms the trembling eyes behold.
And Dropsy's bloated bulk, Consumption spare,
And Fever's fire, and Leprosy are there:
And Plagues wide spreading, with contagious power,
That sweep whole nations to the fatal shore:

And swoln Intemperance, the ravenous beast,
Who poisons thousands in the treacherous feast:
And Gout, and Stone, and Asthma's shorten'd breath,
And toothless, helpless, Age, that living death.
And Famine, Sword, and Fire, and raging Flood,
Crouch at her feet, all-greedy for their food.
And Horror hovers in the murky air,
And fruitless Lamentation and Despair.
Here dwell the dastard souls the Gods despise,
Who not from battle's glorious dangers rise.
The *Queen* herself appears of frightful hue,
Half pale, and half of still more ghastly blue.
Of human skulls she occupies a throne,
Her royal sceptre is a naked bone.
Where'er she turns her glassy freezing eyes,
All nature sickens, withers, shrinks, and dies.
The curdling blood the pallid features quits,
Low thunder mutters, awful lightning flits.
Her hall is Anguish, Famine is her feast,
Hunger her carver, Poverty her guest,
A Rack her bed, Impatience on her waits,
And a steep precipice defends her gates.
In winding sheets cold corpses shivering stand,
Each with a flickering taper in his hand.
No sounds are heard but groans, laments, and sighs.
From graves fresh opened putrid vapours rise,
And half-burned brands, reft from a funeral rite,
Cast o'er the gloomy scene a sullen light.

The night owl screams, foreboding ravens croak,
And festering corpses all the pavement choke.
When she rides forth upon her murderous way,
She mounts a spectre horse, to seize her prey.
He paws, and snorts, his breathing nostrils fume,
And fiery vapours all around consume.

BOOK V.

NORTHERN IDOLATRY CONTINUED.

Freya.—Elves and Fairies.—Freya married to *Oddur*, the God of War.—Their unfortunate marriage.—The *Dwarfs*.—The *Vaner*.—*Tyr*, God of War.—*Bragi* of Poetry.—*Agir* of the Sea, and *Ran* his wife.—The three *Fates*, *Urda*, *Verdanda*, *Skulda*.—The ash tree *Yggrasil*.—*Night*, the *Dawn*.—The *Eagle* the demon of Winter.—The lord of *Summer*.

The final catastrophe of all things foretold.—*Vala* raised from *Hela's* abode to explain the prophecy.—Her full and particular prophecy.—The age of destruction.—Of frost.—The Demons loosed from their confinement, and fight with the Gods.—The *Aser* led by *Odin*.—The Giants, the Serpent, the Wolf, the kings of Fire and Frost, led by *Lok*, and *Hymer*.—Battle of Vigrida.—The Giants, Gods, and Demons mutually slay each other.—Surtur, the God of Fire, appears and burns up the world.—The *Nameless Being* comes forth, sits in judgment, and pronounces sentence on all.—A new earth with great pleasure for the good.—*Nastrond*, a hell for the bad.

These prophecies accomplished, by the conversion of the North to Christianity, and abolition of idolatry.

Invasion of the South by the Northern idolaters.—Their ravages.—Compensated by the introduction of some good principles.—Honour, respect for the fair sex, liberty, trial by jury, bravery.—Hence the supernatural beings of Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare, from the Northern Mythology.

BOOK V.

NORTHERN IDOLATRY.

From horrors turn we to the realms above,
To scenes of joy, festivity, and love:
To *Freya*, Venus of the Northern clime,
Goddess of pleasure, fruitfulness, and rhyme.
Her airy steps, like zephyrs, sweep the ground,
Her soft blue eyes shed love's enchantment round.
Whilst every pore ambrosial scents exhales,
She heaves soft sighs that waft the gentlest gales.
Her sympathetic tear like dew-drops flows,
Not for her own but hopeless lovers woes.
Her stately palace every beauty graced,
Built by ethereal hands in richest taste;
Placed in a lovely vale, and fragrant grove,
Where blushing roses breathed sweet gales of love:
And swans, with necks in beauty's line embowed,
Round silver lakes in grateful circles rowed.
In sportive play, around the lovely queen,
The *Elves* and *Fairies* are by moonlight seen:

Celestial spirits formed by *Odin's* care,
Of purest æther from the realms of air.
With wings of gossamer, in airy round,
They wanton dance, and lightly print the ground.
Or in the twinkling of Calisto's rays
Frolic and sport in many a circling maze,
Thick as the motes that crowd the solar ray,
Or insects fluttering in the face of day.
And by the glow-worm's lamp their revels keep,
Out watch the owl, whilst wearied mortals sleep.
Assembled in the cowslip's bell, with song and glee,
And tiny harp's harmonious minstrelsy,
They feast on honey plundered from the bee.
Formed of the morning's dew, transparent pearls
Bind their gay necks, and lightly flowing curls.
'Tis theirs to paint the halcyon's golden wings,
And taught by them the thrilling goldfinch sings.
Friendly to man, and Virtue's firm support,
They deal rewards and punishments, in sport.
Too incorporeal for racks and chains,
Offending mortals suffer laughing pains.
Industrious maids find pennies in their shoe,
And pinched are dirty slatterns black and blue.
And by the semblance of a household fire
The drunken boor is led through bogs and mire,
Then left in midnight gloom to find his way,
And grope his passage homeward as he may.

They warn good shepherds of a danger near,
And early wake the herald chanticleer:
Bless faithful lovers, in affection true;
And cause rude swains and nymphs their broken vows to rue.

An envious thorn, in times revolving round,
Pierced *Freya's* lily hand, with painful wound.
The drop of blood, that from the puncture flowed,
A fairy caught, and on the ground bestowed.
The grateful soil received the welcome prize,
And sweetest flowers, of richest hues, arise.

Freya the vocal nightingale inspired,
First taught to sing, by her caresses fired:
Since, the still night her plaintive warbling hears
Consoling to the love-sick virgin's ears.

A drop from *Freya's* curls a Fairy stole,
And filled a buttercup's capacious bowl.
Poured on the earth, its perfumes it bestows
On the sweet violet, and the blushing rose,
The creeping woodbine, and the spicy thyme,
And daffodils, immortalized in rhyme.

On *Ganga's* banks the glorious god of arms,
Great *Oddur*, saw and loved fair *Freya's* charms.
Sweet nightingales the bridal anthem sung,
And round the happy pair their flowery chaplets hung.

But ah! too soon unpitying Fate decreed
To days of joys misfortunes should succeed.

Freya no more, a lovely, youthful, bride,
But a foul witch, lay groaning by his side.
Stolen with *Iduna*, by *Lok's* hateful arts,
The golden fruit that every charm imparts,
Fled all the lovely qualities that please,
The gods were cursed with wrinkles and disease.
He started from his couch, his joys were o'er,
He fled, and Freya saw his face no more.
Yet he lamented pleasures past and gone,
Till changed by *Odin* to a senseless stone.
Whilst wretched *Freya*, ugly grown and old,
Dropped from her weeping eyes rich tears of gold.
From hence deserted lovers learn to share
Fair *Freya's* anguish, and heart-rending care.
From hence let all, by this example wise,
To mental charms direct their prudent eyes,
And outward beauty's fading form despise.
From *Ymer's* body, as the *Scalds* suppose,
The *Dwarfs*, at first, as crawling maggots rose;
From *Odin* took a human face and mind,
With talents furnished of superior kind.
Yet monstrous heads their human form disgrace,
And flatted noses horrify their face.
Beneath the earth, in many a gloomy cell,
To shun the sun's bright rays, they darkling dwell.
In cunning works transcendent merit claim,
Huge hammers wield, and urge the plastic flame.

The furnace glows, the noisy bellows roar,
In golden streams dissolves the yielding ore.
In Nature's alchymy supremely wise,
They paint rich jewels with enamelled dyes:
From violets blue the sapphire's tint produce,
And stain the ruby with the rose's juice.
The emerald owes its bright ethereal green
To the young plants in Spring's luxuriance seen,
And precious tears from sorrowing maiden's eye,
Rich pearls, the glory of the east, supply.
'Twas they who strewed, in ages long since gone,
The shells, and monstrous forms in living stone.
They made *Thor's* mallet, and *Sif's* silken hair,
And all the arms the mighty *Aser* bear.

Friendly to man, the *Vaner's* power bestows
Wealth, fruitfulness, protection, and repose.
Safe to their port the storm tossed ships they bring,
In kindly concert with old Ocean's king.

In *Gimle*, to the *Aser* race belong,
Of Battles *Tyr*, and *Bragi*, God of song.
Heimdall, heaven's warder, with all-seeing eyes,
Sits on the painted bow that spans the skies,
By night and day his watchful office bears,
And of the silent plants the noiseless increase hears,
And *Ægir*, Ocean's god, and *Ran*, whose hideous form
Laughs at the shipwreck, and enjoys the storm.

Three Fates, the *Nornis*, at man's birth preside,
The past, the present, and the future guide,

Urda, Verdanda, Skulda, mystic names,
Whose law irrevocable doom proclaims.
Their palace stands near *Urda's* trickling rill,
And the famed ash, the monstrous *Yggdrasil.*
O'er the whole universe its branches spread,
In hell its roots, in heaven its lofty head.
From healing leaves the honey dews descend,
And to the fertile earth, their genial moisture lend.
Near to the sacred fount of *Urda's* well,
Where hidden wisdom and discretion dwell.
And, from the sacred Ash's spreading height,
A mighty eagle darts his piercing sight.
Night, in her star-bespangled chariot drawn,
Was wedded to the rosy fingered *Dawn.*
Day was their offspring. With the Sun and Moon
Their daily course with hurried speed they run.
From sable Night's swift coursers flowing manes,
Descend the dew-drops in refreshing rains.
From their bright manes the day's proud horses throw
Their splendid beams to lighten all below.
A giant *Eagle*, on the northern pole,
Rules the black clouds that in the welkin roll;
From the wide circling of his icy wings
Sweeps the chill blast that through the forest sings,
And from his mouth, with thickening breath impure,
Dense fogs the cheerless face of heaven obscure.
He brews the tempest and the pattering hail,
And floats the snow flakes in the feathery gale.

The *Lord of Summer* reigns with gentler sway,
And round his throne the genial zephyrs play.
He spreads his azure mantle o'er the skies,
And fleecy clouds in playful forms arise.
Joyful he leads the earth reviving Spring,
And grateful birds on new-clothed branches sing.
He melts the frozen earth with vapours warm,
And plants bud forth, and living insects swarm.
Though such the powers of the Northern creed,
To none eternal being was decreed.
A prophecy, mysterious and sublime,
Hid in the dark records of gloomy time,
Foretold that Fate had fixed an unknown day,
When all created things should pass away,
And Gods, and Men, and Giants, all destroyed,
A new Creation fill the flaming void.
In every breast terrific fears prevail,
Like the blue mists that creep along the vale.
The Gods alarmed, by anxious thoughts oppressed,
Invoked dread *Vala* from her place of rest;
Great Prophetess, supremely fair and wise,
Who looks through all things with her piercing eyes,
The past, the present, and the future sees,
And holds of Destiny the mystic keys.
Near *Hela's* palace, and funereal gloom,
Amidst the dead, within a moss-grown tomb,
Her vital spirit, and prophetic mind,
Remained in bare and withering bones confined

53702

Woke by the magic runes' resistless force,
She took with speed her desolated course,
Through craggy rocks, and forests dark and drear,
By yawning graves, and all that mortals fear.
Her coming all the Gods assembled wait,
To learn their future lot and final fate.
She rose, expanding to gigantic size,
Appalling horror darting from her eyes.
Absorbed she seemed, with labouring thoughts oppressed,
That strove for utterance in her heaving breast.
A hoarse and monumental voice was heard,
And Heav'n and Earth seemed trembling at each word.
Deep from the vast abyss and depth of time,
She drew the subjects of her lofty rhyme.
" I see," she cried, " the warning plagues descend,
" Prognostics of all Nature's fearful end.
" First, the Destructive Age will banish peace;
" Virtue, and kindly charities will cease,
" And destiny will mark the fearful times,
" With horrors, bloodshed, robbery, and crimes.
" Next o'er the world three Winters will prevail,
" With cold unknown, sharp winds, and murderous " hail.
" No suns will loose the streams in ice confined,
" The plants release, the frozen earth unbind:
" All Nature fixed, all animation lost,
" In the strong fetters of eternal frost.

" Then all the Demon Monsters will arise,
" Break their strong chains, and rush against the skies.
" Giants with Gods will mortal combat wage,
" And both will perish in their mutual rage.
" The *Dragon* loos'd, his monstrous spires will roll,
" And shake the trembling earth from pole to pole.
" No more restrained, and struggling to be free,
" Will swell the waters of the turbid Sea.
" The Sea ascending, with tremendous roar,
" Will rush impetuous on the flooded shore;
" The rocks will totter, trees uprooted fall,
" And wild destruction shake this earthly ball.
" The Demon *Wolf* will break his six-fold chain,
" Father of all the murderers of the slain.
" His mouth, with brazen teeth of monstrous size,
" A dreadful chasm! will open to the skies.
" Sun, moon, and stars, his craving jaws devour,
" And all the heavenly orbs fall victims to his power.
" And now the dreadful Battle will succeed,
" The Van, the *Wolf*, and *Jormungandur*, lead.
" The *King of Fire*, the *Demons of the Frost*,
" And *Lok*, and *Hymer*, head the Giant host.
" Prepared for dreadful combat, they repair
" To *Vigrid's* plain, and wait the battle there.
" *Heimdall*, with golden trumpet, from their halls,
" Rouses the Gods, and all to council calls.
" *Odin*, the *Aser* forms in close array,
" And to wide *Vigrid's* plain directs their way.

" Yet not his golden helm, his glittering mail,
" Against the force of Fortune can prevail.
" Him *Fenris* sees, and rushing to devour,
" Whilst streams of fire from monstrous nostrils pour,
" Seizes good *Odin* in his brazen claws,
" And swallows down the opening of his jaws.
" *Vidar*, his son, advancing to the fight,
" Attacks the Wolf, and, with superior might,
" Tears his wide mouth, and wounds his monstrous
" head,
" And leaves the hated Demon-Monster dead.
" Brave *Thor* against the *Serpent* bends his course,
" Nor fears his poisonous fangs, his wreathing
" force,
" Dread *Jormungandur*, whose empoisoned breath
" Spreads all around the fatal mist of death.
" His head and threatening crest he rears on high,
" And darts destructive lightning from his eye.
" Impenetrable seems his scaly mail,
" And firmly fixed on rocks his grasping tail.
" With mouth of size immense, expanded wide,
" And armed with spearlike teeth on every side,
" He eager flies his eager foe to foil,
" Crushed in his ponderous jaws, or wreathing coil.
" But *Thor* his mallet's power resistless plies,
" And with redoubled blows the Serpent dies.
" He weakly crawls, his grasping folds unbend,
" And many a league his lifeless spires extend,

" Yet from the poisonous foam and acrid breath,
" *Thor* fainting reels, and meets his destined death.
" The *Demon Hound*, escaping from his thrall,
" Rushes on *Tyr*, and both together fall.
" And *Rok*, and *Heimdall*, by each other's hand,
" Both lie extended on the bloody strand.
" Thus is the fate of battle nearly even,
" When a new prodigy appears from Heaven.
" The lofty skies convulsive rent in two,
" *Surtur*, the God of Fire, appears in view.
" With sword all-powerful as the solar ray,
" Clad in the living flames, he drives his way.
" In all directions fiery comets dart,
" The mountains melt, the boiling seas depart.
" See the earth sinks, the turbid ocean rise,
" And darkness palpable blot out the skies.
" Then will come forth, from out ethereal light,
" The *nameless Being*, clothed in endless might,
" Incomprehensible, unseen, unknown,
" Who fixed in darkness his eternal throne.
" He speaks—' Ye elements your tumults cease,
" And thou, disordered nature, rest in peace.'
" They hear. The battle's furious rage is o'er,
" No thunders roll, no fiery torrents pour,
" And all creation's boundless space is still,
" Awed and expectant on his sovereign will.
" Placed in his dread tribunal round him stands
" The trembling world, to hear his last commands.

" Forth from the Sea a new-born earth will spring,
" Where vernal skies eternal sunshine bring,
" Where Earth untilled will Cereal treasures yield,
" And balmy odours rise from every field.
" No ravenous wolves, or tygers, will destroy,
" No serpents sting, no enemies annoy.
" War, woe, and strife, and every ill will cease,
" And Earth will flow with pleasure, joy, and peace.
" The Gods and spirits of the good and brave,
" Will rise resplendent from their burning grave,
" *Hela* surrender all her caverned dead,
" And hide in darkness her infernal head.
" In *Nastrond's* world the wicked will abide,
" Where serpents, toads, and every ill reside.
" No healthful streams their feverish bodies cool,
" No flowing river, or refreshing pool.
" Unnumbered serpents vomit forth a flood
" Of acrimonious matter mixed with blood,
" And form a dark, deep, slimy Stygian moat,
" Where biting snakes, and newts, and sinners float.
" Whilst to their limbs the caustic slime adheres,
" And from their bones the festering substance tears."
She ceased.—Again below the earth concealed,
Her withered lips eternal silence sealed.
Thus ancient *Scalds*, in allegoric vein,
Their sacred doctrines veiled from eyes profane.
Yet in the mist of this Cimmerian night
Are seen some sparkles of ethereal light,

Some traces of great truths of moral kind,
Formed to instruct, inform, and guide mankind,
The elements, the world's majestic whole,
Its various parts, and man's immortal soul.
As oracles, perchance of Delphi's caves,
Or where Dodona's oaks the sacred fountain laves,
From misty darkness strike a spark of light,
And blind conjectures sometimes guess aright,
By Vala thus some hidden truths were shewn,
By Heaven designed, yet to herself unknown.
Who is the being clothed in living fire,
Before whose face these idol gods expire?
Messiah comes, and leads his conquering hosts,
Far as remotest Scandia's ice-bound coasts.
Before his face the vanquished Demons fly,
And the vain pageants of the northern sky:
The righteous standard of the cross unfurled,
Christ reign triumphant in the pagan world.
They disappear, yet, e'en in southern plains,
Some trace of names and manners yet remains.
Still mighty Odin some attention claims,
And Christian days are called by heathen names. (1)
In earlier times from hence a tempest rose,
And Europe felt its desolating woes.
Though fire and slaughter marked its furious way,
Some blessings still its turbulence repay
Hence *Honour*, to antiquity unknown,
In modern days has fixed her generous throne.

Honour! poor substitute for moral ties,
Whose rule Religion's purer laws defies,
Yet smooths the intercourse of polished life,
Prohibits grosser manners, vulgar strife;
And whilst no gentle vice its slaves disdain,
Stalks with the sanction murder in its train.
Their martial females, bold in virtue's pride,
Braved the fierce battle by their husbands' side. (2)
Equal in peace and warlike courage deemed,
As Prophets, and as Deities esteemed.
Hence cultured man to female virtues true,
Bestows the adoration justly due.
And social life is softened and refined
By all the graces of a woman's mind.
Lulled by the voice of love, wild passions cease,
And man's stern soul dissolves in joy and peace.
Life's rugged paths are strewed with fragrant flowers,
Scattered by female hands in kindly showers.
Hence noble *Chivalry's* romantic charms
Roused the bold warriors to high deeds of arms,
And lion-hearted Richard's banner waved
On Acre's towers, his martial prowess saved.
Hence came the Herald's pomp, the pictured shield,
The knightly tournament, the golden field.
In those uncultured forests grew a tree,
Which bore the genuine fruits of *Liberty*.
Transplanted hence, its produce is displayed,
And happy thousands dance beneath its shade.

Fair Freedom hence abhors the tyrant's chain,
And honest juries equal rights maintain.
Lighted from hence, in British bosoms burns
The sacred fire that every baseness spurns,
The lofty courage shewn in Belgia's plain,
And Nelson's flag triumphant o'er the main.
When to high heaven their vigorous fancies glanced,
And airy forms before their vision danced,
Hence Chaucer's dreams, and Spenser's wizard lore,
And Shakespeare hence enriched his magic store
With Puck's mad tricks, and Ariel's heavenly airs,
Titania's fairy loves, and jealous cares,
The witch's cauldron, and the thunder's roll,
The stalking ghosts that harrow up the soul,
The kingly visions of the magic cave,
And all the shadowy inmates of the grave.

BOOK VI.

THE DISPENSATIONS OF PROVIDENCE TO RESCUE MANKIND FROM IDOLATRY.

The call of Abraham.—Deliverance of the Israelites from Egyptian bondage.—Journeys in the wilderness.—The giving of the Law.—The Israelites settled in the promised land.—Their prosperity in the reign of Solomon.—The Asmonæans.—Degeneracy.—Jewish idolatry.—Conquest of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar.—Samaria lost for ever.—Judah restored by Cyrus.—The new temple.

General corruption of the Jews and Gentiles, and the necessity of a new revelation.—Prophecies of it.—At the Fall, and more particularly by Isaiah.—The happy state under the Messiah foretold.—Yet a Man of sorrows.—The calling of the Gentiles.—The Messiah as a judge and avenger.—The mysteries of redemption.—Necessity of Christ's sacrifice.—A messenger to prepare for his coming.

BOOK VI.

PROVIDENCE.—JEWISH IDOLATRY.—PROPHECIES.

THUS have we traced, in these imperfect rhymes,
The deeds of Satan from the earliest times:
The rise and progress of his best ally,
The various forms of foul Idolatry.
Meantime God's gracious Providence designed
Wise dispensations to correct mankind,
From dark oblivion to preserve his name,
And keep alive Religion's holy flame.
Near where Euphrates, flowing towards the main,
With plenty gilds the Babylonian plain,
In Ur's fair walls amidst a heathen crowd,
The righteous Abram served the living God.
Called by his voice, he left his native home,
And looked for greater blessings yet to come.
A sojourner, by heavenly wisdom led,
His tents in Canaan's promised regions spread.
Israel was guided, like a flock of sheep,
To Goshen's plains, by counsels dark and deep.

There dwelt and multiplied, till God's right hand
Led them to occupy the promised land,
And mighty power in awful deeds was shewn,
To quell the Dragon in the fields of Zoan.
Oh Sea! by whose commandment didst thou fly, (1)
And change thy course, and leave thy fountains dry?
Thee, O Almighty God, the waters saw,
And stayed their waves, obedient to thy law.
Again at thy command the torrents roar,
And Pharaoh's mighty host is seen no more!
Led by an Angel's care, a cloud by day,
A fire in darkness marked their certain way.
God in the wilderness a table spread,
And Israel's sons on Angels' viands fed; (2)
To fainting souls the welcome draught to bring,
Gushed from the flinty rocks the living spring.
Why do black clouds on Sinai's summit dwell, (3)
Its bosom why with heaving earthquakes swell?
Red lightnings flash, and pealing thunders roll,
And the loud trumpet shakes the trembling soul.
The Lord of Hosts descends on Sinai's hill,
To give his laws, and teach his sovereign will:
How altars worthy of his name to raise,
How offer gifts, and celebrate his praise:
How sinners to redeem from guilty stain,
By blood of beasts in daily service slain:
Yet shadows only of a future good,
The sacrifice of Christ's atoning blood. (4)

Thus out of Egypt God's Almighty hand,
A vine deep planted in the heathen's land, (5)
That like a cedar spread its branches wide,
From Ammon's mountains to the western tide.
Beneath its grateful shade the hills repose,
With milk and wine the fertile valley flows:
The stony rock the nectared honey yields,
And golden harvests bless the laughing fields.
Behold the star of Salem's glory rise,
And reach the zenith of the favouring skies.
When the wise king, in heavenly science great,
His wide dominions ruled in princely state:
And all the wondrous works of nature knew,
And every plant that sparkles in the dew,
From the low moss that o'er the barrens spreads,
To Lebanon's proud cedars lofty heads;
And beasts, and fish, and every creeping thing,
And every fowl that hovers on the wing.
To the great God, that reigns above the skies,
He bade a splendid temple to arise.
The woods of Lebanon with workmen glowed,
And to the earth gigantic cedars bowed.
The arts of Tyre, and Hiram's master mind,
Performed the mighty work by Heaven designed
No idol forms defiled the chaste design,
Palms spread their leaves, and clustering flowe
entwine.

The work complete, loud hallelujahs rise,
With solemn rites, and costly sacrifice.
From heaven the mighty Lord of Hosts descends,
And awful darkness o'er the works extends.
Thus Salem's glories shone intensely bright,
Alas! too soon to set in hopeless night!
Save the short gleam of Asmonean fire,
A flickering flame, soon destined to expire!
For still rebellious and a stiff-necked race, (6)
Of judgments fearless, unsubdued by grace,
Their bitter sins for heavenly vengeance call,
Wormwood their food, their favourite liquor gall.
Perverse, the living fountains they forsake,
And hew frail cisterns, that leak out, and break.
A vine God planted of the genuine seed,
Degenerate now it proves a useless weed.
The stork, the dove, the crane their times observe,
But God's own people from their duty swerve.
In the high mountains, and the gloomy shade,
Idols are worshipped, and their rites displayed.
And Moloch's tent and Remphan's star are reared,
And every God but great Jehovah feared.
See yon dark caverns, from the day concealed,
Where *Israel's* superstitions are revealed.
Egyptian Idols secret cells comprise,
And incense fumes from pagan censers rise.
Whilst creeping things, with skilful art portrayed
Defile the walls in filthy forms arrayed.

Yet not alone could Egypt's fanes supply
Their morbid love for gross Idolatry:
Phœnician mysteries a place obtain,
And *Salem's* daughters weep *Adonis* slain; (7)
His glad return from *Pluto's* regions sing,
And lave the senseless stock in Siloah's sacred spring
And Persia too her Magian worship brings,
And the bright sun supplants the King of kings.
Shall God exalt his favoured race in vain,
And the just vengeance of his ire restrain?
He bares in justice his avenging hand, (8)
And speaks in thunders to the guilty land.
" Sound, sound the trumpet, rouse the fatal war,
" And call the furious nations from afar.
" I drew my people with the bands of love,
" Yet now ungrateful and perverse they prove.
" They sowed the empty winds, in luckless hour,
" And now they reap the storm's resistless power.
" See in the northern realms, with ravenous joy,
" The lion roars, impatient to destroy.
" On vulture's wings, my furious armies fly,
" Or like the murky clouds that range the sky.
" Nor seas, nor walls, their furious rage impede,
" They march impetuous with the locusts' speed.
" They sweep the country with a torrent's force,
" And desolation marks their blasting course."
How solitary is the City seen, (9)
Who midst the nations sat a glorious Queen!

In Salem's streets triumphant heathens reign,
Her people captive, and her heroes slain.
She, who her sceptre waved o'er conquered lands,
Submits inglorious to a Lord's commands.
She who on rich and choicest dainties fed,
In heathen nations now must beg her bread.
To her rich marts the tide of commerce rolled,
Now Ophir brings no tributary gold.
Departed beauty marks her hagged form,
And burning tears her faded cheeks deform.
Her lovers quit her, and her foes rejoice,
And none speaks comfort with a friendly voice.
Her gold is dim, her splendid garments spoiled,
Her jewels rifled, and her courts defiled.
Her virgin daughters faint, by grief oppressed,
And pour their sorrows in their mother's breast.
Her children ask for food, a famished train!
And grieve her soul, because they ask in vain.
Her gates now desolate, nor music's sound,
Nor splendid feasts, nor white-rob'd priests are found,
Where late the Temple reared its lofty dome,
The robber waits his prey, and savage murderers roam.
Ephraim erected on Samaria's heights,
A self-made priesthood, and unholy rites.
Though captive, and dispersed through Asia's climes,
No tears of penitence atoned his crimes.
Hence on the scattering gales of fortune tost,
His name and country were for ever lost.

Not so fair Judah, destined to give birth
To the great Saviour of the joyful earth.
Although on Chedar's banks his harps were hung,
His songs all silent, and his cords unstrung,
To Salem yet his fond affections turned,
And still with zeal for God's high honour burned.
His eyes, like fountains, wept his wretched state,
But more those sins which caused Jehovah's hate.
He, to whose word the earth existence owes, (9)
The heavens expand, and mighty ocean flows;
To whom the period of a thousand years
But as a fleeting midnight watch appears,
Proclaimed to Jacob, servant of his choice,
The great deliverance in prophetic voice.
" Break forth and sing, ye mountains and ye trees,
" Exult, and welcome the returning breeze!
" As lowering tempests vanish from the sky,
" Thy sins are pardoned, thy redemption nigh.
" Judah, thy people, who unceasing mourn,
" Soon to thy rescued cities shall return.
" My servant *Cyrus*, in the destined hour,
" Leads his vast armies with resistless power.
" *Euphrates*' streams my stern command obeys;
" Numbered, O King of *Babel*, are thy days.
" The gates of brass, the iron defences fail,
" Nor all thy powers against his arms prevail.
" And thou, Jerusalem, again shalt rise,
" Again thy temple smoke with sacrifice."

The walls ascend at Cyrus's command,
And Judah's offspring seek their native land.
The temple's domes the zealous workmen raise,
And priests and levites sing Jehovah's praise.
Thus to the skies the Theban walls aspire,
Raised by the music of Amphion's lyre;
Thus too these walls were destined to contain
Unheard of crimes, and parricidal stain.
Though the rich walls on sculptured columns rise,
And splendid porticos enchant the eyes;
Though giant marbles quarried mines exhaust,
And the vast work repays the builder's cost;
Its beaties with inferior lustre shine,
Compared, accomplished Solomon, with thine.
And yet the latter greater glories boasts,
The present dwelling of the Lord of Hosts.
Yet by no terrors awed, no kindness changed, (10)
Through all the world unbridled folly ranged.
Both Jews and Gentiles equal guilt incurred,
Nor by God's laws, nor reason's light deterred.
No idol now in Judah finds a place,
Yet gross corruption stained the fallen race.
Deep with the stains of vice their deeds were dyed,
And Sadoc's sin, and Pharisaic pride.
To Heaven aloud severe oppressions rose,
The widow's sufferings, and the orphan's woes.
The book of Nature to mankind displayed
A glorious scene, by wondrous wisdom made:

The fertile earth, the glorious heavens on high,
And all the splendors of the nightly sky:
The generous food the teeming lands produce,
And all the kind provisions for man's use.
These mighty works discovered to their eyes
A God, all-powerful, all-good, and wise.
And though some knowledge of a great First Cause,
Some dark perception of his moral laws,
From revelation known, were still retained,
'Twas mixed with error, with pollution stained.
And knowing God, no honour they bestowed,
Nor thanked his love for all the good they owed.
God's glory, which uncorruptible shone,
They changed to images of wood and stone,
To mortal men, the creatures of the field,
And all the reptiles which the waters yield.
Hence God, debased, in indignation just,
Their souls abandoned to unseemly lust,
To envy, murder, avarice, and hate,
And all the sins of natures reprobate.
Though all had sinned, all righteousness unknown,
Yet God's great mercy to the world was shewn,
A gracious Revelation, not confined
To Jews alone, but sent to all mankind,
The great Messiah's glorious reign, foretold
By patriarchs, lawgivers, and seers of old.
From God's own promise, at the fall of man,
The distant chain of prophecy began.

Man was not then to helpless misery left,
Of every hope and consolation reft;
The time was then foretold, the woman's seed
Should bruise the Serpent's all-triumphant head,
And Satan, his destructive realm o'erthrown,
Should fall like lightning from his lofty throne.
But chief Isaiah, rapt in Seraph fire, (11)
Thus sang Messiah to his lofty lyre.
" From David's root a living Branch will spring,
" To fill his throne, an everlasting King.
" Yet with no vulgar reign of outward show,
" No golden throne where earth-born jewels glow;
" His power the loftier kingdom o'er the mind,
" To curb the headstrong passions of mankind,
" The realm of Sin and Satan to destroy,
" And raise the empire of celestial joy;
" When reason's lamp, and Sinai's veiled rays,
" Will fade, extinguished in a brighter blaze:
" And holy mysteries, from the wise concealed,
" Will e'en to babes and sucklings be revealed.
" Then will God put his knowledge in their hearts,
" And write his law upon their inward parts.
" No need of teaching from a brother's care,
" The least and greatest will his learning share.
" No need to Heaven's high summits to ascend,
" Or to the depths of ocean to descend,
" To find his righteous laws: in every breast
" The rules to guide your conduct clear impressed.

" In whose blest reign will peaceful days succeed,
" At Glory's call no wretched victims bleed.
" The wolf will lay aside his thirst for blood, (12)
" And crop with lambs the meadows' flowery food.
" The leopard vith the kid will fondly sport,
" And bears and kine to friendly cribs resort.
" The lion with the ox will kindly meet,
" And prostrate lick the tender lambkins' feet.
" A child will lead the lion in a thread,
" Mount on his back, and smooth his monstrous head.
" The smiling babe the painted snake admire,
" Play with his sting. and knot his flexile spire.
" On the parched mountain, and the barren hills,
" Will flow rich rivers, and refreshing rills.
" The moon will emulate the solar ray,
" The sun a sevenfold glory will display,
" The wilderness will hear the Saviour's voice,
" And every lonely desert will rejoice.
" Our strange report may well the world amaze,
" For who can search the Lord's unfathomed ways?
" This mighty branch will rise from out the ground,
" Without or form, or earthly beauty crowned: (13)
" A man of sorrows, not by any prized,
" By God afflicted, and by man despised.
" Like the mild lamb, that yields its blameless life,
" And sees without complaint the slaughtering knife,
" With patience he will bear a painful death,
" And pray for sinners with his dying breath.

" Yet for our sins he suffers piercing grief,
" His wounds, and sufferings, are for our relief.
" All we, like wandering sheep, have gone astray,
" And follow each his own perverted way.
" He bears our sorrows, on his shoulders rest
" The heavy weights our sinful souls oppressed.
" So shall mankind be washed from earthly stain,
" Cleansed by the spotless Lamb's vicarial pain.
" High floats the banner of the Saviour's host, (14)
" And nations round it flock from every coast.
" Zion, thy dwellings spread, thy tents expand,
" Converted heathens soon shall fill thy land.
" Behold the flocks on rapid wings that fly,
" Like the swift clouds that hasten through the sky:
" Or like the doves that at the window cower,
" To seek for shelter from the driving shower.
" From Egypt, and Assyria's ancient site,
" From Pathros, Cush, and rugged Sinai's height:
" By land and sea, from countries far and near,
" In crowds the eager votaries repair.
" The ships of Tarshish, and remotest West,
" Shall bring their sons to seek their place of rest.
" The patient camel with his rider waits,
" And Midian dromedaries crowd thy gates
" Sheba her gold and frankincense will bring,
" A free-will offering to her new-found king.
" The flocks of Kedar o'er thy pastures pour,
" And Basan's kine enrich thy wealthy store.

" Thy rams, Nebaioth, round God's altar play,
" And goats and kids their adoration pay.
" But who is this from Bozra's hostile shore,
" In robes of triumph, stained with human gore? (15)
" Why are thy glorious garments dyed with red,
" Like those whose feet the ruddy winepress tread?
" 'Tis I—my Father's vengeance have I shewn,
" And trod the winepress of his wrath alone.
" When in God's dreadful anger I was sent,
" The mountains melted, and the Heavens were rent.
" At Shiloh's voice, his splendid fanes o'erthrown,
" The mighty Baal left his lofty throne.
" Fallen is the baleful tyrant of the world,
" By God's own hand from his high station hurled."
Mysterious truths! of which the wisest sage
The full developement could ne'er presage.
He could alone these secrets understand,
Who measures ocean's waters in his hand,
Who metes the skies, the pondrous mountains weighs,
And counts the dust the raging whirlwinds raise.
Yet whence such wisdom? Did the earthly wise (16)
Such counsels give, or such decrees advise?
His Spirit who directed, or who taught
The wondrous modes by which redemption's wrought?
The greatest nations to his mighty power,
Are but as dew-drops on the morning flower, (17)

Or as the atom dust the attentive eye
Can scarce discern—nothing, and vanity.
The ocean's isles are trifles in his hand,
And rise or sink at his supreme command.
Since by his plastic word he gave it birth,
He sits upon the circle of the earth,
And views its habiters beneath him creep,
Like grasshoppers, that in the meadows leap.
He numbers all the stars, formed by his will,
Incomprehensible by human skill.
Nor from Creation's work a rest requires,
No labour wearies, no attention tires.
Say, can a mother cease to love her young,
Fed at her breast, and from her bowels sprung?
She may indeed.—But ever shall we prove
Our heavenly Father's unremitting love.
See the high Heavens bespangled o'er with light,
Yet these, like smoke, shall vanish from the sight.
Behold, the earth, and all beneath the sky,
All shall wax old, and all its dwellers die.
But God's salvation will for ever last,
Nor the glad time of mercy e'er be past.
Whence can a fitting sacrifice be found,
To honour God, or for man's sins compound?
Not all the beasts that in the pastures lie,
To God a worthy offering could supply.
Not all the trees on Lebanon that rise,
To burn the offered victims could suffice.

Think'st thou that God takes pleasure in thy feasts,
Or eats the flesh, or drinks the blood of beasts?
His are the rangers of the spacious woods,
The fowls of heaven, the inmates of the floods.
Can slaughtered victims pardon, or control
The wild affections of a sinful soul?
Vain are thy offerings—A God alone
For all the world's offences can atone—
He comes, to execute His Father's will,
And all His gracious purpose to fulfil.
How beautiful the feet of those who bring
The joyful tidings of salvation's King, (18)
Hear ye his Messenger, who cries aloud:
" Prepare the way, behold, behold your God!
" Through rugged wilds an even way dispose,
" Sunk be each hill, and every valley rose.
" He comes, he comes!—To all flesh shall be given
" To see the glory of the Lord of Heaven.
" All flesh is grass, and like the flower decays,
" God's holy Word, nor fails, nor yet delays.
" He feeds his chosen flock in verdant meads,
" And the faint lamb with tender mercy leads.
" Behold his Son, in whom his heart delights,
" On whom unseen his sacred Spirit lights!
" Yet, though the universe his laws obey,
" Nor force, nor violence, will mark his way.
" The bruised reed will not be wounded more,
" Nor quenched the trembling flame, too weak before.

" The Lord's Anointed will with kindness speak
" The healing words of comfort to the meek,
" Will bind the wounds that grieve the broken heart,
" And ease the suffering sinner's conscious smart.
" On Zion placed, the lofty mountain's head,
" Behold with joy the Bridegroom's banquet spread.
" Ye who the saving bread of life require,
" Or the rich streams of living springs desire,
" With wedding garments for the feast prepare,
" All freely come, and taste the heavenly fare.
" Here wine and milk the generous fountains pour.
" Eat, drink, and live, nor thirst nor hunger more."

BOOK VII.

THE COMING OF THE MESSIAH.

Accomplishment of the prophecies.—The coming of the Messiah.—Salutation of the Virgin.—The birth of Christ.—Satan alarmed forms new designs against him.—Herod's cruelty.—John the Baptist.—The temptation in the wilderness.—Persecution by the Jews.—Christ crucified.—Satan, Sin, and Death vanquished by the Ascension, the seal of Christ's divine authority.—The destruction of Jerusalem.

BOOK VII.

THE COMING OF THE MESSIAH.

HAIL! happy days! descending from above,
The consummation of the Father's love!
Days which in vision happy Abraham saw,
And hailed the prospect of a perfect law.
Hail! Great Messiah! at whose fated birth,
Enraptur'd Angels view the gladdening earth,
At Man's Redemption joyful anthems raise,
And find fresh subjects for their Maker's praise.
The time arrived, when, destined from on high,
The scattered rays of distant Prophecy
Were centered in a point, and all combined
To aid the purpose of Jehovah's mind.
From Judah's tribe departs the sovereign sway.
And Cæsar's laws the recreant Jews obey.
The mystic numbers of the gifted Seer (1)
Accomplished fully, marked the certain year.
Through heathen lands prevail'd, about this time,
A darkling fame, that from the Eastern clime

A Sovereign should proceed, by Fate's command,
To rule the nations with a powerful hand,
In Palestine, and to the gifted few,
All mist was banished from their clearer view:
And floating dreams of coming power possessed,
And filled with burning zeal each Jewish breast.
From heaven descending, Gabriel then convey'd
The Almighty's message to the Royal Maid.
" Hail, Mary! highly favoured of the Lord,
" Thy virtues well receive their just reward!
" O'er-shadowed by the Spirit, thou shalt prove
" The powerful influence of Jehovah's love.
" Blessed of women! From thy virgin womb
" A mighty Prince, the Son of God, shall come,
" His father David's throne he will ascend,
" Nor shall his powerful kingdom ever end."
O Flower of Virgins, filled with grace divine, (2)
The lily's purity must yield to thine!
'Twas thine, thy sex's glory to maintain,
Repair Eve's fault, and cleanse the fatal stain.
He whom the earth, and seas, and skies obey,
Smiled in thy face, and in thy bosom lay,
Woke all the kindness of a mother's blood,
Hung at thy breast, and drank the milky food.
And when revolving moons brought on the morn,
The sacred time when Jesus should be born,
He who was clothed in light's ethereal robe,
Now saw the twilight of this darkened globe.

He, the Eternal, ere the world began,
Now dwelt in fleeting time with mortal man,
His father's image veiled, in his rays divine,
In human form no present glories shine.
As shepherds watched their fleecy care by night,
Appeared an Angel of resplendent light.
" Good tidings of great joy," he sang, " I bring,
" In David's city now is born your King:
" 'Tis Christ the Lord, by gracious Heav'n design'd,
" The Saviour and the health of all mankind.
" In Bethlehem seek the wonder, this your sign,
" He shares a manger with the labouring kine."
And choirs of Angels joined in heavenly song,
" Eternal glories to the Lord belong.
" Now smiling peace on earth from Heav'n descends,
" And God's good will to all the world extends."
To Persian Magi, deep in eastern lore,
A new made star the grateful tidings bore;
To Bethlehem, royal city, shewed the road,
And shed its lustre where the child abode.
Prostrate on earth they worshipped and adored,
With reverend awe, their new-discovered Lord;
And gold, and myrrh, and fragrant incense bring,
A grateful tribute to their heavenly King.
The woman's seed, prognostic of his fall,
And signs from Heaven, the troubled Fiend appall.
He formed new plots, by force or fraud to meet
The dangerous crisis, and God's will defeat.

In Herod's mind a jealous fear was sown, (3)
A new-born Sovereign would subvert his throne.
By crimes he sought to save his tottering state,
And abrogate the fixed decrees of fate.
Insatiate tyrant! Had not yet alloyed
Thy thirst for blood a thousand lives destroyed,
With all her noble race a virtuous wife,
And guiltless sons, who felt thy murdering knife,
But crowds of infants, at Ambition's call,
Beneath thy cold assassin sword must fall?
Bethlehem's pure pavement streams of slaughter stain,
And tender mothers weep their children slain.
Rash man! and think'st thou that a worm like thee,
Can at thy will repeal God's firm decree?
When by God's vengeance that unknown disease
Preyed on thy vitals, and no skill could ease,
Did not thy conscience then compunction feel
More sharp than martyr's on the torturing wheel?
Yet blood in torrents thus was vainly poured,
The destined victim 'scaped thy sweeping sword.
Thou but the instrument in God's right hand,
To place his son in Egypt's destined land.
Cease, Rachel, cease to rend thy tortured heart,
Let Gilead's balm its healing powers impart.
First-fruits of martyrdom thy infants rise,
On cherubs' wings, a welcome sacrifice!
The battle's turmoil, and its risks unknown,
They share the triumph, and receive the crown.

The rocks and tempests of life's seas untried,
Safe into port their tranquil vessels glide.
As, when the vernal tempests sweep the skies,
The rosebud falls, the opening lily dies,
So these young flowers were cropped in early dawn,
From summer's heat, and winter's frost withdrawn.
See where the Lamb the smiling infants leads,
To sport and play in Heaven's delightful meads.
In snowwhite robes, and flowery chaplets gay,
Triumphant palms their martyred hands display.
Around the Lamb they form a youthful quire,
And sing his praises to the jocund lyre.
Why does Jerusalem, proud city, pour
Her eager crowds to Jordan's desert shore?
What haste they in the desert to behold?
A man of wealth, in purple clothed and gold?
Not such are here, the gallant and the gay
In kingly palaces their gauds display.
Or think ye here a wavering man to find,
Like a weak reed, all fluttering to the wind?
Vain expectations! See of life austere
Messiah's harbinger, the mighty Seer.
His homely limbs no splendid garments wear,
His rustic garb the camel's galling hair.
His simple food the barren rocks afford,
The locust, and the bees industrious hoard.
The first of prophets, in Elijah's name
The Baptist comes, the Saviour to proclaim;

The way before his coming to prepare,
A people worthy of his saving care,
To smooth each rugged path before his face,
To sink each hill, and raise each lowly place.
" Repent! repent!" the Baptist cries aloud,
In exhortations to the listening crowd,
" Let all the earth the awful tidings hear,
" The kingdom of the Lord of Hosts is near.
" He comes to purify the guilty land,
" The fan of separation in his hand.
" Then in his garner will he store the wheat,
" And burn the chaff with unextinguished heat.
" The feller's axe will range the forest through,
" And down the trees of rotten produce hew:
" The healthy prune, luxurious fruit to bear,
" And spread their fragrant blossoms through the air.
" Ye Pharisees, puffed up with carnal pride.
" Ye Sadoc's sons, who future worlds deride,
" Ye nests of vipers, stained with every vice,
" To flee God's wrath who gave you sound advice?
" Yet flight is vain, 'less with repentance meek
" Prostrate on earth you God's forgiveness seek.
" Boast not yourselves of Abraham's chosen race,
" Unlike your Sire, in faith and heavenly grace.
" God's mighty power forth from these stones can raise
" Obedient children, taught to sing his praise."
Sinners rebuked the Baptist's voice obey,
And wash in Ænon's stream their sins away.

Yet no high power the lowly Prophet boasts,
Preceding Herald of the Lord of Hosts.
" I to baptize with water only claim,
" He with the Holy Ghost, and piercing flame."
But Jesus now, determined to fulfil
The righteous law, and all his Father's will,
In Jordan's stream received the sacred rite,
When round him sudden shone celestial light.
The Spirit of God, descended from above,
To human vision like a silver dove,
And to the awe-struck crowds proclaimed aloud,
" This is my much-loved Son, with every grace
" endowed."
To the rude wilderness's lonely glades,
Midst towering rocks, and melancholy shades,
The new baptized from worldly tumults fled,
By heavenly influence, and the Spirit led.
But Satan now alarmed resolved to try
His subtile arts, and all his engines ply;
From just obedience to his Father's law,
The Son's due homage to himself to draw.
In vain, with skilful and insidious art,
He seeks to raise presumption in his heart.
In subtlest guise false reasons were addressed,
To rouse the passions of the human breast,
In all the forms of soft-persuasion dressed.
When by long fasting nature's powers subdued,
And the worn body asked refreshing food,

" If such thy mighty power," the Tempter said,
" Command these stones to be transformed to bread.
" Next throw thee headlong from the lofty tower,
" To shew thy trust in God's protecting power."
Then to Ambition was his strong appeal,
A generous passion noblest natures feel!
High seated on a towering mountain's height,
A glorious vision filled his wondering sight,
The kingdoms of the world in prospect lay,
And all the glories of their wealth display.
Not Persia's kings, whom half the world obey,
Nor Rome, could boast such universal sway.
" Fall down and worship me, with rites divine,
" And all these splendid kingdoms shall be thine."
And arguments the Archdeceiver found,
And urged from God's own word his pleas unsound.
Christ triumphed o'er his arts, and Satan fled,
His pride subdued, his plans discomfited.
Noble example! formed to make us wise,
Bold to resist the Tempter, and he flies.
By Faith's strong armour to defeat his arts,
Withstand his power, and quench his fiery darts.
With machinations new, yet undismayed,
Satan Heaven's will to counteract essayed.
Nor was he long debating in his mind
Where fitting instruments of ill to find.
The Jews, a headstrong race, from times of yore,
The impress of his sovereign influence bore:

As Abraham's children all the world defied,
And hated all mankind with sovereign pride.
Within all hypocrites, on rapine bent,
Specious without, like whited monument.
In the Messiah's future reign, they viewed
An earthly Prince, with carnal power endued:
Themselves his chosen ministers designed,
To form his senate, and to rule mankind.
With ears that heard not, and with blinded eyes,
A suffering Shiloh all the race despise.
Hence against Jesus prejudiced, and stung
With threats of vengeance o'er their vices hung,
Rabbis and Scribes in Sanhedrim unite
In persecution, and in deadly spite.
With rage inflated, to the courts of Rome
They drag the willing victim to his doom.
When mob-led Pilate, with the selfsame breath,
Pronounced his innocence, and doomed his death.
Earth trembled, darkness o'er the world was spread,
And the clos'd tombs disgorg'd their mouldering dead,
And Sin and Satan, in their awful hour,
To tempt their Lord display'd their torturing power.
Yet, the deep counsels of presumptuous man
But serve to execute God's righteous plan;
For his eternal purpose had decreed,
Messiah for the people's sins should bleed.
His death and resurrection now reveal
His power, and stamp the last authentic seal,

Sin, Death, and Satan, vanquished, from the tomb
He rises glorious to his heavenly home.
And now fallen Judah's final doom is sealed,
And soon God's dreadful judgment is revealed.
Blow, blow the trumpets, let the beacons blaze,
On Sion's hill the voice of warning raise.
Affliction comes, your desolation's nigh,
E'er yet too late from God's dread vengeance fly.
They hear nor heed, uncircumcised their ears,
A stiff-necked pride their hardened bosoms sears.
Yet fearful portents Sion's doom foretold,
And earthquakes shook, and flashing thunders roll'd.
Rumours of wars the guilty lands affright,
And the dire pestilence that walks by night.
Comets and meteors heavenly wrath declare,
And phantom armies skirmish in the air.
The temple's gates flew wide, with horrid clang,
And from the deep recess unearthly murmurs rang.
Mysterious voices and prophetic sounds
Alarmed the Levites, in their nightly rounds,
And cried, whilst from its base the temple quakes,
" The angry Deity his fane forsakes."
See on all sides the ravenous eagles soar, (4)
Spread their strong wings, and perch on Judah's shore,
Lured by the scent of gorgeous banquets spread,
In cities piled with mountains of the dead.
The warlike Prince performs the Lord's behest,
And slaughtered millions furnish forth the feast.

He calls in aid the furious beasts around,
The birds, and poisonous dragons of the ground.
The lion, wolf, and pard, impatient wait,
And Death and Horror hover o'er the gate. (5)
" My heart is sick—oh that my tears would flow
" In streaming torrents for my country's woe.
" Oh for a lodge in some lone desart place,
" Where human footsteps never left a trace;
" Where not a rumour might my soul distress,
" Of God's just wrath, my country's wretchedness!"
Thus spake the Prophet, in pathetic strains,
Of Sion's fall, her suffering children's pains.
Blow, blow the trumpets, let the beacons blaze,
On Sion's hill the voice of warning raise;
" Affliction comes, your desolation nigh,
" E'er yet too late, from God's dread vengeance fly."
They hear nor heed, uncircumcised their ears,
A stiffnecked pride their hardened bosoms sears.
Against his people God the serpents arms,
No medicines cure their stings, no music charms;
No wise physician saving balsams pours,
No plants or drugs can heal their rankling sores.
Through Tophet's vale a sea of slaughter flows,
And party fury doubles all their woes;
Internal battles civil feuds supply,
The parricidal broils of envious rivalry.
They come—I hear the trumpet's loud alarms,
The snorting of their steeds, the rattling of their arms:

Thick clouds of dust the face of Heaven conceal,
Illumined only by the glittering steel.
The battle rages, Death with Horror crowned,
And fell Dismay, indignant stalk around.
Triumphant shouts from every quarter roar,
Like ocean's tempests rushing on the shore.
Through Tophet's vale a sea of slaughter flows,
And party fury doubles all their woes.
Internal battles civil feuds supply,
The parricidal broils of envious rivalry.
And fell Contagion flits on secret wings,
And round his boils, and raving fevers flings.
Crowds fall on crowds, and every place is strewn
With putrid heaps, unburied and unknown.
The city groans with dire laments and sighs,
And foul Disease with raging Battle vies.
And Famine, on disgusting viands feeds,
And prompts his victims to unholy deeds.
  See yonder matron, who with secret care (6)
Devours the meal, she suffers none to share:
A mother, who, by maddening Famine pressed,
Feeds on the infant slaughtered at her breast—
Inhuman banquet! Thyestean food!
She gnaws his quivering limbs, and sucks his milky
    blood.
Around her neck his little arms were thrown,
She spurns his fondness, and his suppliant tone.

Though in her heart maternal feelings rise,
The phantom Famine stalks before her eyes.
All call on Death in deep despair, and crave
In vain a refuge in the peaceful grave.
They bless the wombs that no supplies afford,
No wretched victims for the murdering sword.
Thrice bless'd the dead who in their graves repose,
Nor feel their own, nor see their country's woes.
The bulwarks forcéd, the holy City won,
Loud rise the victors' shouts, the havoc is begun.
And as from Ætna's burning caverns flow,
The flaming lavas o'er the lands below,
Their unresisted course destructive keep,
And temples, houses, herds, and mortals sweep.
Thus through each gate the slaughtering armies pour
O'er hills of death, and deepening lakes of gore.
Where priests their sacred hallelujahs sang,
With cries and blasphemies the temple rang.
The mountains trembled, fearful of their end,
From Zion's roofs the fire and smoke ascend.
Not e'en the sacred dead in quiet stay,
Torn from their graves, to hungry dogs a prey.
The temple sank, its cedar ceilings blazed,
Its lofty walls and deep foundations razed.
And marbles of gigantic size o'erthrown,
No signs were left to make her station known.

O'er the fallen walls insulting soldiers drive,
And the rude ploughs Mosaic pavements rive.
Yet rescued myriads greater ills await,
Reserved in chains to suffer harder fate.
Ages of sorrow destined to sustain,
In bondage, exile, and the world's disdain.
Behold, the land is formless, dark and void,
And all the glories of the Lord destroyed.
I looked—nor man, nor living soul appeared,
The birds had fled, by horrid visions scared.
The serpent makes his nest where Princes lay,
And foxes whelp, and filthy satyrs play.
Where music's silver sound was heard before,
Owls hoot, wolves howl, and hungry lions roar.
O'er every city desolation reigns,
And Arab robbers sweep the barren plains.

BOOK VIII.

THE PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY. PERSECUTIONS. CORRUPTIONS OF THE CHURCH.

The propagation of the Gospel, and the fall of Paganism.—Satan endeavours to extirpate Christianity by the persecution of Jews and Heathens.—Nero, Domitian, St. Polycarp.—Blandina's martyrdom.

The blood of Martyrs the seed of the Church.—The reign of Constantine, and public establishment of Christianity.

Satan enters and corrupts the Church.—Popish idolatry.—Tyranny of the priests.—Forms and ceremonies substituted for vital religion.—This apostacy foretold.—The vision of St. John.—Babylon.—Accomplishment of these Prophecies.—The Pope usurps God's authority.—Venality of the Church.—Purgatory.—Monachism.—Austerities.—Council of Trent.—Confession.—Penance.—Transubstantiation.—Invocation of Saints, and the Virgin Mary.—Relicts.—The Cross.—Service in Latin.—The Scriptures forbidden.—Persecution by the Popish Church.—The question, whether Papists can be saved?

BOOK VIII.

PERSECUTION.—POPISH IDOLATRY.

MEANTIME the armies of the Lord proclaim
Through all the world the great Messiah's name.
In powers divine, and God's assistance strong,
They need no rhetoric of a sophist's tongue.
Believers eager press from every zone,
And kneel submissive at Jehovah's throne:
From Scythia's barren rocks, and frozen dews,
To where rich balms Arabian gales diffuse:
From Parthia, Crete, and Persia's wide domains,
And Libya's sultry sands, and Egypt's watery plains:
From the rich soil which rapid Tygris laves,
And mild Euphrates joins his tranquil waves,
And Asia's wealthy realms, and various shore,
Where Crœsus erst his golden sceptre bore.
Romans their high ambition laid aside,
And Greek philosophers their learned pride,
Collected in God's courts with Christ their head,
All formed one flock, and by one Shepherd led.

Satan aghast, his kingdom o'er mankind
Now daily saw in straiter bounds confined.
With hecatombs rich altars blazed no more,
Nor flowed in horrid streams with human gore.
Dodona's groves, and Delphi's mystic cave,
No oracles, or vain responses gave.
Spectres and demons, at truth's rising dawn,
Forsook the gilded fane, the darkened lawn.
Then bigot rage the wounded Fiend inspires, (1)
And nations blaze with persecuting fires;
The meek disciples of their righteous Lord,
By Gentiles and by Jews alike abhorred.
In Roman temples, Saturn's numerous race,
And Egypt's idols, formed a welcome place,
With savage malice Christ expelled alone,
With heathen gods obtained no equal throne.
No partnership the selfish priests allowed,
Nor Christ polluted in an idle crowd.
See the mad tyrant, in bombastic verse,
O'er burning Rome the fate of Troy rehearse
Whilst to his lyre he tunes the vapid rhyme,
The Christians suffer for their tyrant's crime.
In gardens formed for pleasure and delight,
Well clothed in pitch they shed a torch's light.
In gilded theatres, where crowds resort
To play with life, and think a murder sport,
Like wild beasts hunted, or by lions gored,
The maddening crowds with savage pleasure roared.

Trajan, the best of men, the well-beloved,
Belied his nature, and a tyrant proved.
The king philosopher, for virtue famed,
The laws of justice equally disclaimed.
Nor to the body was their rage confined,
More cruel still they persecute the mind.
The blameless lips of Christians nought avails
To save the guiltless from calumnious tales,
Charged with unholy banquets, murdered babes,
And incest, such as stained polluted Thebes.
Nor with the great did persecution end, (2)
Its tortures to the lowest ranks descend.
In Lyons city persecutions reigned,
And Christians suffered, yet the truth maintained.
Blandina, a young slave, with beauty graced,
Before the Legate's dreadful seat was placed.
In vain with frowns and cruel threats they try
To force her Christ's profession to deny.
Condemned to die, her limbs with tortures torn,
Exposed to brutal insolence and scorn;
In the full theatre she panting lay,
With wounds inflamed, to savage beasts a prey.
The beasts, more merciful than human laws,
Their victim spared, and closed their ravenous jaws.
By death released, their efforts all in vain,
A martyr's glory crowned her short-lived pain.
By Satan's arts though crowds of Christians bled,
The blood of martyrs proved the Church's seed. (3)

And Constantine arose, and raised on high
The mystic Labarum's Christian heraldry,
And *In hoc signo vinces* was the conquering cry.
The Fiend, convinced that force and craft combined
Are helpless to control the reasoning mind,
With artful malice, changed his base design,
Resolved what mocked his power to undermine.
Since Demons could possess the human soul, (4)
And all its actions govern and control,
The Church he entered to direct and rule,
And make the sacred hierarchy his tool.
From the arch Tempter's poisonous breath inhaled,
Pride and ambition in the Church prevailed.
And modest Peter's meek successors hurled
Their blasting thunders on a trampled world.
Some heretics, indeed, with doctrines wild,
In early times the Christian faith defiled:
But now the Church corrupted, to the skies
Arose a heresy of giant size.
Yet, not to God's omniscient mind unknown,
The great Apostacy was early shewn.
When, with a trumpet's voice, the Son of Man
To John unfolded Heaven's mysterious plan.
Great Alpha and Omega, first and last,
Who knew all future times, the present and the past.
'Twas then a wondrous prodigy was seen,
Enthroned on Rome's seven hills a Mighty Queen!

A mystic beast her throne, and heads designed
Submissive Kings in friendly concord joined.
The Queen in scarlet vestments was arrayed,
And gold and gems their sparkling glance display'd,
And in her hand she bore, of baneful juice,
A golden cup, the nations to seduce.
Great Babylon! who laboured with the birth
Of all abominations of the earth.
High towered with raving pride her bloated head,
Drunk with the blood of holy martyrs shed.
Like wide expanded waters, round her throng
People of every nation, every tongue.
And numerous Kings her magic potions drank,
With every filthy fornication rank.
Submissive merchants tribute wealth bestowed,
And gold and pearls in richest currents flowed.
And gems, and purple robes, and linen fine,
Arabia's balms, and frankincense, and wine,
And precious woods, and ivory works complete,
Perfumes, and chariots, horses, sheep, and wheat.
And ships arrive with precious cargos fraught,
And e'en the souls of men are sold and bought!
Thus did the voice of Prophecy foretell
The reign of Satan, and the power of hell.
On Christ's own altar see enthroned on high, (5)
The haughty Pontiff's tyrant majesty,
In royal robes of scarlet, gems, and gold,
He claims submission from the abject fold.

See mighty kings, as from the hand of God,
Receiving crowns, or banished at his nod.
He claims the keys of heaven, as assigned
The steward of God's mercies to mankind.
As if the power to sinful man was given,
To open or to shut the gates of Heaven!
Called by intrigue a venal throne to fill,
Shall an Italian Bishop at his will
O'er God's own people rule with lordly sway,
And force, on pain of hell, all Christians to obey?
O strange presumption in the last degree,
A worm to claim Infallibility!
Or a packed council, with consummate pride,
On man's salvation and God's laws decide!
Our duty does not rest on questions vain,
The needful doctrines are but few and plain.
Vain is God's word, if so uncertain found,
That none but Popes can teach it, or expound.
Not so contracted is God's bounteous mind,
He gave his saving faith to all mankind.
The Scriptures search, the charters of mankind, (6)
And no such delegated power you find.
The words, which Peter with his power invest,
Were spoken equally to all the rest.
These words no right of sovereignty bestowed,
Nor Peter claimed it, nor Saint Paul allowed.
Read his epistles, and his speeches through,
And all his acts, and zealous conduct view,

No royal privileges he assumes,
Nor adverse rebels to damnation dooms.
Equal in powers, authority, and grace,
St. Paul resisted Peter to his face.
But grant St. Peter of the church the head,
Of successors no single word is said.
Nor were the powers of the Papal throne
For centuries claimed, or exercised, or known.
Since no external reasons can be found,
The Church can only argue in a round:
As she no valid title deeds can show,
'Tis from herself that all her honours flow.
From Scripture she derives the high pretence,
But her interpretation gives the sense.
He who bears witness in his proper cause,
Is false, by human and by heavenly laws.
Her bold pretensions therefore come to this—
She is supreme—because she says she is.
A striking argument may be deduced
Respecting powers—the end to which they're used.(7)
If pride to gratify, the love of gain,
Or o'er mankind an undue power to gain:
Or if they contradict, in word or deed,
The written powers from which their rights proceed:
A strong presumption presses on the mind,
Some fallacy, or falsehood, is behind.
The Canons search of Trent's recording page,
Which fixed the errors of the darkest age:

There the gross follies of their monstrous creed,
From no infirmity in man proceed.
Each doctrine, built in craftiness, supplied
Food for ambition, avarice, and pride.
And all was venal—consciences were sold, (8)
And blacked sinners purchased heaven by gold.
The fires of hell were quenched, its hold released,
Pay only proper tribute to the priest!
An intermediate station for the soul (9)
Was fabled, where the Church had full control.
Mechanic ladders priestly skill supplies,
For unrepented sins to heaven to rise.
And penance, absolution, aves, alms,
Are all prescribed to sooth the sinner's qualms.
Indulgences, if adequate the sum,
Cleanse every sin, past, present, and to come.
And lambs of wax and benedictions made,
And holy water, drive a thriving trade.
And priests apply the mental rack and wheel,
Confession's screws, and absolution's steel,
To lead rich sinners, and fantastic dames,
With fears of hell, and purifying flames.
And thus exchange sophisticated goods
For solid money, manors, lands, and woods:
And like true Charlatans, a cure pretend,
Till the poor swindled dupes to hell descend,
And by their side perceive their ghostly friend!

Fat Monks and Friars, by spending all their days
In doing nothing, think to merit praise.
And mis-led Virgins, in monastic lives,
Renounce the mother's duties, and the wive's.
Nor feel the sacred fire of wedded love,
Best earnest of the blessed state above!
Nor raise an infant race, with pious care,
Christ's purchased joys of heavenly bliss to share.
Behold your mother, in the vale of years,
Stretched on the bed of sickness, want, and tears.
No kind relation to afford repose,
No friendly hand her dying eyes to close.
Where is the child her anxious bosom fed,
Whose griefs she sooth'd, and watch'd her infant bed?
In yon dark convent's massy walls confined,
She scorns the task of duty God assigned.
By fasts, and tortures, in unmeaning round,
The kind affections of her heart are drowned.
She seeks salvation in a selfish grave,
And spurns the life her heavenly Father gave. (10)
Mistaken piety! to seek by pain
A friendly God's kind favour to obtain!
He has the seeds of pleasure richly sown,
In every soil through all creation known.
The means ordained life's blessing to sustain,
And every kind's succession to maintain,
Each sense, on every subject we employ,
Produces funds of happiness and joy.

Why are the fragrant flowers adorned so gay,
And painted warblers sing on every spray?
Why charms the landscape's view the ravished sight,
Or the bright star illume the spangled night?
Heaven in all states, with distribution fair,
Bestows of happiness an equal share.
E'en the poor labourer, who tills the soil,
Sweetens his morsel by his daily toil:
Whilst constant labour ruddy health maintains,
Nerves every limb, and mantles in his veins.
The sturdy hinds their tasteless crust enjoy,
And sweet the slumbers of the wearied boy.
He envies not the rich man's state, nor craves
The fretted ceiling, and the crew of slaves.
Millions of creatures, in life's little day,
Sport in the sunshine, and in circles play;
By gay enjoyment grateful thanks express
To Heaven for all the blessings they possess.
Shall man alone the proffered boon neglect,
And God's intended benefits reject?

In the Confessional's dark pen inclosed,
And all the secrets of the heart exposed, (11)
The youthful penitent is taught to know
Secrets that cause a Virgin's cheek to glow.
Taught to confess, as sins of deepest dye,
Omissions of the forms the Church's rules supply,
The tampered conscience seared, forgets to see
The guilt of sins still higher in degree.

Masters of all affairs, domestic spies,
To govern all their knowledge means supplied.
And trembling sinners crouch before the rod,
Of those who wield the thunders of their God.
How elevated is the Priestly state, (12)
Since they can God by magic words create!
Bow down ye grovelling beings of the earth,
And worship those who give your Saviour birth!
They teach, at their command, that bread and wine
Are changed to flesh and blood, by power divine.
Nor are the senses suffered to decide,
Though given by Providence, our safest guide.
What though the change is unperceived by sense,
All is referred to God's omnipotence:
For He, 'twas said, such miracles can cause,
And violate his predetermined laws:
Can make one body various places fill,
And multiply identity at will.
O strange perversions, arguments profane,
Thus Heaven's best gift of reason to disclaim!
Though Christ at once was offered up for man,
The offering they repeat, and change God's plan.
To make absurdity still more absurd,
They hold, that, by the consecrating word,
Each single wafer, in a farthing's space,
Contains the Saviour of the human race!
And perjured miracles, and specious lies,
Were feigned the new formed faith to authorize.

Some who despised the host were stricken dead,
And pigs ran mad, on godly viands fed.
Sometimes from heaven the holy Maid descends,
And grants her favour to her sainted friends.
And shoals of fish, by mortal nets uncaught,
Approached the shore to hear her precepts taught.
Now hives, with consecrated honey fed,
In anthems buzzed, and swarming masses said.
Some saints on broomsticks travelled thro' the sky,
And cowls to monks a ready boat supply.
Such are their crafty instruments, and tools,
To catch the multitude, and govern fools.

Yet if, without the danger of their fire,
A layman has permission to enquire,
A few plain questions I would beg to ask,
Nor are the answers any arduous task.

When Jesus took the consecrated bread,
" This is my Body," were the words He said.
How in his hands his body could he lift,
And be himself the giver and the gift?

When words, if taken literally, contain
A sense absurd, impossible, or vain,
Our reason teaches us to have recourse
For explanation to some other source:
By metaphoric clue to thread the maze,
And find the meaning in a figured phrase.

Did Christ ne'er propagate his truths divine
In tropes, and parables, by outward sign?

What was the Jewish ritual, given of old,
But types and figures of the bliss foretold?
When Christ declared himself a fruitful vine,
And you the branches, bearing fruit divine,
Say, great Apostles, did your limbs arise
In stems ascending upwards to the skies?
Did rugged bark your stiffening knees o'erspread,
And leaves for hair adorn your sprouting head?
As when the beauteous maids, as poets dream,
To poplars changed on Po's wide spreading stream,
With tears of amber eased their suffering minds,
Their fertile branches waving to the winds.
Christ was a door, the entrance to the fold;
Was he on pillars fixed, on hinges rolled?
He was a shepherd, ye a flock of sheep;
O'er your warm backs did woolly fleeces creep?
When from his body flowed the vital stream,
Did silly men of watery torrents dream?
"Thou, Peter, art a Rock," when Jesus said,
"For my great Church a firm foundation laid;"
Transformed to stone did Peter thus remain,
A solid basis for an earthly fane?
As Niobe, her lofty summit rears,
And weeps her children dead in marble tears.
All metaphors, not closely to be pressed,
And flesh and blood were figures like the rest;
Mere bread and wine, to take, in solemn guise,
In sad remembrance of our Lord's demise.

Aye, but the Church the sacred truth maintains,
Which in God's right o'er every doctrine reigns—
Yes, prove your premises, and then I yield,
And quit at once the controversial field.
But that your power is all usurped, is known,
And by its rotten fruits the cankered roots are shewn.

No such strange doctrines filled the learned page
Of the first Fathers of the purer age.
But when the Roman See ambition fired,
This new device the crafty Fiend inspired.

Thus Satan triumphs.—In new-fangled shapes,
(As Egypt worshipped onions, birds, and apes,)
Christians, in idol worship more complete,
Adore a senseless mass of baken wheat.
To worse idolatry than heathens knew,
This new fledged faith unwary Christians drew.
Greece worshipped men, and images of stone,
As representatives of God alone;
But grosser Christians, horrid to relate,
Worship their greater God in that unseemly state!

Christ not sufficient, in Man's sinful need, (13)
With God to mediate, and intercede,
A host of saints is worshipped and adored,
To curry favour with their heavenly Lord.
Of these the Virgin Mary is the chief,
Subject of highest honour and belief.
Of her, and saints, inferior in degree,
Statues are formed, and bent the suppliant knee;

Some, fancied saints, whose merits are unknown,
Others, whose sins eternal pains atone.
The heathen gods, from their high stations driven, (14)
New saints and idols are advanced to heaven.
Jove, Saturn, and Apollo in disgrace,
John, Paul, and Peter occupy their place.
Erst wanton Venus female souls inspired,
Her votaries now by Mary's love are fired;
And in the form the holy Virgin wears,
The painter's Miss receives the bigots' prayers.
What shall we say of holy relics, held
The Church's treasures, and with awe beheld?
Arms, legs, and heads, hair, fingers, nails, and toes,
And shifts and shirts the holy list compose.
Bones from a malefactor's gibbet torn,
Were once, 'twas thought, by holy Martyrs worn.
The real cross a space enormous filled,
With timbers stored, a first-rate ship to build.
All performed miracles, the lame to walk,
The blind to see, the silent dumb to talk.
Not venerate the cross, the holy rood?
Not bow respectful to the sainted wood?
'Twas on the cross that Jesus Christ was slain,
The cursed instrument of all his pain.
If on thy bed of sickness, want, and woe,
A kind physician should compassion shew,

And by incision save your parting life,
Should you thank him, or kneel before the knife?
In a known tongue, with understanding, pray,
Said holy Paul, and shewed the righteous way. (15)
Pray you in Latin, is the Pope's command,
No need your prayers to feel, or understand.
God op'd his holy volume to mankind, (16)
To search the Scriptures, and salvation find:
But every chapter of the sacred tome,
Disclosed the falsehoods of the creeds of Rome.
Hence was the volume sealed, and only doled
In scanty morsels to the hungry fold.
The Scriptures as heretical denounced,
And God's own Book the Devil's work pronounced:
Seers and Apostles from their seats dethroned,
Church, Pope, and Councils all the Gods they own'd.
From vain Tradition every doctrine taught,
Through ways obscure, and dirty channels brought,
And to the garbled Bible claimed alone
To give such meaning as best suits their own.
'Twas held less heinous, for the Church's sake,
All God's commandments than the Pope's to break.
But not to trust to argument, recourse
Was had to blinding fraud, or brutal force.
And where the Gospel raised a purer head,
By Christian hands the Christian blood was shed.
More martyrs perished by the Churchmen's zeal,
Than all who suffered by the heathen's steel;

And pious Bishops at the rack preside,
To see the healing tortures well applied.
Can Catholics be saved? Consult God's word,
And see what light the sacred tomes afford.
If gross Idolaters to heaven succeed,
And they, who God's eternal word impede;
Then may this Church, and all of Popish leaven,
With heathens occupy a place in Heaven.
As when a triumph's gorgeous pomp was led
Through Rome's proud streets, with flamens at his head;
The conquering Chief, in scarlet dressed and gold,
In ivory seat, and gilded chariot rolled:
Insulting bands the wretched captives wore,
And plundered treasures heaped the Conqueror's store.
Thus Satan triumphs by the arms of Rome,
And brings rich treasures to Saint Peter's dome;
In gay procession leads his captive trains,
Bound hand and foot in Superstition's chains,
And feeds, and gluts, his ever-craving fires,
With Popes, Priests, Laymen, Eremites, and Friars.

BOOK IX.

THE REFORMATION.

Prophecies of the Reformation, the two heavenly witnesses.—Reformers from time to time.—The Vaudois, Peyrani.—Their doctrines extend.—Luther.—Calvin—The Church of England.—St. Paul.—Gregory.—Wickliff.—Revival of learning.—Printing invented.—Henry the Eighth.—The Reformation in England.—Happiness of England.

BOOK IX.

THE REFORMATION.

Not when from heaven terrific thunder breaks, (1)
The voice of God to human reason speaks:
Not when the raging storm the mountains rends,
Tears the hard rocks, and lofty cedars bends:
Nor when an earthquake thrilling fear inspires,
Or midst the roar of desolating fires:
He in the still small voice declares his will,
Like the soft dews that fall on Hermon's hill,
And soften rocks, and genial moisture bring,
And from the gladdened earth unnumbered blessings spring.
Thus not to Priests in carnal power elate,
Who ruled with tyrant power the Christian state:
Nor to the successors of Peter's throne,
The genuine light of Reformation shone.
In earthen vessels was the treasure stor'd,
And lowly Pastors preached the saving word.

Whilst yet the Church was sunk in darkest night,
Some rays shone forth of evangelic light.
Events in Heaven's high Chancery enrolled,
To sainted John an Angel's voice foretold:
That witnesses, a small but sacred band, (2)
Should rise, and firm against corruption stand,
Confound their foes, and dreadful fear inspire,
By truths unwelcome, clothed in words of fire.
Then from the pit the beast of sin would rise,
Resist their progress, and their death devise.
Then would their enemies, with joyful voice,
And mirthful banquets o'er their fall rejoice.
Vain triumph! See the vital spark returns,
And in their breasts zeal undiminished burns.
To Heaven in clouds of brightness they ascend,
And fearful prodigies their fate attend.

And thus from time to time Reformers rose,
And stood undaunted at the Gospel's foes,
Degenerate Rome's unblessed corruptions shewed,
Pointed to Heaven, and led the certain road.

Where Alpine mountains rear their craggy crest, (3)
And vales extend with sunshine never blest,
A simple people, with laborious toil,
Earn scant subsistence from a barren soil.
The shivering shepherds lead their starving flocks
Midst gaping chasms, and desolated rocks;
Unmoved the avalanche's thunder hear,
Nor hungry wolves, nor roaring torrents fear.

Yet is their native land, though poor and drear,
To every patriot's filial bosom dear;
Against oppression all its rights sustained,
And highly prized, and manfully maintained.
And Heaven superior blessings had bestowed,
The purest doctrines of the sacred code,
By simple Pastors kept from days of old,
Treasures more precious than resplendent gold.
Their humble Bishops, with illumined grace,
In right succession filled the Apostles' place,
Though Pontiffs raged, and tyrant armies pressed,
They clasped the holy comfort to their breasts.
How can my feeble pen Peyrani's name,
In language equal to his worth proclaim?
Poor, old, and destitute, in lowly cot,
Below the fisherman's impoverished lot,
Yet learned, eloquent, humane, polite,
A father to his flock, his sole delight.
Meekly he occupies a Bishop's place,
Rich but in charity, and heavenly grace.
No sacerdotal robes his limbs adorn,
By haughty Priests and sovereign Pontiffs worn,
He seeks his consolation from above,
His wealth his conscience, and his people's love.
As a small spring in Nubia's distant hills,
Descends at first in gently flowing rills,
Till swollen by melting snows and plenteous rains,
It fertilizes Egypt's thirsty plains,

Its fattening waters spreading far and wide,
Through seven broad channels to the briny tide.
So did this secret but ethereal spark,
Maintain its lustre whilst the world was dark.
Then fanned by Heaven its waxing ardour spread,
And o'er the earth celestial brightness shed.
The Saints of Albi, styled from Waldo's name,
And the gay Provence first received the flame.
In Germany broke forth a raging fire,
Too fierce and steady ever to expire.
Then lion-hearted Luther first arose, (4)
And hurled tremendous thunder on his foes,
And armed with truth, and holy writ alone,
Shook the firm basis of the Papal throne.
Though much was done, yet much remained to do,
Some falsehood intermixed with what was true.
Luther himself, though justly he might boast,
Might blush to hold a consubstantial host.
And Calvin's God no saving faith could please,
No virtuous deeds predestined wrath appease.
Useless had Jesus his disciples taught
Lessons of love, with moral beauty fraught,
And laws of charity, and precepts given,
As the great passports to the gates of Heaven.
Holy Saint Paul, who first the Gentiles taught,
The sacred Gospel into Britain brought, (5)
The mystic Druid left his gloomy haunts,
The circling marbles, and the twining plants,

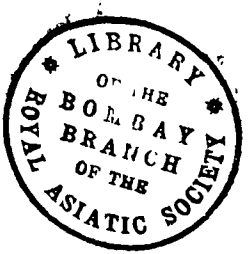
The horrid altar stained with human gore,
And taught the doctrines he condemned before.
The British Church, from superstition free,
Owed no subjection to a foreign see,
Until from Rome was sent a numerous band
Of tonsured monks, to subjugate the land;
And priests and friars through the country spread,
To subject Christians to a foreign head.
Then Wickliff came, the morning star, whose ray
Was harbinger before the light of day,
Or as the dawn, with gold and purple dyes,
And streaks of light, adorns the eastern skies,
He chased the darkness of the Roman see,
And set mankind from priestly bondage free.
He taught that Christ for man's salvation died,
And God's strict justice fully satisfied
No void was left by Saints to be supplied.
Of priests' hypocrisies a picture drew,
And all their mummeries exposed to view,
From Latin fetters freed the sacred tome,
And every Christian found his Lord at home.
As hidden springs below earth's surface creep,
And steal in silence to their native deep,
And many a root with wholesome juice supply,
Till the rich harvest glads the farmer's eye:
So Wickliff's doctrines, hid from glaring day,
Worked still in secrecy their gradual way,

God's chosen plants with healthful moisture fed,
And killed each noxious and destructive weed.
In many a monastery's deep recess,
Lurked treasures, dark to monkish idleness;
The golden relicts of enlightened days
Destined again the torch of truth to raise.
So dragons guard in that Hesperian waste
The golden apples which they never taste.
Short-sighted Leo laid the fatal train
Destined to overthrow the Papal reign.
And breathing statues, rescued from the tomb,
And all the master works of Greece and Rome,
Displayed the beauties of the classic page,
And chased the darkness of a Gothic age.
Thus taste was formed, exalted, and refined,
And raised to higher flights the cultured mind.
And sacred learning kept an equal pace,
And heathen morals aided Christian grace.
The perfect models of the Grecian muse,
O'er Christian themes their magic charms diffuse,
And heathen hymns to Ceres, Mars, or Jove,
Transferred, reechoed with a Saviour's love.
'Twas then that heaven first taught the German sage
Boundless to multiply the sacred page.
On new fledged wings unfettered learning flies,
And envious Time's corroding tooth defies.
In spite of holy zeal, or Omar's rage,
The stream of science flows from age to age.

O had this art in earlier times been known!
On wider base had Learning fixed her throne!
Then had Menander glowed with pictured life,
And Livy's page displayed the vasty strife,
When, stain'd with brothers' blood the reeking sword,
Rome's lofty walls received a sovereign Lord.
As God, man's narrow wisdom to deride,
Employed a tyrant's cruelty and pride,
On Salem's sons to execute his will,
Full often warned, and yet rebellious still;
In Britain's Isle a haughty Monarch reigned,
With Christians' blood and female murders stained.
Him God ordained, by selfish passions led,
To wound the fiery Dragon's poisonous head.
High in mid air, a simple temple shone,
On Doric columns built, and Parian stone.
The deep foundations, never to decay, (6)
On Jesus, and his twelve Apostles lay,
By Cranmer formed, a venerable name,
Who hardly earned a sainted Martyr's fame.
Here meek Religion made her fixed abode,
And served, in simple purity, her God.
In white array, like modest Matron dressed,
Nor naked, or by broidered robes oppressed.
Her faith, not such as worldly Churches scheme,
Or heathens plan, or wild enthusiasts dream;
Nor like those purists, who in spirit wise,
The beggared elements of God despise,

From dross and dregs the mass so well refined,
That scarce one grain of gold remains behind.
Nor as a tyrant priest by penance awes
The kneeling penitent, and gives his laws.
The tender lamb within her arm she feeds,
Supports the dying flame, nor breaks the bruised reeds,
Her hierarchy, a heaven commissioned race;
Their lawful call from Christ's Apostles trace,
Sound their belief, their institutions sage,
Based in the practice of the earliest age.
In learning rich, by wise provisions fed,
They censure vice, by no false motives led.
No self-taught Ministers themselves ordain,
Usurp God's pulpit, or his rites profane.
O how unlike a voluntary Church,
Where owls and bats on Heaven's high altar perch!
Where parishes hold Ministers in chains,
Bound by the floating pension's petty gains.
In vain we seek the fearless man of God,
Who o'er the trembling sinner holds the rod.
More than the Deity's, they fear the frown
Of vestries, leading elders, and the town.
Is a rich tradesman upstart, proud, and vain,
Or is his wanton wife a rake in grain?
Unawed, unchecked, by holy exhortation,
They slide down hill the broad road of damnation.

Whilst such sound principles their footsteps lead,
See Britons prompt to every virtuous deed,
By duty guided, and such lessons taught,
There truth prevails, and manliness of thought.
O happy land! above all nations blessed!
Albion, of Heaven's superior gifts possessed!
Where no fierce suns exhaust the fertile soil,
No raging tempests sweep the labourers' toil.
Where death nor rides on pestilential winds,
Nor Zembla's frost the stagnant river binds.
And though no rich Golconda's diamonds glow,
From every source unbounded riches flow.
Here Liberty displays her ensigns high,
Free from licentiousness and anarchy:
Freedom, productive of internal peace,
Unknown to Florence, Sparta, Rome, or Greece.
Man, left his own opinions to maintain,
Nor Lynch's justice dreads, nor Austria's chain. (7)
O may kind Heaven avert the dreadful hour
Of lawless tyrants, and despotic power!
And may this free-born nation ne'er be curst
With rabble rage, of tyrannies the worst!



BOOK X.

POPISH PERSECUTION.—FALL OF POPERY.

Satan endeavours to prevent the Reformation.—Arms the Monks and Friars, and institutes the Jesuits.—Their tenets.—Protestants persecuted.—Montford.—Raymond of Thoulouse.—Frederic the Second.—Ferdinand.—Charles the Fifth.—The Inquisition.—Dominic.—Proceedings in the Inquisition.—An Auto da Fe at Seville.

Persecution in England.—Queen Mary.

The French Revolution, the reign of atheism and sin.—Embodied in Napoleon.—His fall.

Present dangers to Great Britain from Popery and schisms.

Prophecies of the final destruction of Satan and Antichrist.—The vision of St. John.—Destruction of Popery, under the name of Babylon.—The restoration and establishment of true religion, under the allegory of a new heaven and a new earth.—Happiness of the Saints.

Conclusion.—Awful view into eternity.

BOOK X.

POPISH PERSECUTION.—FALL OF POPERY.

WHEN Satan saw that monument of guilt,
By human fraud on human folly built,
The Apostate Church, attacked on every side,
His reign endangered, and his powers defied,
With shrewd precaution, on the first alarm,
He bade his trusty satellites to arm.
The well-trained soldiers, at their chief's command,
Prepared the threatened danger to withstand;
Monks, friars, and priests, around his standard crowd,
And sound the trumpet of defiance loud.
A Spanish madman raised a desperate band, (1)
To banish truth and virtue from the land:
With subtile arts to prove that wrong is right,
To swear that white is black, that black is white:
To cheat with words a double sense that bear,
Conceived in falsehood just to please the ear:
That 'tis no perjury solemn oaths to break,
Killing no murder, for the Church's sake:

That acts are nothing, only the intent,
And the worst crimes are virtues duly meant.
That blackest sins, in clear conviction's spite,
Are lawful, if one Doctor thinks them right.
In vain are oaths, and promises employed,
A mental reservation makes them void.
Nor strongest ties, or obligations bind,
They slip through all, like Proteus, unconfined.

Monarchs, into the Church's service pressed,
With slavish zeal performed her high behest.
She taught ambition, avarice, and pride,
With holy motives, and the Pope their guide,
Through blood and slaughter, fire, and war's alarms,
To gain salvation by the force of arms.

The Papal banner streaming from afar,
Led cruel Montford to the sacred war.
He conquered provinces, nor these alone,
But fought his way to Heaven's all-gracious throne.

Alas, poor Raymond! banished from thy home,
For holding doctrines not approved at Rome!
Raymond, beyond thy brutal age refined,
Superior truth had purified thy mind.
Friend to the Muses, and thyself inspired,
Thy lovely sonnets all the world admired.
To the gay Provence, and thy gallant court,
The joyous Troubadours in crowds resort.
From hence thy genius reached Ausonia's race,
To soft Petrarch, and Dante, and Boccace.

Hence England's sons derived the heavenly flame,
And owed a Chaucer's and a Spenser's fame.
The Emperor Frederic was Fortune's sport,
Foot-ball and plaything of the Roman court.
His savage laws, decreed at her command,
Banished soft Mercy from the smoking land.
Yet not submissive slavery could maintain
The Papal favour, insolent and vain.
And Castile saw, of harmless Jews, and Moors,
Thousands of victims banished from her shores.
The mighty Charles, whose elevated mind
Sought universal empire o'er mankind,
Yet owned subjection to the Pope's command,
And took the crown imperial from his hand,
Opposed the Reformation, as it rose,
And in the Church's name subdued his foes.
In Christian zeal the German states oppressed,
And clothed Ambition in Religion's vest.
Yet in the convent's solitary gloom,
His fond ambition found a living tomb,
Convinced the object of his life to gain,
His armies, treaties, and intrigues were vain,
To force mankind, whose minds, like air, are free,
In modes of faith unerring to agree.
See Dominic, in saintly cowl arrayed, (2)
And *Mercy's Banner* to the sight displayed.
It bears the murdering sword, the world in flames,
Just emblems of the tender power he claims,

In Mercy's name to torture and to slay,
That all may bow to Rome's terrific sway.
Cursed Inquisition, by the Pope designed,
To fetter thought, and tyrannise the mind.
Hard-hearted cruelty, to set at nought
The sacred principles by justice taught!
See, like a tyger, in his secret lair,
The Grand Inquisitor his racks prepare:
Then pounces on his prey, in midnight gloom,
Seized in his bed, and hurried to his tomb.
The wretch of light, and friends, and all bereft,
Is galled with chains, and not one comfort left,
Deep in a noisome dungeon left to rot,
By all the world forsaken and forgot.
Closed are the ponderous portals of his cell,
Where hope that visits all can never dwell!
Condemned in silence to support his pain,
Nor e'en allowed the luxury to complain.
Yet death he must not hope, his sole relief,
Preserved in chains for further scenes of grief.
What jocund peals from yon Cathedral loud,
Raise expectation in the curious crowd?
What solemn feast, in Seville's ancient walls,
To festive holiday, and pleasure calls?
"It is an ACT OF FAITH!" Of faith in whom?
The faith of Demons, and the Lords of Rome!
When sentence is pronounced in Mercy's name,
Condemning Christians to the scorching flame,

The saintly fathers all too kind and meek,
The death of even criminals to seek,
Transfer to worldly magistrates in form,
The cruel deed of vengeance to perform;
And ask to save the victim, though aware,
The Church's censure damns them if they spare.
And now the grand procession moves along,
Whilst surpliced Priestlings chant the holy song.
The Inquisition's banner floats in air,
Of Mercy speaks, and Justice, never there.
The Monks of Dominic first lead the crew,
The post of honour justly is their due.
In sable stole, they form a dismal band,
Each with a lighted taper in his hand.
Raised high in air a crucifix is borne,
To shew our Lord in mockery and scorn.
He by persuasion taught his gracious laws,
Nor called down fire to advocate his cause.
Next come the wretched martyrs, doomed to die,
In mimic flames arrayed, and devilish pageantry.
Nor is the grave a refuge for the dead,
Their bones unhumed in ghastly form are led.
Their statues born aloft, display alone
The Church's rage in harmless malice shewn.
Nobles and Magistrates, in rich array,
Attend the triumph, and adorn the day.
And all the fear-struck crowd in silence kneels,
And prostrate falls before the Idol's wheels.

Arriving slowly at the fatal scene,
A lofty platform, richly decked, is seen.
High on a throne, in majesty divine,
The Lords Inquisitors in glory shine.
And e'en Spain's Sovereign pays, in humblest mode,
Bare-headed homage to the Man of God.
In raging flames the victim, bound in chains,
Is not allowed in haste to end his pains.
Above the burning faggots placed on high,
He lingers hours in lengthened agony.
Yet smiles in torture, Heaven in prospect near
And guardian Saints his fainting spirits cheer.
Is this the Church to man a blessing given?
These the appointed officers of Heaven?
Are these the holy men ordained to preach
The friendly doctrines which the Gospels teach?
Or Satan's ministers, with devilish pride,
Intent to spread his kingdom far and wide?
When persecution thundered all around
Were Britön's Isles exempt from danger found?
In Mary's reign, the Church her clamour raised,
The fires of Oxford and of Smithfield blazed,
And Cranmer, Latimer, and hundreds more,
In tortures witness to the Gospel bore.
May such unhappy seasons ne'er return!
No saints be banished, and no Bishops burn!
May gracious Heaven his faithful Church defend,
And guardian Angels on her steps attend!

May God her sons' most ardent wishes hear,
Esto perpetua their daily prayer!
In the great Tempter's lowest caverns bred,
A hateful monster reared his giant head:
Half tyger and half ape, to rage, or play,
Ready alike to frolic, or to slay.
Gorged with the blood of million victims slain,
His bloated form ten kingdoms scarce contain:
Princes and monarchs from their stations hurled,
He reigned the master of the subject world.
His lofty seat triumphant Atheists bore,
And drove Religion from their impious shore:
And dared, the Christian fabric overthrown,
To place a strumpet idol on God's throne.
Think not, presumptuous man, thy powerless hands
Gained thee dominion o'er the conquered lands.
By God's decree thy high ambition soared,
He gave resistless victory to thy sword.
He all thy plans with sure successes crowned,
And paralyzed the fainting nations round.
For awful purposes thy power assigned,
A second Attila, to scourge mankind.
Sunk in idolatry, and shameful vice,
'Twas thine the sinful nations to chastise.
Thy task performed, no more thy arts prevail,
Thy warlike skill, thy awful counsels fail.

His powerful legions God to action called,
And all thy boasted warriors were appalled.
Frost, snow, and hail, attend his sovereign will,
He spoke, and battle's furious waves were still.
Before his hosts unnumbered thousands fell,
And few escaped the dire event to tell.

So when Sennacherib, with kingly pride,
The living God and Israel's power defied;
An Angel, ere the sun his lustre shed,
Smote the vast camp, and all the host was dead.

'Twas then, O WELLINGTON, by Heaven's decree,
You closed the scene in glorious victory.

A narrow grave, a few unlettered stones, (3)
Now hold the mighty conqueror's mouldering bones.
The oppressor ceased, his angry sceptre broke,
And the glad nations sang, delivered from his yoke.

Hell from beneath, the great ones of the earth,
Arose to meet him, with insulting mirth.

" Is this the man, whose mad exulting pride
" Spread o'er the world his desolations wide?
" Whose prisons closed, his wretched captives mourned,
" The laws of justice, and of mercy spurned.
" Whose foolish heart conceived the empty boast,
" To ride triumphant o'er the heavenly host?
" Down to the earth his pompous glories fall,
" And lordly worms o'er royal members crawl."

The dread volcano stilled, whose caverns wide
Poured forth its burning streams on every side:
Though stopped one poisonous fount, from whence proceed
The Rebel's gospel, and the Atheist's creed,
Yet round my country threatening tempests roar,
And o'er the land a baleful deluge pour.
Destructive factions raise their desperate head,
Maintained by folly, and by villains led.
O'er thoughtless mobs a sovereign power maintain,
Mislead their Prince, and in the Senate reign.
Against the Church fierce sectaries unite, (4)
In nothing brothers but in rancorous spite.
Of savage forms starts forth a motley herd,
Moved by no gratitude, no fear deterred.
The blatant beasts from murky caverns loose,
The gift against their benefactor use.
The bristled boar, the timid quaking hare,
The buffoon ape, the fox, the sulky bear,
Adverse in doctrines, discipline, and name,
In heart and selfish jealousy the same;
Though mutual enemies, in love they join
Against the Church's power, and rights divine.
In these wise days, when intellectual force
Through all the land holds its triumphant course,
And wise schoolmasters teach in every cot,
Till all God's holy precepts are forgot,

Unnumbered proselytes such doctrines gain,
And all religions equal rights obtain;
Admitted free, and, in the holy crowd,
Godly or godless faiths are all for truths allowed.
Intrenched in reformation's strongest hold,
In scheming artful, in pretensions bold,
The Popish powers in form gigantic rise,
And dreams of glory float before their eyes.
Though Satan thus his crafty reign extends,
Yet o'er his kingdom certain fate impends.
The word of prophecy can never fail,
Nor can the powers of hell against God's laws prevail.
Beneath the altar suffering saints complain,
The souls of martyrs for the Gospel slain.
To Heaven they cry aloud, "How long, O God,
"Shall we, thy saints, endure Affliction's rod?
"When will the oppressor's raging fury cease,
"When thy devoted servants rest in peace?
"Wilt thou not judge us, and avenge our woes,
"And hurl thy vengeance on our cruel foes?"
An Angel speaks—"Thy prayers will never fail,
"And Justice now o'er Mercy will prevail.
"Fear God, and worship his Almighty power—
"His judgment now is come, the dreadful hour!
"Satan will now be hurled from on high,
"Swift as a meteor through the troubled sky,
"Through space unmeasured to the depths of hell,
"In chains and fire unquenchable to dwell."

O' for a pen of fire, that would pourtray,
In colours splendid as the solar ray,
The glorious vision of ethereal light,
Which blest the great Apostle's dazzled sight!
In snow-white robes, and glowing as a flame, (5)
From Heaven's high throne the godlike Angel came.
A cloud his garment, round his sacred head
The rainbow's hues celestial brightness shed.
Nor earth nor sea his mighty form contain,
On land his footsteps rest. and on the main.
A solemn silence reigned through heaven and earth,
A pause how awful! pregnant with the birth
Of great events, in future times to come—
The mighty world's irrevocable doom.
The silent calm terrific thunders broke,
And earthquakes shook, and mystic voices spoke.
And seven loud trumpets to the world presage
Seven dreadful woes, and God's deserved rage,
Till the arrival of the fatal day,
When all the present things should pass away,
And Sin destroyed, and all his votaries slain,
Christ should alone o'er all his kingdoms reign.
And thanks to God, from grateful hearts was given,
By all the sainted worshippers of heaven,
That the Eternal would his power display,
And o'er the earth assume his righteous sway,
In his just wrath his rebel foes destroy,
And recompense his saints with endless joy.

Now ripe the vintage of the wrath of God,
By his Son's feet the wine-press now is trod,
And forth a wide extended torrent flows,
Of blood and fury from his wretched foes.
Behold Heaven opened! From its dazzling light
A wondrous vision struck th' astonished sight.
A stately milk-white steed appeared in view,
His rider sent to conquer and subdue.
His eyes were flames of fire, and on his head
Rich crowns of gold a sparkling glory shed.
From out his mouth appeared a two-edged sword,
The all-resistless power of his word.
His flowing vesture, stained with purple blood,
His fury and destructive conquests shewed.
Faithful and true, of God the living word.
The King of Kings, of mighty Lords the Lord!
The army of the heavenly host he led,
On steeds of purest white, in white apparelled.
Through hostile ranks the Saviour drives his way,
And strikes his foes with terror and dismay.
The mighty dragon was, and is no more,
And joyful saints the conquering Lamb adore.
Swift as the lightning from his station hurled,
His foul deceits no longer lead the world.
And great salvation, and the power of God,
Now visit earth, and make their fixed abode.
She from whose cup the misled nations quaffed
Idolatry's intoxicating draught,

And all who bore the Babylonian sign,
Now drink their fill of God's avenging wine.
And dreadful portents mark their fearful end,
And from the deep abyss the murky flames ascend.
Fallen is the mighty city, once so proud,
Her empty streets no subject princes crowd.
There only foul demonic spirits dwell,
And beasts unclean defile the filthy cell.
Her ruined merchants weep her fountains dry,
Their wealth destroyed, no customers to buy.
The sovereigns, subject to her royal yoke,
Behold her flames, her black and lurid smoke,
And cry, " Thy judgment's come in fatal hour!
" Alas! the mighty city is no more!
" And all her riches, pearls, and golden gains
" Are gone, and silent desolation reigns."
Thus justly perish by a fatal doom,
The hateful powers of Antichrist and Rome.
Idolatry and superstition fail,
And truth and God's true word o'er all prevail.
Ye heavens, ye prophets, and ye saints rejoice,
And raise o'er Babel your triumphant voice.
Then all the Heavenly quire their voices raise,
In joyful chorus to the Victor's praise.
" All ye, his servants, Alleluja's sing,
" And yield due honour to your conquering King.
" He reigns omnipotent, and all his laws
" Are judgments founded on the justest cause.

" She, who the earth corrupted by her reign,
" Destroyed in mercy to God's servants slain.
" And from the deep, where torments never end,
" Red towering flames, and blackest smoke ascend.
" Rejoice, and to the Lamb due honour pay:
" Be glad, and celebrate his nuptial day.
" The marriage banquet of the Lamb is come,
" The feast prepared, the Bride is bringing home,
" Arrayed in finest linen, pure and white,
" The robes of righteousness, and heavenly light.
" Blessed are they, in marriage garments dressed,
" Invited to the Lamb's all-righteous feast."

And lo! the Heavens departing as a scroll,
Sun, moon, and stars, their orbs no longer roll.
The earth, the vast unfathomable main,
Are vanished, and no vestiges remain.
And Death subdued, of enemies the last,
His reign tremendous, and his terrors past,
And Sin destroyed, the Saints exulting cry,
" O Death, where is thy sting! O Grave, thy victory!

Then the Almighty from his living throne
With awful voice proclaims that " ALL IS DONE!"
The sea will yield her dead, the grave her prey,
And all before God's dread tribunal stay.
The fatal volumes opened by the Lord,
Heaven's registers, which faithfully record
The deeds, the fleeting words of all mankind,
And all the secret thoughts that crossed the mind:

When all who loved not Jesus will sustain
The stings of conscience, and eternal pain.
But O what joys the blessed Saints await!
What language can describe their glorious state!
The holy city, for Jehovah's friends,
The new Jerusalem, from Heaven descends.
Mysterious fabric! wondrous to behold,
Of rich materials, precious stones and gold.
The Apostles' names on the foundations shone,
The building's base, and Christ the corner stone.
Midst the broad way, the chrystal waters glide,
The stream of life, and, planted by its side,
The vital trees their golden fruit present,
With healing leaves to cure the nations sent.
Not all the palaces that Poets feign
In fairy land, where flighty fancies reign;
Not all the wealth that graced the splendid bowers,
Built by the fabled fairies' magic powers;
Could emulate this edifice divine,
Inferior in materials and design.
But pearls, nor gems, nor richest gold afford
Such glories as the presence of the Lord.
Within his sacred tabernacle, here
The splendors of his majesty appear.
His Saints, admitted by his favouring grace,
Shall see their friendly Saviour face to face.
The bright and morning star affords his light;
No need of sun by day, or moon by night.

No tears shall dull the eyes, nor any weight
Of sorrow e'er afflict this happy state.
For worship here is found no temple's place,
The Deity extends through endless space.—
Enough! Here let me rest! TIME IS NO MORE!
And as a wondering shepherd from the shore
Looks o'er the vast expansion of the deep,
Whilst chilling horrors o'er his senses creep:
Thus contemplation, from Time's utmost verge,
Looks on Eternity's tremendous surge,
Beyond the utmost ken of human sight,
Unfathomable, dark, and infinite!
O'er the rapt soul a flood of grandeur pours,
To feel the vast inheritance is ours!
Born for eternity, confined on earth,
Death lifts the veil, and gives eternal birth.
Freed by his friendly hand, we soar sublime
Above the narrow bounds of earth and time.

FRAGMENTS.

FRAGMENTS

ORIGINALLY INTRODUCED INTO THE FIRST BOOK OF THE PROGRESS OF IDOLATRY, BUT AFTERWARDS OMITTED.

Page 8. After the line,

Speeds round the moral world her rapid flight.

From India's regions to the farthest west,
Where Britain's isles on Ocean's bosom rest:
From the cold mountains of eternal snow,
To where the Nile's prolific waters flow:
From thence to sketch, as in a pictured plan,
The devious wanderings of benighted man
God's form sublime by human arts defaced,
With glowing pencil on my canvas traced.
And on strong wing through every realm and age,
The Muse pursues her task through many a page,
To that glad hour, by bounteous Heaven designed
To open Mercy's gates to all mankind.
When all the faithful from Creation's birth,
From every zone, and period of the earth,

In joyful hallelujahs will unite,
Lost in the splendor of ethereal light.
Like him who sculptured on Pelides' shield
The various scenes of peace, the tented field.
Or as in convex mirror, small in size,
Extensive views are painted to our eyes,
And in one glance the pleased spectator sees
Lakes, houses, churches, mountains, men, and trees.

OF THE CREATION.—ON MILTON.

If an unfeeling ruffian had displaced
A sparkling gem which some fair bosom graced,
And filled the void by pebbles from the street,
Trod by the passengers' unwary feet:
Such were the man who dared the tale to tell,
Of earth's creation, and how Adam fell,
Sung by the bard whose lofty muse aspired
To God's high throne, by heavenly ardour fired;
Far above famed Mœonides, or him who bore
The son of Venus to Ausonia's shore.
Yet this great argument, I fear too bold,
Lightly I touch, nor leave it quite untold.
My rugged verses, nor luxurious pour,
Like his, a boundless stream of various lore,
Nor rich imagination's fund supplies
The copious language of a thousand dyes;
Whilst his sweet verse no Gothic fetters knows,
And each harmonious line in course unbended flows.

Page 9. After the line,

Enriched and watered by refreshing rills.

Thus elevated from the deep the land arose,
And in set bounds the liquid ocean flows;
His voice commands, though swelling torrents roar,
" Here thy proud waves be stayed, nor violate the
" shore."
The fertile soil received the seeded plants,
The kind provision for man's future wants.
The naked earth was clothed in cheerful green,
And useful herbs of every sort were seen.
The stately trees, with fruit and blossoms stored,
A healthy food, and glorious sight afford.
Next the Almighty, with paternal care,
Peopled with being water, earth, and air.
From great Leviathan's gigantic form,
To the light broods that in the waters swarm.
The living motes that human sight escape,
Endowed with sense, and formed of wondrous shape:
The peacock's plumes, the eagle's powerful wing,
The painted fowls that lightly hop and sing:
The lowly mouse, the elephant's vast size,
The whale, and all the crowded shoals comprise:
The weaver spider, and the prudent ant,
The bee, all provident of winter's want:
The prancing horse, obedient to the rein,
The clothier sheep, the ox to plough the plain:

And all the beasts the savage forest yields,
And all the tenants of the cultured fields.
To the Almighty mind no great or small,
His providential care extends to all.
He who can grasp the infinite of space,
And worlds unbounded in his span embrace,
The living motes that human sight escape,
Endowed with sense, and formed of wondrous shape.

THE CREATION OF EVE.

Page 10. After the line,

The warm affection of a spotless breast.

Though Adam every earthly bliss enjoyed,
Yet in his breast was found a cheerless void.
" No social happiness," he said, " I see,
" No kind associate of my own degree.
" O why did God the gift of speech impart,
" Formed to convey the feelings of the heart!
" Though empty air my voice unheeded flies,
" None comprehends the meaning, none replies.
" I hear the nightingales, and silver doves,
" In notes responsive warble forth their loves.
" E'en the fierce tiger lays aside his hate,
" And sports and gambols with his spotted mate.
" And though each bird and beast its homage pay,
" And seek to please, and round me fondling play,

" And though the spaniel, man's familiar friend,
" Watch every look, and on my paths attend:
" In vain I seek a corresponding mind,
" Nor in their ranks a fit companion find."
Then God, all-gracious, lovely woman formed,
With glowing life, and heavenly spirit warmed.
Produced by power divine from Adam's side,
God gave her blushing for his faithful bride,
In mutual love his happiness to share,
And in sweet converse soften every care.

THE DEATH OF ABEL.

Page 12. After the line,

The worship to his God he fully owed.

Adam, the first created man, subdued,
His wicked course the artful fiend pursued.
The righteous Abel by the Lord was loved,
His offerings welcome, and his life approved.
Cain's gloomy mind was stained with every vice,
His prayers were vain, abhorred his sacrifice.
When in the fields their daily task they ply,
He views his brother with a murderer's eye;
And thus by Satan's foul suggestions led,
By envious Cain a first-born mortal bled.

BOOK VI.

Page 115. After the line,

And every fowl that hovers on the wing.

OF SOLOMON.

E'en now his fame in eastern climes prevails,
Excites their wonder, and enchants their tales.
His seal, and starry horoscope, and name,
Command the Genii, and the Demons tame.
Yet would you know the secrets of his art,
And how to act the wise enchanter's part?
God's piercing Spirit was his magic sword,
His mighty talisman God's holy Word.
The seal of victory God's protecting power,
Which stamped success in danger's trying hour.
Follow his precepts, let his arts be tried,
And serve thy God, his sacred book thy guide.
All glorious triumphs you will then attain,
Satan subdued, and all terrors vain.
And splendid raiment will around them shine,
And lasting crowns eternally be thine.

Page 120. After the line,

The splendid dwelling of the Lord of Hosts.

See in the west a horned goat arise,
And drive in haste and fury through the skies,

And smite the Ram with Persian honours bound,
And tread his powerful rival in the ground.
'Twas God ambition poured in Ammon's mind,
To do the mighty work by Heaven designed;
To end the Persian's arbitrary reign,
And rescue Judah from his galling chain.
God's will performed, and of his help bereft,
And to poor human nature's wisdom left,
Unchecked by all the grandeur of his soul,
Nor chastened by the Stagyrite's control,
Behold the conqueror in his festive mood!
By folly and intemperance subdued,
Led by a strumpet, his companion slain,
He falls a victim on the conquered plain!
Soon there appeared upon the worldly stage,
A king of furious countenance and rage;
A horn of power all nations to subdue,
The stars of Judah to the earth he threw.
The daily sacrifice arose no more,
The Holy Place was stained with human gore,
And Judah's sons, by deepest vices stained,
A fresh destruction for their sins sustained.
Then Judas, by divine commission great,
Restored fallen Judah to his former state.
Yet soon its splendid victories were o'er,
It sank no more to rise, before Rome's conquering power.

Page 122. After the line,

Should fall like lightning from his lofty throne.

Thus dying Jacob, like the cygnet sung
The various fates that o'er his kindred hung.
" Lion of Judah! powerful as thou art,
" In future times thy sceptre shall depart.
" And Shiloh, mighty Prince, in that sad hour,
" Shall rule the Gentiles with resistless power."
Moses was honoured by superior grace,
Favoured by God, conversing face to face.
'Twas he alone God's wondrous vision saw,
And from his mouth received the glorious law,
In signs and wonders led the chosen race,
From Egypt's thraldom to the promised place.
'Twas then declared a Prophet should arise,
Like him all-powerful, and good, and wise:
New laws to give, which, subject to his sway,
Submissive Jews and Gentiles should obey.
When mystic truths, from e'en the best concealed,
Should to mankind in mercy be revealed;
How God should best be worshipped, sin forgiven,
And shewn the splendid paths that lead to heaven.
Sovereign and Seer, through thy illumined ode,
David, the stream prophetic clearly flowed.
'Twas sung to thy sweet harp's melodious tone,
Thy seed should ever occupy thy throne.

Page 123. After the line,

And every lonely desert will rejoice.

The rose and lily will the rocks adorn,
And the hard stones will smile with crops of corn.
On every mountain gladness will appear,
And the bland earth her choicest produce bear.

BOOK VII.

Page 139. After the line,

In persecution and in deadly spite.

Satan, O Peter, saw thy varying mind,
Firm as a rock, yet wavering as the wind.
Prepared one moment for thy Lord to die,
The next thy loving Master to deny.
He sought thy wild affection to control,
And to destruction lead thy tottering soul.
Fallen as thou wert, the herald of the day
Awoke thy conscience from its sinful way.
And one kind look from Christ's all-piercing eyes
Shot through thy soul, and woke repentant sighs.
In Christ's beloved flock one sheep was found,
Unlike the rest, corrupted and unsound.
Iscariot! thief and robber of the poor,
His vice not all his Master's love could cure.

With a false kiss that Master he betrayed,
And his own hand the forfeit justly paid.

Page 139. After the line,

Messiah for the people's sins should bleed.

Sin, Death, and Satan vanquished, from the tomb
He rises glorious to his heavenly home.
His death and resurrection now reveal
His power, and fix the last authentic seal.
In Jesus' death the deep foundation laid,
The glories of God's house were soon displayed.
The lofty dome in heaven, on earth its base,
It stands eternal, and it fills all space.
Faith, Hope, and Charity the dome support,
The splendid columns of Messiah's court.
Nor will his priests in due succession fail,
Nor will the gates or powers of hell prevail.

APPENDIX.

PRINTS OF THE PRINCIPAL HINDU DEITIES, WITH EXPLANATIONS.

For the notes to the Poem, see the end of the second volume.

Brahma.

AC

Saraswati.

Vishnu.

AC fat

Lakshmi

Anna Purna

Vishnu and Radha.

Vishnu marrying a Bear.

R.C. *Churning the Ocean with the Mountain Mandara.*

RC

Buddha

Siva.

Siva as Kal

DURGA.

Ganesa.

KARTTKIYA

SURYA.

Hanuman Nareda

EXPLANATION

OF THE

PLATES OF THE HINDU DEITIES.

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1. BRAHMA. p. 31. of the Poem.

OF *Brahm*, the eternal, self-existing being, there is no representation.

Brahma, the creative deity. He is represented with four heads, and four arms, denoting his superior wisdom and power. In his hands he bears a *Veda*, a spoon used in sacred ceremonies for lustral water, a vessel of water for ablution, and a rosary, which is used by his worshippers in contemplating his being, a bead being dropped at the mental recitation of each of his many names. All these implements are used by the Brahmans, said to be his descendants. His vehicle is a goose, for every god has an appropriate vehicle, or emblem called their *Vehan*, or *Nandi*, which are common to their wives.

2. SARASWATI. p. 32.

Saraswati is Brahma's wife, Sacti, or his energy or active power. She is the goddess of imagination and

invention, and patroness of the fine arts, like Minerva. She is figured with four hands: one holds the musical instrument called the Vina, another perhaps a Veda, the third a lotos, the last a cup. She is sometimes seated on a goose, a peacock, or a swan, but here on a bird called the Bhagala, the batta, or rice field bird, resembling the heron. For the Vina, see the figure of Nareda, No. 15.

3. VISHNU. p. 32.

Vishnu, the preserving power, probably the Sun. He has a thousand names, amongst which, in his several avatars, or descents upon the earth, he is called *Krishna*, *Rama*, *Buddha*, *Govinda*, and by other appellations. In his left hand he bears the *Chank*, which is the buccinum, or trumpet shell, used in war. The sound is terrible, and confers victory. In his right hand is the *Chakra*, a missile weapon like a quoit, from which dart flames of fire. The mode of holding his hands is said to be an invitation to ask favours, and a promise to grant them. His Vehan is half eagle, half man, and called Garuda.

4. HIS CONSORT LAKSHMI. p. 33.

His consort *Lakshmi*, the goddess of abundance, prosperity, and riches. As *Rembha* she is the goddess of beauty, and sprung from the sea when it was churned, as hereafter related. One of her names is *Maya*, or *Ada Maya*, the general attracting power, the mother of all.

Kama, or Love, is her offspring, who is married to *Reti*, or Affection. She is here represented as nursing Kama.

Anna Purna is a form of Parvati, the wife of Siva, to be described after in Plate 11.

Numbers 5, 6, 7, 8, relate to the Avatars, or incarnations of Vishnu.

5. VISHNU AND RADHA. p. 39.

Vishnu and Radha, the subjects of the Gita Govinda. They are here represented, after their reconciliation, in affectionate attitudes, swinging; an amusement very usual in India.

6. VISHNU MARRIED TO A BEAR. p. 53.

This was a left-handed marriage. The name of the ursine beauty was *Iambavanti*, and she is not enumerated amongst his regular wives. A Raja, by severe penances, obtained an inestimable jewel, called *Srimantaka Aditya*, or the Solar jewel, which he refused to surrender to Krishna, at his request. A great bear, called *Iambavanta*, slew the Raja's son, and carried off the jewel. Krishna overcame the bear, recovered the jewel, and obtained the hand of his beautiful daughter. He had by her several children; one of them named *Samba*, gave rise to a war, related in the poem called the Mahabarat.

This is supposed to be an astronomical allegory, signifying Krishna, or the sun's approaching and receding from the northern tropic, the Ursa Major; and the marriage

to represent the solar influence. For a farther explanation, see the Hindu Pantheon, page 215.

7. Churning the Ocean. p. 33.

Churning the ocean with the mountain *Mandara.* The whole earth having being overwhelmed by a flood, except a pious prince named *Satyavrata* and his family, who were saved in a vessel, Vishnu became incarnate in the form of a tortoise, in which shape he sustained the mountain Mandara. By gods and demons the mountain was whirled round, the serpent *Vasoki* serving as a rope, and the ocean was churned. By this means they recovered fourteen jewels, or blessings. 1. The moon. 2. The goddess Lakshmi. 3. Wine, or its goddess. 4. Oochisrava, an eight headed horse. 5. Kustubha, an inestimable jewel. 6. Parijata, a tree that yielded every thing desired. 7. Surabhi, a cow similarly bountiful. 8. A physician. 9. The Elephant of Indra. 10. The shell Chank. 11. An unerring bow. 12. Drugs and poison. 13. Rhemba, a beauty. 14. Omrita, the beverage of immortality. The story is told in various ways. Here Vishnu, or Krishna, is seen in three different places, as the tortoise, in his own person, on the top of the mountain, and with Brahma and Siva churning. The three opposite demons are called Asuras.

8. Buddha. p. 36.

The history of this deity is variously related. By some of the Hindus he is considered as Vishnu in his ninth and last avatara. But many Brahmans deny this

identity, and by the Buddhists he is held to be an independent deity. His religion formerly prevailed extensively in India, but its votaries were persecuted and expelled by the Brahmans. A few, however, still remain under the names of *Iains and Mahemans.* But the Buddhists still occupy all the countries to the east of the Ganges, Ava, Burma, Ceylon, China, Japan, Thibet, Cochin China, and other parts. Perhaps it is the most extensive religion on the earth. As Vishnu, he descended to put an end to human sacrifices, and his votaries are forbidden to deprive any animal of life. The priests are called Rahans, and are enjoined celibacy. There is no distinction of castes amongst them. Their religion differs from that of the Brahmans, and they cultivate wisdom, justice, and benevolence. Their temples are usually caves in rocks. The hair of Buddha is always woolly. This print is taken from an image from Ava. It has large ears, thick lips, and woolly hair. It has been supposed that he was worshipped in the North, under the name of Odin.

9. Siva. p. 57.

Siva, destruction, and reproduction. He has a thousand names, amongst them, *Kal*, *Mahadeva*, and *Iswara.* He rides a white bull. He is represented with three eyes, to denote his view of times past, present, and future. A crescent on his forehead signifies time, measured by the Moon. Serpents proceeding from various parts of his body signify years. A necklace of human skulls shews his destructive power, and the successive generations of

mankind. His hair is wreathed in a sacred form called Dhurjati.

10. Siva, as Kal, or Maha Pralaya. p. 57.

Siva, as *Kal*, or *Maha Pralaya*, time, eternity, non-entity, or the grand consummation of all things. He holds a cup, or the roll of fate, and a scimitar to execute its decrees. He is devouring cities, as he will destroy man, cities, the globe itself, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, and all the inferior gods, and lastly himself, and nothing will remain but Brahm, the eternal being. He is sometimes considered as Siva, the destroyer, or as Yama, the god of death or hell: but there is great confusion in the Hindu mythology, being for the most part allegorical.

11. Durga. p. 58.

Parvati, the Sakti or wife of Siva, had many other names, as *Durga*, *Bhavani*, *Kali*, and *Devi*. The mountain Himalaya, personified as a monarch, by his wife Mena, was the father of Parvati, signifying mountain born. She is sometimes represented with beauty and elegance, looking with affection upon her husband, but still ornamented with her skulls and snakes. As Kali, she had formerly human sacrifices offered to her. As Durga, which means difficult of access, she represents active virtue, and she destroyed Mahushasur, or vice. This figure is taken from an image in the Museum of the India House. She has her snakes, long claws, horrid breasts, goggle eyes,

long teeth, and an enormous tongue, and the cloth Pira about her waist. Her hair is stiffened out like a glory. In this form she combated vice, terrifies sinners, received human sacrifices, and celebrated the dreadful dance described in the poem.

In Plate 4, she is represented as *Anna Purna Devi*, meaning the goddess who fills with food a benevolent being, a household deity. She holds a ladle, sometimes filled with fruit.

Siva and Parvati had two celebrated sons, *Ganesa*, and *Kartikiya*.

12. GANESA. p. 66.

Ganesa is the god of prudence and policy, and is universally propitiated. He has the head of an elephant, the wisest of beasts, and is sometimes attended by a rat, a most sagacious animal. He is very fat and clumsy, and holds in his four hands a lustral vessel, a mallet, a hook to guide an elephant, and a bason full of Batasa, little cakes of sugar, which he is taking up by his snout; elephants being fond of sugar.

13. KARTIKIYA. p. 66.

Kartikiya, the god of war, and commander of the celestial armies. He has six heads, twelve arms furnished with hostile weapons, and rides on a peacock, bespangled with eyes.

14. SURYA. p. 62.

Surya, the Sun. He is drawn in his chariot by seven green horses, and driven by *Arun*, the dawn, who is repre-

sented without legs, to shew his imperfect light, partly hid in darkness. He holds in his hands the attributes of Vishnu.—The seven horses allude to the seven prismatic colours.

Chandra, the moon, a male deity, is drawn in a car by pied antelopes, with a crescent on her head, and sometimes accompanied by a rabbit.

15. HANUMAN. p. 64.

Rama, the mighty conqueror, had an army of monkeys, of great power and strength, as large as elephants, or mountains. They were commanded by *Hanuman*, the son of Siva. They performed great conquests, and destroyed many of Krishna's enemies. They built a bridge from the continent to Ceylon for the passage of Rama's army to attack *Ravana*, a powerful being with many heads and hands, to rescue his wife Sita. Hanuman was likewise a musical genius, and is supposed to be the same with Pan. He is sometimes represented with ten arms, each fortified with weapons of war.

Nareda was the son of Brahma and Saraswati, and is the subject of a Purana. He was a wise legislator, great in arts and arms, the messenger of the Gods, and a musician of exquisite skill. He was the inventor of the Vina, or Indian lute, now used. This is a fretted instrument, with two gourds to assist the sound, having seven wires, two steel and five brass. It is played upon by the fingers, some of which are fortified by wires. See the Asiatic Researches, vol. i. page 264, and for a full description of the instrument, page 295.

The Plates of the Hindu deities, and the description of them, are taken from Moor's Hindu Pantheon, and Sir William Jones's Dissertation on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India, in the Asiatic Researches, volume the first: all from the authentic sources of Hindu images and pictures.

For farther information respecting them, see the Notes.

Every one is familiar with the gods of Greece and Rome. The Egyptian Deities are not such strange monsters as the Hindu gods, and are only human beings with the heads of the animals sacred to them. There are no images or pictures extant of any of the other forms of Idolatry. To represent any other deities than those of the Hindus, was therefore unnecessary, or impossible.

NOTES

TO THE

PROGRESS OF IDOLATRY.

NOTES.

BOOK I.

1. *But years advancing, serious thoughts inspire.*

THE present Poem was not begun till the Author had completed his eightieth year, on the twenty-second of July, in the year 1838. To comply therefore with Horace's useful rule respecting a poem, *Nonum prematur in annum —Membranis intus positis, delere licebit,* was impracticable. Hence many faults may be found, which in longer time might have been corrected. But I claim the indulgence allowed by him. *Opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.* In parts taken from the Scripture, I have adopted the very words as nearly as the verse would admit. The reader will perceive likewise many allusions to the ancient classics, and modern poets, and that their words or expressions are occasionally introduced; sometimes designedly, and sometimes inadvertently. I did not think it necessary always to point out these coincidences, because they would naturally occur to most readers of poetry.

2. *By vast convulsions torn the rocks emerge.*

It is not intended to enter upon the vast scene of the early state of the earth which has been laid open by the recent discoveries of geology. This account is nearly confined to the popular statement of Moses.

3. *Myriads that in a drop of water free.*

"There are myriads of living atoms existing in a drop "of water, recreating themselves, and executing all their "various functions and evolutions, with as much rapidity "and apparent facility, as if the range afforded them were "as boundless as the ocean. An internal structure is "discerned in some, equal, if not superior, to that of "many larger animals, and comprising a muscular, nerv-"ous, and, in all probability, a vascular system, all "wonderfully contrived for the performance of their re-"spective offices." Pritchard's Natural History of Animalcules, 1834.

4. *The worship to his God he justly owed.*

Though not expressly mentioned in the very short account given by Moses of the antediluvial æra, it is most probable that idolatry as well as other sins prevailed, as it seems a natural weakness in mankind to worship the scenery of the world, in place of their Creator. And had the worship of the true God continued, it is not probable that the world would have degenerated into such an abandoned state of sin.

Many of the Rabbins, and other learned men, have found a direct proof of the antediluvial idolatry in the

passage of Moses, Gen. iv. 26. "Then began men to call upon the name of the Lord;" which they interpret, "Then there was profanation in calling upon the name "of the Lord." This is the interpretation of Onkelos, Jonathan, author of the Chaldee Paraphrase, Salomon Jarchi, and other Rabbins, and some translations. Jonathan says, "Is fuit (Enoch scilicet) cujus in diebus cœperunt homines errare, et facere sibi idola; et nominarunt idola sua nomine Domini Dei." Selden de Dis Syrius, vol. ii. column 227 and 239.

They have even attributed this sin to Enoch himself. Maimonides, in his treatise on idolatry, translated by Dionysius Vossius, printed at Amsterdam in 1668, chap. 1. says, "Temporibus Enos gravissime homines errarunt. Etiam ipse Enos inter errantes erat. Hic autem fuit error, eorum. Quandoquidem, inquiebant, Deus creavit stellas, ac spheras istas ad regendum mundum, easque in sublimi posuit, et honoris participes fecit, et illis ministris utitur; merito profecto laudamus eas, atque extollamus, et honorem iis impartiamur. Atque hæc voluntas ipsius Dei, ut magnificemus, ac veneremur quemcunque ille evexit, et honore affecit..... Postquam cœperunt sideribus templa ædificare, et sacrificare, seque coram iis incurvare. Idque fundamentum fuit idolatriæ..... Tum aggressi sunt homines facere similacra in templis, dein adorabant ea.

5. *Chaldæa's sons the heavenly host adore.*

It is the opinion of learned men, that the tower of Babel was a temple erected for the worship and observation of the heavenly bodies, and that Bel or Baal was the sun. The words, that the tower "may reach to heaven," has

been supplied by the translators. The original has only "whose top unto heaven;" meaning more probably, "whose top may be sacred to heaven," that is, "the host of heaven." It was the same tower which is so described by Herodotus, Diodorus, and other Greek writers. Hawkins's note on Milton, book xii. ver. 44. Bochart in Phaleg. Prideaux, Bryant, Rollin. On the top was a chapel, and a colossal image of Bel. Other deities, probably celestial objects, were likewise worshipped. Herod. Clio, s. 181. Διὸς Βήλου ἱρὸν—ἴνθα ἄγαλμα μέγα τοῦ Διός. The name of Jupiter was applied by the Greeks to the sovereign deities of all nations. Diodorus, book ii. p. 69. ed. Steph. ἱερὸν Διὸς, ὃν καλοῦσιν Βήλον—ὑψηλὸν καθ' ὑπερβολὴν, ἦσαν δὲ καὶ θυσιαστήρια. He mentions Juno, and Rhea, perhaps the moon, or the air, and the earth.

6. *From Noah's stem three mighty branches sprung.*

See the discourses of Sir William Jones in the Asiatic Researches, particularly the ninth, in vol. iii. p. 479. He has proved, principally from their languages, that all mankind were derived from these three branches, in the manner here stated. It has occurred to me, and I do not recollect it to have been elsewhere observed, that there is a marked distinction between the three races in their mode of writing. Seth's descendants write from right to left, Ham's from the left to the right, and the wild offspring of Japhet are ignorant of letters.

7. *Hence all the host of Heaven as gods appeared.*

As the worship of the heavenly bodies was the most ancient, so it was the most universal of all kinds of

idolatry, and it prevailed in one form or another in every heathen nation. Its antiquity is proved by its being mentioned by Moses, Deuteronomy iv. 19. and in Job xxxi. 36.

Many of the Eastern nations worshipped the sun and other heavenly bodies directly, others under the names of various deities. Thus Baal was the sun. In the Hindu mythology, as far as it was idolatrous, all the infinite number of deities may be referred to the sun, and the phænomena connected with it. Sanchoniatho, Τὸν ἥλιον Θεὸν ἐνομίζον, οὐρανοῦ κύριον, Βεελσάμην καλοῦντες. Adonis too; Adonim solem esse non dubitetur. Macrobius, lib. i. c. 21. Moloc also. In Persia the sun was called Mithras, in Egypt, Osiris, and Ammon. Heliopolis was the city of the sun. In Greece and Rome, Apollo, and many of the other Gods; Solem deum esse lunamque, quorum alterum Apollinem, Græci, alteram Dianam nuncupant. Cicero, de Nat. Deor. lib. iii. So the Celts and Northern nations. Astarte, Isis, Diana, Juno, Ceres, Morespius, and Venus, were names for the Moon.

The stars were thought to be animated beings with life and understanding, and governed all things below. This was the opinion of Plato, and other philosophers, even of later times, and of some of the Fathers of the Church. Even Tycho Brahe, Epist. ad Rotmannum; Cum et cælum animatum esse ipsaque cœlestia corpora vitali spiritu prædita, non abs re sensisse videatur Platonicorum philosophia. The Church itself hesitated to decide on this point. A learned Jesuit (Adamus Tannerus) asserts, that if they were intelligent beings, "possent ubique a nobis etiam coli aliquo cultu sacro, seu religioso." Vossius.

With the powers of Heaven, those of the Earth were likewise worshipped, and the four component elements. The *Earth* itself under the names of Cybele, Dindymene, Isis, Vesta, Juno, Ceres, Venus, Proserpine, Flora, Pales. By the Northern nations by the name of Hertha. (See Tacit. De Mor. Ger.) *Fire*, by the Persians, Egyptians, Greeks, as Vulcan, Vesta, and other deities. *Water*, by the Egyptians, Persians, and Greeks, as Neptune and the Naiads, and other deities. The *Air*, by the appellations of Jupiter and Juno.

> Istic est is Jupiter, quem dico, quem Græci vocant
> Aërem, qui ventus est, et nubes, imber postea,
> Atque ex imbre frigus, ventus post fit, aër denuo.
> *Ennius apud Varronem.*

All nature was worshipped under the name of Pan. The winds, the rainbow, night and day were worshipped.

Animals and plants were first honoured as symbols of some divinities, or as consecrated to them, afterwards on their own separate account, generally for some useful qualities, or from the contrary, out of fear. Hence various kinds of beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, flowers, and plants.

So many of the events and fatalities of human life were embodied into divinities. Generation, health, life, death, the Fates, diseases, memory, sleep, hunger, thirst, terror, modesty, divine vengeance, concord, discord, war, peace, victory, hope, despair, fear, anger, eloquence, silence, medicine.

So virtues and vices; virtue, justice, piety, chastity, courage. Of the jocosa imago *Echo*, there is an amusing specimen in the Anthologia, lib. iv.

But although this crowd of divinities was worshipped by the vulgar, it was condemned by the wiser philosophers, who nevertheless continued in the practice of it. Seneca says, Omnem istam ignobilem Deorum turbam, quam longo ævo superstitio congessit: ita adorabimus, ut meminerimus, hujusmodi cultum magis ad *morem*, quod ad *rem* pertinere. (In Augustine de Civ. Dei, lib. vi. c. 10.) They followed the practice out of deference to custom and the general opinion, though they knew there was no reality or truth in it.

That most of the heathen gods were originally men, either kings, founders of cities, warriors, or the inventors of useful arts, whatever celestial natures might in time be attributed to them, there is ample testimony. Cicero de Nat. Deor. lib. i. Quid qui aut fortes, aut claros, aut potentes viros tradunt post mortem ad Deos pervenisse; eosque ipsos quos nos colere, precari venerarique soleamus. Ipsi etiam majorum Gentium Dei, quos Cicero in Tusculanis, tacitis Hominibus videtur attingere, Jupiter, Juno, Saturnus, Vulcanus, Vesta, et alii plurimi—homines fuisse produntur. (Augustinus de Civit. Dei, viii. c. 5. Cic. in IIdo De Legibus.) Colunto et illos quos in cœlum merita vocarunt, Herculem, Liberum, Æsculapium, Castorem, Pollucem, Quirinum. So Romulus, and Acca Larentia his mistress. There was an Anna Perenna, though it is doubtful who she was. She is said to be the same with Anna Purna Devi, the Hindu goddess of plenty[a]. In later times, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Vespasian, Titus, Trajan, and even Empresses, were advanced to the rank of gods, as Livia. Of Greece, Cicero says, In

[a] See As. Researches, vol. viii. p. 69, 85. Hindu Panth. p. 157, 158.

Græcia multos habent ex hominibus Deos. De Nat. Deor. III. Amongst others Agamemnon, Menelaus, and Helen were adored οὐχ ὡς ἥρωσιν, ἀλλ' ὡς θεοῖς. (Isocrates.) Philip and Alexander. Jupiter was a Cretan king.

The same is said of the Syrian and Egyptian gods. Sanchoniatho, καὶ γὰρ δὴ καὶ τὸν Κρόνον ἄνθρωπον εἶναι: and adds, that they had θεοὺς θνητούς. Θεοὺς ἐνόμιζον τοὺς τὰ πρὸς βιωτικὴν χρείαν εὑρόντας. So Dagon and Astarte were originally mortals. Baal was supposed to be Nimrod. So in Egypt, Isis and Osiris taught the art of Agriculture, Mercury letters. Of Osiris, Tibullus says, lib. i. el. 7.

Primus aratra manu solerti fecit Osiris,
Et teneram ferro sollicitavit humum,
Primus inexpertæ commisit semina terræ
Pomaque non notis legit ab arboribus,
Hic docuit teneram palis adjungere vitem,
Et viridem dura cædere falce comam
Illi jucundos primum matura sapores,
Expressa incultis uva dedit pedibus.

κ. τ. λ.

I leave it to Jacob Bryant and other fanciful mythologists, to ascertain who all these Gods really were.

8. *Colossal gods adorn gigantic fanes.*

Although numerous representations of the Egyptian deities, both in sculpture and painting, have been discovered within these few years, and fill the museums of Europe, yet since none of their religious books are extant, as is the case with the eastern and northern mythologies, their religious system is involved in much confusion and

obscurity. Our knowledge of it is chiefly derived from the Greek writers. But as it was their usual practice to assimilate the deities of other countries to their own, from any slight or fancied resemblance, though differing in very important respects, their accounts are far from being perfectly accurate. More perfect information is to be derived from the extraordinary remains of Egyptian art.

It appears that the Egyptians, like other ancient nations, preserved for some time the original tradition of one God, the Creator of the world. But they early degenerated into idolatry, and that species of it which was most universal; the adoration of the heavenly bodies, which prevailed even in the time of Joseph.

Their many deities originally were only the representatives of the several attributes of one great Deity, and the various powers of Nature. But these real doctrines were known only to the priests, and concealed from the vulgar in enigmas, symbols, allegories, and metaphors, and in hieroglyphics, and the people were taught to consider these representations as separate and independent deities.

From some fancied resemblance to their various powers, certain animals and plants were dedicated to the respective deities. At length they acquired a sacred character in themselves, and thus became the objects of worship; such as cows, crocodiles, apes, and even onions.

Their deities were usually represented not in such monstrous figures as by the Hindus, but in a human form, with the head of the animal which signified their powers,

as that of the hawk, whose piercing sight might not unnaturally denote their extensive perception.

A general idea of their gods, however imperfect, may be formed from the comparison made by the Greeks. Thus Ammon, or Amun, is considered as Jupiter, the supreme God, the Creator, and the Spirit pervading all things, and the Sun. To him the magnificent temples at Thebes were dedicated: hence that city was called by the Greeks Diospolis. He is represented with the head of a ram, or simply as a ram itself, in which form he had the name of Cneph, or the good genius. Osiris was the sun likewise, signifying wisdom and power. His symbol was a sceptre and an eye, or a hawk. Isis, the moon, was his sister and wife, the celestial Juno, the Queen of Amenti, and the nature of all sublunary things. In which character, she says, " I am every thing that has been, that is, and shall be. Nor has any mortal ever yet been able to discover what is under my veil." She was called also Netpe, or Nephthys, and bore wings. Phtha was compared to Vulcan, but was a far superior deity. He organized the world, and was the origin of science and philosophy. He was the male emanation of the divinity, as Neith, improperly called Minerva, was the female emanation of Divine wisdom. The beetle was sacred to her. Bubaste was the moon likewise, Diana, or Lucina. She is figured with the head of a cat, from a notion that animal grew fat and lean as the moon waned and decreased, and had as many kittens as the moon had days, in succession twenty-eight. She presided over childbirth and infants. There are many images of her with cats' heads in the British

Museum. Athor was Venus, the goddess of celestial love. Her image was a white heifer, and she was probably the same with Isis. Phre or Re was the sun; he was hawk-headed, and bore a globe on his head. He was particularly worshipped in the city called On, or the city of the sun, and by the Greeks, Heliopolis. He was the emblem of wisdom. Potiphea was a priest of this god. Thoth, with the head of an ibis, was Mercury. South, with the head of a crocodile, was Saturn. Satè, the daughter of the sun, queen of heaven and earth, and ruler of all below. Smè, or Smei, was the Greek goddess of truth and justice, represented by a serpent called Uræus. Serapis was the sun, and Horus, or Apollo. Apis, the sacred bull, represented the increase of the Nile. Anubis was Mercury, with a dog's head for his sagacity and fidelity, the eternal spirit, the sun, the moon, the Nile. Typhon was the evil genius, opposed to Ptha, or Cneph, the good genius. The crocodile and hippopotamus were dedicated to him. All the bad parts of nature were members of him; as drought, tempests, and destructive heats. Hence he was opposed to the Nile, the source of every blessing. Nephthys, his wife, stood for the barren parts of Egypt.

This is an imperfect account of some of their principal deities from the Greek writers, enlarged and made more accurate from the recent discoveries.

The Egyptian ceremonies at death were remarkable. Upon the decease of any person, even their kings, he was brought to a trial before forty-two judges. There was a public accuser, and if he was found to have been a wicked person, he was deprived of burial, and his memory stigmatized, otherwise he was buried in an honourable manner.

This custom was the origin of the Grecian fables relating to Tartarus. The custom was transferred to their mythology. The dead were supposed to be brought to a region called Amenti. Osiris, the king, and four other beings presided; Amset, with a human head; Hapè, with that of a baboon; Sioumautf, of a jackall; Kebhsnauf, of a hawk. All this is represented in painting upon many mummies, particularly in one in the British Museum, which has been engraved by Vertue, and was that of Trioui, the son of Selsol. Osiris is seated on a throne with the whip and sceptre, to denote his power. Before him are the four deities. Sme, the goddess of truth, is presenting the deceased to Osiris. There is a large balance, in which the actions of the life of the deceased are being weighed. In front of the balance is Thoth, writing on a tablet the result of the weighing. Other deities attend, and on other parts of the mummy are seen Isis, as Netpe, with expanded wings, and Nephthys, and on the back of the coffin Athor.

As to the external form of the religion of Egypt there is ample demonstration. See Juvenal, Sat. II. and other ancient authorities; and above all the Egyptian antiquities, so extensively brought to light, and preserved in the British Museum, and other places. Here are preserved mummies of cats, dogs, monkeys, and other divinities.

Anaxandrides, a comic poet of Rhodes, in the times of Philip and Alexander the Great, of whose hundred plays a few fragments only remain, preserved by Athenæus, in a scene between a Greek and an Egyptian, treats the

Egyptian divinities with some humour. The passage is quoted by Vossius, de Theologia Gentili, vol. ii. p. 98.

Οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην συμμαχεῖν ὑμῖν ἐγώ,
Οὐθ' οἱ τρόποι γὰρ ὁμονοοῦς οὔθ' οἱ νομοὶ
Ἡμῶν ἀπ' ἀλλήλων δὲ διέχουσιν πολύ.
Βοῦν προσκυνεῖς, ἐγὼ δὲ θύω τοῖς θεοῖς.
Τὴν ἔγχελυν μίγιστον ἡγῇ δαίμονα.
Ἡμεῖς δὲ τῶν ὄψων μίγιστον παραπολύ.
Οὐκ ἔσθιεις ὗεις· ἐγὼ δὲ γ' ἡδόμαι
Μάλιστα τούτοις. Κύνα σίβεις τύπτω δ' ἐγὼ
Τοὔψον κατισθίουσαν ἥνικ' ἂν λάβω.
Τοὺς ἱερέας ἐνθάδε μὲν ὁλοκλήρους νόμος
Εἶναι· παρ' ὑμῖν δ', ὡς ἔοικεν ἀπηργμένους
Σὺ μὲν τὸν αἴλουρον κακὸν ἐχόντ' ἂν ἴδῃς
Κλαιτίς· ἐγὼ δ' ἥδιστ' ἀποκτεινὰς δέρω.
Δύναται παρ' ὑμῖν μυγαλῆ, παρ' ἐμοὶ δὲ γ'ου.

That is, I cannot be your comrade, since neither our laws or our habits agree. You worship the ox, I sacrifice it to the gods. You think the eel a great deity, we esteem it the best of dishes. You do not eat swine's flesh, I delight in it as the best of meats. You worship the dog, I beat him, when I catch him eating my meat. It is the law here, that priests should be perfect in their bodies, it is your custom that they should be mutilated. You weep if you see a sick cat, I kill and skin her.

It does not appear what animal is to be understood by μυγαλῆ, compounded by μυς, a mouse, and γαλη a weasel.

Herodotus mentions their going into mourning for cats and embalming them, lib. ii. c. 66, 67.

Strabo, book xvii, says, that all the Egyptians worship some animals, as the ox, the dog, and the cat: others are sacred only in particular cities. See Herodotus in Euterpe.

As to the worship of onions, Juvenal is confirmed by other authorities, as Prudentius in Symmach. ii.

> Vilia Niliacis venerantur oluscula in hortis,
> Porrum et cepe deos imponere nubibus ausi.

9. *By soft Adonis's much fabled name.*

For the Syrian gods, see Selden de Diis Syriis.

10. *Old Homer's Muse their bible and their law.*

It was the opinion of Herodotus, that Homer and Hesiod principally settled the religious tenets of Greece, which before were vague, as they happened to arise or were imported: the standard of Grecian orthodoxy must be looked for in them. Mitford's Hist. of Greece, vol. i. p. 102.

Οὗτοι δὲ (Ἡσίοδος καὶ Ὅμηρος) εἰσὶ οἱ ποιήσαντες θεογονίην Ἕλλησι, καὶ τοῖσι θεοῖσι τὰς ἐπωνυμίας δόντες, καὶ τιμάς τε καὶ τέχνας διελόντες, καὶ εἴδεα αὐτῶν σημήναντες. Herod. lib. ii. ch. 53.

11. *Rome claimed no talents for the arts of peace.*

See the fine lines in the sixth book of Virgil's Æneid:

> Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra:
> Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore voltus:
> Orabunt causas melius: cœlique meatus

Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent:
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

12. *In burning images his children slain.*

The religion of the Celts and Druids, differed from that of Scandinavia, the other great European form of religion, in many essential particulars. The Celts held the doctrine of transmigration. They burnt human victims in great wicker idols: venerated the oak and the miseltoe. Their learning was not generally diffused, but confined to the sacred College of Druids. Their doctrines were kept sacred and secret, and it was prohibited to commit them to writing, and indeed they had no alphabet. In all these points they differed from the Scandinavian scalds, minstrels, and sages, as will appear when we treat of their doctrines. See Cæsar and Tacitus.

For the Egyptian Mythology, see Jamblicus de Mysteriis Ægypt.—Jablonski's Pantheon Ægyptiacum, Frankfort, 1750.—Kircher's Œdipus Ægyptiacus.—Manetho in the Ancient Fragments by Cory, 1832.—Horapollo.—Sanchoniathon.—Plutarch de Iside.—Rosellini's fine plates of Egyptian Antiquities:—and the fine specimens in the British Museum, and many Collections in Europe.—Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, Warburton, Cudworth, &c. &c.

BOOK II.

1. *O happy country, Nature's darling child.*

India was celebrated in ancient times for its wealthy productions, as at present. An elegant description of it is given in the Periegesis of Dionysius, a writer of the Augustan age, which the classical reader will not be displeased to see.

Πρὸς δ' αὖγας, Ἰνδῶν ἱερατεινὴ πίτναται αἶα
Πασάων πυμάτη, παρὰ χείλισιν Ὠκιανοῖο·
Ἣν ῥὰ τ' ἀνερχόμενος μακάρων ἐπὶ ἔργα καὶ ἀνδρῶν
Ἠέλιος πρώτησιν ἐπιφλέγει ἀκτίνεσσι,
Τῷ γαίης ναίεται μὲν ὑπὸ χρόα κυανέουσι,
Θειοτέσιον λιτόωντες· ἐειδομένας δ' ὑακίνθῳ
Πιοτάτας φορέουσιν ἐπὶ κράτεσφιν ἰθίζας,
Τῶν δ' οἱ μὲν χρυσοῖο μεταλλεύουσι γενέθλην,
Ψάμμον ἐϋγναμπτῃσι λαχαίνοντες μακέλῃσιν,
Οἱ δ' ἐστοὺς ὑφόωσι λινεργίας. Οἱ δ' ἐλεφάντων
Ἀργυφέους πρισθέντας ὑποξύουσιν ὀδόντας·
Ἄλλοι δ' ἰχνεύουσιν ἐπὶ προβολῇσιν ἀναυρῶν
Ἤτοι βηρύλλου γλαυκὴν λίθον, ἢ ἀδάμαντα
Μαρμαίροντ', ἢ χλωρὸν διαυγάζουσαν ἴασπιν,
Ἣ καὶ γλαυκιόωντα λίθον καθαροῖο τοπάζου,
Καὶ γλυκερὴν ἀμέθυστον ὑπηρέμα τορφυρέουσαν.
Παντοῖον γὰρ γαῖα μιτ' ἀνδράσιν ὄλβον ἀέξει,
Ἀενάοις ποταμοῖσι κατάρρυτος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα.
Ναὶ μὴν καὶ λειμῶνες ἀεὶ κομόωσι στιφλοὶ·
Ἄλλοθι μὲν γὰρ κίγχρος ἀέξεται ἄλλοθι δ' αὖτε
Τλαι τηλεθόωσιν Ἐρυθραίου καλάμοιο. κ. τ. λ. line 1107.

Critics understand the sugar cane by the Erythrean reed.

There is no necessity to translate these lines, as the ancient state of India was exactly like the present, which is described in the text. I therefore omit Jacob Bryant's elegant translation.

2. *Ere history began, in ancient times.*

The principal scriptures of the Hindus are the six Sastras. These are, the Veda, the Upaveda, Vedanga, Purana, Dherma, Dersana. Of these the Veda and the Purana are the principal. The Sastras comprehend all knowledge, human and divine. Besides the doctrines of religion and morality, they contain the practical arts of life, law, grammar, poetry, mathematics, astronomy, medicine, music, dancing, and the mechanical arts. The Puranas contain the history of the creation, and an infinite number of the romantic adventures of the gods and men.

The Upanishods are parts of the Vedas, being treatises on the unity of God, and the identity of spirits with him.

The Sanscrit language, in which they are written, is of a wonderful structure, more perfect than Greek, more copious than Latin, and more refined than either. It appears to have been the origin of an innumerable number of some of the principal languages of the world: the Greek, the Latin, the Celtic, and the Gothic.

The Hindus boast of three inventions: the method of instructing by fables, the decimal scale of arithmetic, now in general use, and the game of chess. They have a fertile and inventive genius. Their lighter poems are lively and elegant: their epic, magnificent and sublime. Their Puranas comprise a series of mythological histories

in blank verse, and their Vedas abound with noble speculations in metaphysics. They have besides a great number of plays, and innumerable books on all subjects. Sir William Jones's Discourse on the Hindus. Asiatic Researches, vol. i.

The oldest monuments of the Hindu religion are the Vedas. A summary of their contents was published by Mr. Colebrooke, in the eighth volume of the Asiatic Researches, and reprinted in his Miscellaneous Essays, 2 vols. 8vo. 1837, for Allen and Co. Parts have been translated by Dr. Rosen, Mr. Stevenson, and others. The Vedas are four in number, Rich, Yajush, Saman, and Atharvan; or, as usually compounded, Rig-veda, Yajur-veda, Sama-veda, and Atharva-veda. The latter differs from the others, and is not uncommonly omitted from their specification. Each is an unarranged aggregate of promiscuous prayers, hymns, injunctions, and dogmas, unconnected. The Hindus hold them to be coeval with the creation, uncreated, and simultaneous with the first breath of Brahma, the creative power. They furnish in themselves, internal evidence of their having been composed by different hands, and at different periods. They were collected, from a scattered form, by the son of Rishi, or Vyasa, the arranger. Probably he flourished about thirteen centuries before the Christian era.

They are each distinguishable into two portions, the one practical, and the other speculative. The practical part is mostly obsolete; consisting chiefly of prayers to divinities no longer worshipped, and some now even unknown. In many parts of India the Vedas are not studied at all, or merely for the sake of repeating the words, which are

not understood by the Brahman who recites or chaunts them.

The religion of the Vedas differs in many very material points from that of the present day. The worship is chiefly domestic, consisting of oblations to fire, and the other elements, and their presiding deities. Such as Vayu, the deity of the air, Indra, of the firmament, Mitra, the sun, Varuna, of the waters. This, perhaps, was the earliest character of their worship. But their fundamental doctrine is undoubtedly Monotheism; "adore God alone" is their injunction.

There is a Society in Calcutta, chiefly instituted by Rammahun Roy, which substitutes the worship of one God in lieu of idolatry.

It seems doubtful if, in the time of these compositions, idolatry was practised in India. The personification of the divine attributes, of creation, preservation, and regeneration, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, originated no doubt with the Vedas, but are rarely named, and are blended with the elementary deities. Even now, the priests of idolatrous temples are not considered as of a reputable order. And the worship of images is defended only upon the plea that the vulgar cannot raise these conceptions to abstract deity, and require some perceptible objects to address.

The dwelling house of the householder was his temple, and, if qualified, he was his own priest. Afterwards there was a family priest, and a Gurse, or spiritual adviser. The worship of the Linga had no place in the Vedas, and the great body of the present religious practices are subsequent

in time, and foreign in tenor, to those which are enjoined by the Vedas.

Their observances are very minute and troublesome, and occupy much time. They enter into all the trivial actions of life, and are very unmeaning, and absurd. The public worship has undergone greater changes. The most popular divinity is now Vishnu, and mostly in his Avataras, as Rama, or Krishna, and, most extensively, as the lover of Radha, who receives scarce less homage than Krishna.

The Puranas are eighteen in number, some very voluminous, and they are held in almost the same estimation as the Vedas. They are probably the work of various hands, none perhaps anterior to the eighth or ninth centuries. They exercise a general influence, and direct prayers, feasts, fasts, and other observances. For a reference to works which give descriptions of them, see Wilson's two Lectures in a note at page 27; and a translation of the Vishnu Purana has just been published by Professor Wilson, 1 vol. 4to. for Murray, in 1840. Colebroke on the religious ceremonies of the Hindus, in the fifth and seventh vols. of the Asiatic Researches, and reprinted in his Essays.

The Tantras are chiefly in colloquies, between Siva and his wife Parvati. They are numerous and voluminous: their origin and history is unknown. They are authorities for all that is most abominable in the Hindu religion. The great feature is the worship of Sakti—divine power personified as a female: individualized not only as a goddess, but in *every woman*, to whom worship may be addressed; but mostly the bride of Siva, by her many

names, Parvati, &c. The ritual comprehends magical ceremonies to obtain superhuman powers. To these may be attributed the bloody sacrifices offered to Kali, and the indecencies practised at their rites. These are kept secret, and no Hindu will acknowledge herself to be of what is called the *left-handed Sakta faith*. See Asiatic Researches, vols. 16 and 17.

It seems, on the whole, that the practical religion of the Hindus is a heterogeneous compound.

From Professor Wilson's Two Lectures delivered at Oxford, on the 27th and 28th of February, 1840, and published soon after. It must be observed, that the whole of this Poem, and the Notes, were written before the Professor's Lectures were read or printed, except where I have expressly quoted him.

3. *When India first was peopled since the flood.*

The doctrine of the Vedas, as to God, agrees perfectly with the first of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. Sir William Jones, Works, vol. vi. page 422.

Rammahun Roy, a Brahman, who was lately in England, has written several books to shew the real doctrines of the Vedas, and the folly of Idolatry. He says, the Unity of the Supreme Being is inculcated in the Vedas, and the other doctrines are allegorical representations of his attributes, by means of earthly objects, whose natures are analogous to them. They were introduced for the sake of those whose limited understanding rendered them incapable of comprehending, and adoring the invisible superior being.

This supreme being is called Brahm, who is distinct from the inferior deity Brahma, the creator.

Of this being it is said that no vision can approach him, no language can describe him, no intellectual power can compass or determine him. He is beyond all comprehension. He is the sense of hearing, of the intellect, of language, breath, and sense.

In the Ukhaika, a part of the Vedas, it is said that those powers of the divinity which produce agreeable effects, and conduce to moral order and happiness, are represented under the figure of celestial gods. Those attributes from which pain and misery flow are called demons.

For the benefit of those who are inclined to worship, figures are invented, as representatives of God, who is merely understanding, has no second, parts, or figure. To these attributes, forms are factitiously assigned.

In these artificial rites and fables the Brahmans find their comforts and fortune. The worshippers mistake them for relations of real facts.

Great ceremonies are used in manufacturing an idol, called Pran Pratish't 'han, or the endowment of animation; by which it is supposed to acquire life and supernatural power. Male and female divinities are married with great pomp, as if real. They ascribe to them the opposite natures of human and superhuman beings. As God is every where present, they worship him in every living creature. All thus far from Rammahun Roy.

The same doctrine is contained in what is called the Gayatri, or holiest verse of the Vedas, to the repetition of which great merit is attributed. It is this:

"Let us adore the supremacy of that divine sun, the

" godhead who illuminates all, who recreates all, from " whom all proceed, to whom all must return, whom we " invoke to direct our understandings aright in our pro- " gress towards his holy seat." Sir William Jones, Works, vol. vi. p. 417.

On a close examination it might be found, that all the pagan deities melt into each other, and at last into one or two, meaning the powers of nature, and principally that of the sun. The mythology of the Hindus is often inconsistent and contradictory, no wonder as it is mostly imaginary. Sir W. Jones, As. Res. vol. i. p. 267.

4. *In all we see, or hear, his essence found.*

This may appear to be taken from Pope's Essay on Man, (Epistle i. line 267.) But it is almost literal from the Vedas, hereafter quoted.—Pope's verses are these;

> All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
> That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same;
> Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame;
> Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees.

Chrishna, in the character of the supreme Being, says in the Bhagaval Gita, " Even I was even at first not any " other thing: that which exists, unperceived, supreme; " afterwards I am that which is; and he who must remain " am I."

" Except the first cause, whatever may appear, and " may not appear, in the mind, I know that to be the " mind's Maya, or delusion, as light, as darkness

" As the great elements are in various beings entering, " yet not entering, (that is, pervading, not destroying,) thus " am I in them, yet not in them.

" Even thus far may enquiry be made by him who seeks " to know the principle of mind in union and separation, " which must be every where, always."

And again, " I am the creation, and the dissolution of " the whole universe. There is not any thing greater " than I, and all things hang on me, even as precious " gems upon a string. I am moisture in the water, light " in the sun and moon, invocation in the Vedas, sound in " the firmament, human nature in mankind, sweet smelling " savour in the earth, glory in the source of light: in all " things I am life; and I am zeal in the zealous; and " know, O Argoon! that I am the eternal seed of all " nature. I am the understanding of the wise, the glory " of the proud, the strength of the strong, free from " lust and anger; and in animals, I am desire, regu- " lated by moral fitness." Sir William Jones's translation.

The three great Gods are sometimes considered as forming one triple divinity; the initials of their names, Vishnu, Siva, Brahma, signified by the three letters A. U. M. compose the mystical word O'm, or Aum, a word which never escapes the lips of a pious Hindu, who meditates on it in silence. Sir W. Jones, As. Res. vol. i. p. 242.

A being the first letter of the alphabet signifies Brahma, the first of the gods. Jagan-nath, or Jagganaut, represents the three great deities, therefore he unites all sects. His name signifies, Lord of the Universe.

5. Absorbed in contemplation of his state.

Under the name of Narayena they signify the Spirit of God moving on the water, the original self-existing being. They hold that all creation is merely a set of perceptions, and that all bodies exist only as they are perceived. This illusive operation is called Maya, or deception. The divine being surveying his own mind, at his look Maya sprung into being. She gave him a casket filled with ideas, from which he framed the universe. He bade the waters to flow, a genial wind breathed over it, a lucid bubble arose, it became an egg, a cerulean form burst out from it. It was Brahma, the creating power, who lay on the lotos. The unknown, the all-knowing Word said, " Go, bid all worlds exist."

The senses, the organs by which Maya acts, and produce beautiful sights, sounds, smells, feelings, tastes, the heavens, the earth, the sun and stars, seas, mountains, meads, plants, and all else, are delusive pictures, unreal beings, all fading worlds; there is one only real being, the source of all perception, only God.

The pure enlightened soul assumes a luminous form, with no gross body, no perforation, veins, or tendons, unblemished, untainted by sin, itself being a ray from the infinite spirit, the same in kind though infinitely distant in degree. Sir W. Jones, from the Vedas. Works, vol. vi. p. 422, 424.

The great being says, " I am the creator of all things. All things proceed from me. I am the beginning, the middle, and the end of all things. I am time, all grasping

death, and the resurrection. I am the majestic One, generation and dissolution." Maurice, Hist. of Hindustan, from the Bhagavat Gita.

This world was all darkness, undiscernible, as in a profound sleep; till the self-existent invisible God making it manifest with five elements, perfectly dispelled the gloom. He, desiring to raise up various creatures by an emanation from his own glory, first created the waters, and impressed them with a power of motion; by that power was produced a golden egg, blazing like a thousand suns, in which was born Brahma, self-existing, the great parent of all rational beings. Having dwelt in the egg, through revolving years, himself meditating on himself, he divided it into two equal parts, and from those halves formed the heavens and the earth. From the Manava Sastra, as translated by Sir W. Jones. As. Res. vol. i. p. 244.

The mode of creation, and the production of Brahma, are very differently related in the Scanda. See Wilford on Egypt, &c. in As. Res. vol. iii. p. 374.

6. *Eternal souls by transmigration tried.*

When a soul leaves its body, it immediately repairs to Yamapure or the city of Yama, where it receives a just sentence from him, and either ascends to Swerga, that is heaven, or is driven down to Naraka, the region of serpents; or assumes on earth the form of some man, or animal; unless his offence has been such that it ought to

be condemned to a vegetable, or even a mineral prison. Sir William Jones on the Gods of Greece, and Asiatic Researches, vol. i. p. 239.

This doctrine appears evidently in a Sanscrit play, called the Mrichchakati, or Toy Cart, written about the first century of the Christian æra, and translated by Horace Hayman Wilson, Esq. Professor of Sanscrit in the University of Oxford.—Select Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindus. Ed. 1835, vol. i. p. 133.

Sthavanaka, a slave, says, "I cannot do what ought not to be done. Fate has already punished me with servitude for the misdeeds of a former life, and I will not incur the penalty of being born again a slave."

Another character, the Vita, approves of what he says,

—"revolving fate
Has doomed him to a low and servile station,
From which he wisely hopes a life of virtue
Hereafter sets him free. Do you too think [*his wicked master*]
Though degradation wait not close on crime,
And many, obstinately foes to virtue,
Suffer not here the punishment they merit;
Yet destiny not blindly works. Though now
Her will gives servitude to him, to you
A master's sway; yet in a future being
Your affluence may his portion be assigned,
And yours to do submissively his bidding."

7. *Vishnu's kind care inferior worlds employ.*

Most of the Hindu Deities have had their Avatars or descents upon earth, but those of Krishna are the most

celebrated.—The three first are supposed to relate to the Deluge, disguised under poetical forms. In the *first*, the whole earth being destroyed by a flood, the Menu, Satyavrata, was saved by entering, by command of Vishnu, a vessel, with pairs of all animals. Vishnu assumed the form of a fish, and by a serpent for a cable, the vessel was fastened to his horn, and thus secured till the waters subsided. The word Menu differs little from Noah, or rather Nu. The history of this Avatar is the subject of the first Purana, containing 14,000 stanzas!

In the *second* Avatar, in the shape of a tortoise he sustained the mountain Mandara, which served as an axis whereon the gods and demons, the serpent Vasoki serving as a rope, churned the ocean, to recover the Amrita, the beverage of immortality. They obtained in all fourteen *gems* as they are called. 1. The Moon, Chandra. 2. Sri, or Lakshmi, the goddess of fortune and beauty. 3. Sura-devi, the goddess of wine. 4. Oochisrava, an eight headed horse. 5. Kustubha, an inestimable jewel. 6. Parijata, a tree that yielded every thing that could be wished for. 7. Surabhi, a cow equally bountiful. 8. Dhanwantara, a physician. 9. Iravati, Indra's elephant. 10. Shank, a sounding shell, conferring victory. 11. Danusha, an unerring bow. 12. Bikh, poison, or drugs. 13. Rhemba, the beautiful Apsara. And 14. The Amrita, nectar, or the liquor of immortality. No. 4, 6, and 9, belonged to Indra. In the *third Avatar*, Vishnu was four headed, and had the head of a boar, on whose tusks rests a crescent, with an epitome of the earth, which had been immerged in the ocean for its iniquities. He interfered, after a contest of a thousand years, slew a monster, and raised the earth

on his tusks. In the *fourth*, in the form of a man-lion he burst out from a pillar, and rent asunder the blasphemous tyrant Hiranyakasipu. *Fifthly*, He appeared as a dwarf to check an ambitious monarch, and his form expanded till it filled the world. He appeared, *sixthly*, as Bala *Rama*, the conqueror who was assisted by Hanuman: as Parasu Rama, in the *seventh*, who defeated a wicked Raja with twenty arms. *Eighthly*, as Rama Chandra, he is celebrated in the Ramayana, an heroic poem, now translated. *Ninthly*, as Buddha. The *tenth* is yet to come, as described in the poem. The Hindus, like most other people, have a prophetic tradition of the coming of a punisher and redeemer.

Some of the Brahmans and Hindus admit Buddha to have been an incarnation of Vishnu: others do not allow it. The Buddhists chiefly hold him to have been a separate and independent being. This religion was once very extensive in Hindustan, but was persecuted and nearly extirpated. The Jains are of this sect, which also is the religion of great part of India. The Buddhists have a separate order of Priests, and a sort of Pope in Thibet; and have no distinction of casts.

As to the times when these Avatars are supposed to have taken place, the chronology of the Hindus extends over immense spaces of time, and comprehends millions and millions of years.

Sir William Jones, in his treatise on their Chronology, (Asiatic Researches, vol. ii. p. iii. Calcutta edition,) considers the three first ages as mythological, astronomical, or poetical. The fourth, or historical, age, he calculates

to have begun about two thousand years before the Christian æra. This, called the Maya Yug, was to consist of 4,320,000 years, divided into four calpes, the golden, the silver, the copper, and the iron ages; which last is the present.

As the three first Avatars relate to the deluge, their commencement is thus fixed. As to the last, which has already taken place, that of Buddha, it must be observed, that the Brahmans admit of two persons of that name. The first having married Ila, the daughter of Menu, he must have been contemporary with the Deluge. But the second Buddha, the last incarnation of Vishnu, is supposed to have lived about a thousand years before Christ. So that the Avatars are contained in the period from the Deluge to about a thousand years before Christ, or about 1348 years. But all these calculations are very uncertain.

The *eighth* Avatar, of the pastoral Chrishna, is supposed to have taken place about two hundred years before that of Buddha, or about 1200 years before the birth of Christ, which was in the time of the Judges in Israel, soon after the siege of Thebes, in the reign of Theseus, and before the siege of Troy. Buddha's æra is in the time of Solomon.

The Avatars are ingenious moral allegories, with a great portion of metaphysics and astronomy, and throughout deeply interwoven with the traditional history of the first ages of the world. Maurice's Indian Antiquities, vol. ii. p. 129.

The brief account here given of the Avatars in the text, is taken from Jayadeva's short Ode in their honour, in

Maurice, ed. 1820, p. 1. And Sir W. Jones, As. Res. vol. ii. p. 119. The history and adventures of Vishnu are related in a great variety of modes, and are innumerable. As they are merely allegorical, or the inventions of the poets, it is not extraordinary that they should so multiply and vary. He is supposed sometimes to represent the Sun, and his adventures to relate the motions, aspects, and other astronomical relations of that planet.

8. *As Chrisna once upon the favoured earth.*

In the Bhagavat Purana, there is a very long history of Vishnu as Khrishna, or in his eighth Avatar or descent to earth, containing extraordinary narratives full of poetical decorations. He was born at Mathura as the son of Vasudeva and Devaci. Nanda and Yasodha were his foster father and mother. Mathurá was the capital of the Yadavas, of whom Cansa was the king. It was foretold that the eighth son of Devaci would destroy him. Vishnu was the eighth son, and was born with eight arms, and he was taken to Nanda to be nursed. This birth was his eighth Avatar. Pootna, a female friend of Cansa, undertook to destroy him by giving him milk from her poisonous breasts. He was aware of it, and slew her. In his infancy he performed many extraordinary miracles, as at the age of seven years holding up a mountain on his little finger. The Gopias were the milk maids of Nanda's farm, whom he delighted with his flute. He slew his enemy Cansa.

In this Purana there is nothing about his love for Madha, but a long account of his numerous wives. He

first married the eight Nayagas, who seem to have been his principal wives, of whom Rohemini was the chief. Afterwards he wedded sixteen thousand Rajaguis, virgins, the daughters of Rajas, who had all fallen in love with him. He kept them all in Dwaraka, his earthly palace, as Vaiconda was his heavenly abode. Here he multiplied himself into as many distinct persons as he had wives, to visit them, and each thought she was his sole favourite. Each of his wives brought him ten sons. He had likewise a wife who was a bear.

His earthly death was as follows. A prophecy was given to him—"Take care of the sole of your foot." Weary of the world, he resolved to quit it. In a fit of meditation he placed his foot over his thigh. A hunter, mistaking it for an animal, wounded it with the point of an arrow, which was formed from the destructive iron of a magic club. A light proceeded from Krishna, which illuminated heaven and earth. Celestial beings came to meet him, and he ascended to Vaiconda, from whence he had descended.

His palace Dwaraka was appointed to be destroyed by a deluge. His wives flew to Eendraput, or Delhi. Five burned themselves, including Rohemini. The others assumed the habits of Sanyassi, or female hermits, forsook the world, and retired into the deserts. In another account, Riskmini, daughter of the king of Kundina, was the chief of his wives.

All these inventions are said to refer to the power and operations of the solar deity. From the Bhagavat Purana, translated by Wilkins, and abridged by Maurice, in his History of Hindustan, vol. ii. p. 261. Hindu Dramas, vol.

ii. p. 83. The Bhagavat Gita is an Episode in the heroic poem of the Mahabarat.

Though clothed by the poets in the form and language of earthly love, the amours of Vishnu are allegorical, mystical, or metaphysical, being descriptions of the solar powers, and the influence of the divinity upon the world, and the human soul. Laying aside allegories, he no longer appears as a dissolute being with innumerable wives and mistresses, but is described in the Bhagavat Gita in sublime terms. Argun, the son of Pandu, addresses him, as "the "supreme Brahm; the most holy; the most high God: "the divine being before other Gods: without birth: the "mighty Lord: God of Gods: the universal Lord." He says of himself, "I am of things transient the begin- "ning, the middle, and the end: the whole world was "spread abroad by me in my invisible form. At the end "of the period Kalp all things return into my primordal "source: and at the beginning if another Kalp, I create "them all again. I am the creator of the world, I am "death, and immortality: entity and non-entity, time, "death, and the resurrection."

He seems here to be perfectly identical with Brahm, Brahma, and Siva: so much do their deities run into one another, and shew that they are all personifications of one supreme and only God.

9. *The Cokil's Song.*

The Kokila is a black bird, whose notes are as various and melodious as the nightingale's. It sings chiefly in the night, and in the spring, and is called the friend of love. The Cetaka is a very odoriferous plant.

Professor Wilson, speaking of the songs of Jayadeva, says, that although to the uninitiated, the hero and heroine appear to be actuated by human passions alone, yet the initiated find in the fervent desires and jealous tortures of Radha, the anxieties, the hopes, the fears, the longings of the soul; and in the steady, though sometimes seemingly inconstant love of Krishna, the affection which the Supreme Being bears, amidst all his misgivings, and fallings off, to man.—They contain a glowing fervent of devotion which might be mistaken for sensual love, and which only describe the yearnings of the human soul, to be reunited with that divine spirit from which it is supposed to have originally proceeded. Wilson's Two Lectures, 1840.

Jayadeva, the poet, was an ascetic, devoted to Vishnu, and married a Brahman's daughter. It is said of him, that when he was composing the Gita Govinda, he felt himself unable to describe the charms of Radha. He went to bathe, and, in the mean time, Vishnu assumed his person, and wrote the description now in the poem. He was once attacked on a journey by Thegs or thieves, who cut off his hands, but they sprouted out again. Amongst other wonderful deeds performed by him, he restored his wife Padmavati to life again, after she was dead. The opulent and luxurious, and women in particular, attach themselves to the worship of Krishna and Radha, and there are many feasts in their honour.

10. *His azure breast with glittering jewels glows.*

Vishnu is represented of an azure colour, some of the other gods are copper coloured, white, black, or blue.

11. *The union of the soul with love seraphic vails.*

The love adventures of Vishnu and Radha are related in the tenth book of the Bhagavat, and are the subject of a Pastoral Drama, entitled Gita Govinda, written by Jayadeva before the Christian æra, and translated by Sir William Jones in prose, (Asiatic Researches, vol. iii. p. 184.) I have here translated the Gita Govinda into verse, though somewhat abridged, as there are too many repetitions of the same ideas.

It is a mystical religious allegory, representing the love, or reciprocal attraction, between the Divine Goodness and the human soul, the fervour of devotion, or ardent love of created spirits towards their beneficent Creator, expressed in a style of the warm imagination of poetry.

There are some passages in the works of the sublime and orthodox Barrow, which describe this divine love in a manner not dissimilar.

"Love is the sweetest and most delectable of all "passions; and, when by the conduct of wisdom it is "directed in a rational way towards a worthy, congruous, "and attainable object, it cannot otherwise than fill the "heart with ravishing delight: such (in all respects super-"latively such) is God; who, infinitely beyond all other "things, deserveth our affection, as most perfectly amiable "and desirable; as having obliged us by innumerable and "inestimable benefits—all things in the world, in com-"petition with him, being mean and ugly and loathsome. "We were chiefly framed, and it is the prime law of our "nature, to love him; *our soul, from its original instinct,* "*vergeth towards him as its centre, and can have no rest,* "*till it be fixed on him:* he alone can satisfy the vast

" capacity of our minds, and fill our boundless desires. " He of all lovely things most certainly and easily may be " obtained. He is most ready to impart himself: he most " earnestly desireth and wooeth our love—*he doth cherish* " *and encourage our love by sweetest influences and most* " *consoling embraces.* In the enjoyment he far exceeds " our expectations; wherefore in all affectionate motions of " our hearts towards God; in *desiring* him, or seeking his " favour and friendship; in embracing him, or setting our " esteem, our good will, our confidence in him; in *enjoying* " *him* by devotional meditations and addresses to him; " *in that mysterious union of spirit, whereby we do closely* " *adhere to, and are, as it were, inserted in him;* in a " hearty complacence in his benignity, a grateful sense of " his kindness, and a zealous desire of yielding some " requital for it, we cannot but feel very pleasant trans- " ports: indeed that celestial flame, kindled in our hearts " by the spirit of love, cannot be void of warmth; we " cannot fix our eyes upon infinite beauty, we cannot taste " infinite sweetness, we cannot cleave to infinite felicity, " without also perpetually rejoicing in the first *daughter* " *of love to God, charity towards men;* which in com- " plexion and careful disposition, doth much resemble her " *mother;* for she doth rid us from all those gloomy, keen, " turbulent imaginations and passions, which cloud the " mind—and consequently doth settle our mind in an even " temper, in a sedate humour, in an harmonious order, in " that pleasant state of tranquillity, which naturally doth " result from the violence of irregular passions."

And he quotes Psalm lxxxix. 6. and lxxiii. 25. John vi. 37. Psalm lxx. 4. 2 Cor. v. 20. John xiv. 21, 23.

Apoc. iii. 20. 1 John iv. 19. Rom. viii. 28. 1 Cor. ii. 9. 1 Cor. vi. 17. Acts xi. 23. Deut. x. 20. John xv. 4, 6. Psalm v. 12. xxxvi. 7. lxiii. 3. in confirmation of his sentiments. In his sermon on the text, *Rejoice evermore*, 1 Thess. v. 16. In his Works in folio, 1700, vol. iii. p. 116. and quoted by Sir W. Jones, As. Res. vol. iii. p. 166.

In the same manner the connection between God and the soul is represented by Isaiah, and in other parts of Scripture, as a marriage.

The Song of Solomon is held by divines to be an allegory of the same sort, illustrating God's intimate and mystical relation to his Church by the figure of a marriage, and it is, like Gita Govinda, a dramatic poem of the pastoral kind.

So the connection between Christ and his Church is signified in the Revelations as a marriage, chapter xix. 7—9. xxi. 9, &c.

Krishna's being present at once in different places, signifies the sun's universality.

Spenser has written Odes on divine love and beauty.

11. *'Twas thus Madaura's sage the fable told.*

The beautiful fable, or apologue, of Cupid and Psyche, written by Apuleius of Madaura in Africa, the Platonic philosopher, in his Metamorphoses, or Golden Ass, in books iv, v, vi, represents the connection of the divine love with the soul, which is the subject of Gita Govinda.

BOOK III.

1. *Swords coloured with the blood of victims slain.*

The descriptions of the Hindu gods are taken from their genuine images and pictures.

That human victims were offered to Siva, before all animal sacrifices were forbidden by Buddha and the Vedas, is proved by a scene in the Drama of Malati and Madhava, where Malati is seized by the priest Aghoraghanta to be killed as a victim to Durga, or Parvati, the wife of Siva, who was adored by the same rites. Hindu Drama, vol. ii. l. 54.

The horrid family of Siva, or Iswara, contained a number of persons. His wife Parvati was called amongst many other names, Bhavani, Ambitha, Durga, and Kali, or the Black. Chamunda was an emanation of Durga, sprung from her forehead. She was described with a garland of dead corpses, and other dreadful circumstances. But these names and characters are much confused together, and I have therefore concentrated many of them in the persons of Siva, and Parvati. For the dance of Parvati, see Hindu Dramas, Madhava and Malati, act v. p. 52.

Hail! goddess Kali, who delight in blood.

This invocation is from the Calica Purana, As. Res. vol. v. art. 23.

2. *Save where assassin Thugs, with poniard keen.*

The Thugs are a very extraordinary people. They form a sort of peculiar caste, are very numerous, and

scattered through all Hindustan. They are like the Assassins, so much heard of in the Crusades. They consider murder as the greatest merit, and kill great numbers of persons who fall into their hands by chance, or their artifices. They have only lately been discovered, and numbers have perished by the hands of justice. Some have turned informers, and discovered their practices. One admitted he had slain 700 people, and intended to make the number 1000. The ground of their principles does not seem to be well understood, but it is supposed that these murders are in honour of Bhavani. See Confessions of a Thug, by Capt. M. Taylor, 3 vols. 1839.

In the sacrifices to Kali, one human victim pleases the goddess for one thousand years, three men for one hundred thousand years.

3. *In Dwerga, heavenly station, he abides.*

The Apsuras are the nymphs, the Cinnaras the male attendants, the Gandarvas, led by Chitraratha the musicians. Nandana is Indra's fine garden. In Dwerga, among other amusements, they acted plays, of which Bharata, a holy sage, was the inventor, and the nymphs were the principal performers. One of their acted Dramas was *Lachsmi's Choice of a Lord.* One of the actresses, Urvasi, the nymph, made a laughable mistake in substituting the name of her real lover in place of that of the lover in the play. Hindu Drama, vol. i. p. 225.

4. *Vishnu as Rama to the Earth descends.*

For the history of Rama, see the play of Uttera Rama

Cheritra, or the continuation of the history of Rama, translated by Professor Wilson, with his preface and notes. Hindu Drama, vol. i. p. 275.

5. *A bridge he built across the raging main.*

From the Continent to Ceylon, or Lanka, for Rama's army to pass in his war against Varana. The series of rocks, now called, either from the Portuguese or Mahommedans, Adam's Bridge, is thought by the Hindus to be the remains of Hanuman's bridge.

6. *Yama, dread god, with mighty Siva shares.*

This hymn or dirge at death is from the Veda, translated by Colebroke. As. Res. vol. iii. art. 8.

7. *A thousand gods with each a thousand names.*

This relates only to the superior deities, for the Vedas inform us that there are 330 millions of superhuman beings, good and bad. But this is all uncertain, as there are said to be 600 millions of Apsaras, 60 thousand pigmies, &c. &c. &c.

Siva had 1000 names, which are strung in a sort of litany.

8. *And moral laws unmeaning forms supplant.*

Maurice, in his History of Hindustan, has related, from the Siva Purana, an account of some very extraordinary penances, and the miraculous effects of them. Taraki, a determined devotee, for a hundred years, held up his arms and one foot towards heaven, fixing his eyes upon the sun. For another hundred years, stood on tiptoe.

A third, he lived upon water. During a fourth, he lived upon air. In a fifth, stood and worshipped in the river. During a sixth, he was buried up to his neck in the earth. In the seventh, he was enveloped in fire. In the eighth, he stood upon his head. In the ninth, he stood upon the palm of one hand. Next, he hung by his hand from a tree. During the eleventh century, he hung from a tree, with his head downwards. His mortifications completed., a radiant glory encircled his body, and a flame of fire, from his head, began to consume the whole world. The same penances, and others more extraordinary, though not continued for so long a period as those of Taraki, are still performed by devotees, who are almost worshipped by the pious Hindus, and they are said to obtain whatever boons they ask of the gods.

In the Menu it is held, chap. viii. ver. 103, that in some cases a giver of false evidence, from a pious motive, shall not lose his seat in heaven. Such evidence wise men call the speech of the Gods. Thus, if the death of a man, not a grievous offender, would be occasioned by true evidence, falsehood may be spoken. This is the Popish doctrine!

He who pronounces the name of the goddess Durga, of Huri, the earth, or certain other words, and the Gayitri, or finest verse in the Vedas, or contemplates the Ganges, or performs certain acts of asceticism or austerity, though he practises constantly adultery, or other crimes, is freed from all his sins.

The adoption of a peculiar mode of diet is the chief

part of Hinduism, the least aberration from which is visited by the severest censures and punishments, and a loss of caste. But a rigid observance of it is considered in so high a light as to compensate for every moral defect, even the most atrocious crimes, as murder, theft, or perjury, which do not induce loss of caste, or disgrace. Though in the pure doctrines of the Vedas, the moral principle is a part of the adoration of God, yet these are now neglected by the Brahmans. From Rammahun Roy's publications.

9. *The parts of shame were imaged and adored.*

In the worship of the Lingam, the Yoni, and Argha, and many indecent rites.

Sir William Jones, in a learned Dissertation, (As. Res. vol. i.) has pointed out features of resemblance between the popular worship of the old Greeks and Romans, and the Hindus, too strong to have been accidental, and which shews that some connection had originally subsisted between them, though fancy, and other causes, had operated to occasion many deviations. We see the trident of Neptune, the eagle of Jupiter, the Satyrs of Bacchus, the bow of Cupid, the chariot of the sun, the cymbals of Rhea, the songs of the Muses, the pastoral tales of Apollo Nomius, and Perseus, and Andromeda. There is great similarity in the descriptions, the characters, the powers, and the actions of the respective gods.

It cannot likewise but strike the reader how many of the circumstances of genuine tradition have been

preserved, though much disguised, and embellished by priestly or poetical imaginations. Such are the notions of one God, the creator and preserver of the world, and of a deluge, and many other particulars.

These were the principal *Inferior Deities.*

Indra, the King of immortals, the personification of the firmament, the god of thunder, and the elements of nature. He presides over the celestial bands on Mount Meru in Swerga, the heaven of Indra, where he solaces the Gods with nectar and music. The male dancers are the Cinnaras, the dancing girls Apsaras, or fairies. His garden Mandana. Under him are guardian deities of the eight points of heaven. He is mounted on an elephant.

Varuna, Regent of the ocean and waters, of night or darkness, and Lord of the punishment of criminals.

Kuvera, Regent of wealth.

Surya, the Sun drawn by seven horses, driven by the legless *Arun*, the Dawn.

Soma, the Moon, Chandra, drawn by pied antelopes.

Agni, Regent of fire; with two faces, three legs, and seven arms. A ram his vehicle.

Yama, Regent of hell, King of justice, Death, slayer, reducer of all things to ashes, &c. his abode in Yamapur.

Hanuman, Millions of heroes in monkey forms were produced from the gods, of the size of elephants, in might equal to tigers and lions. Hanuman was the son of Siva, or of Pavana, the god of the winds. They destroyed Ravana, the tyrant of Ceylon, with many heads and twenty hands.

For books on the subject of Hindu Mythology, see the

Asiatic Researches.—Moor's Hindu Pantheon.—Milman's version of Nala and Damagenti.—Maurice's Antiquities and History of India.—Wilks's Sketches of India.—Kinderly's Specimens of Hindu Literature.—Sayer's Dramatic Sketches of Hindu Mythology.—Wilkinson's Translation of the Bhagavat Gita.—Coleman's Mythology of the Hindus.—The Hindu Theatre, and other Works of Professor Wilson.

BOOKS IV, V.

OR NORTHERN IDOLATRY.

The history of Iceland will shew why it has taken the lead with respect to the Northern Mythology. About the year 847, a colony was led from Norway to Iceland, by Ingulf and Hiorlef. About the end of the ninth century, Christianity was introduced into Scandinavia, and was established by law in the year 1000. In 1262, it was united to the Crown of Norway.

The Scalds, or divine poets, continued to flourish in Iceland, after they were extinct every where else. And the religion and the history of ancient times were there preserved. The old Scandinavian or Runic language was maintained pure there, whilst it was corrupted in the countries of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway.

The country was visited by a great plague in 1350, and by the union with Norway, internal troubles, and the devastations of Nature, the island was reduced to its present state of poverty and misery.

The word Scald means a polisher of language, from Skaldre, to polish. Many of the Scalds were of high birth, kings, earls, warriors, and others filled high offices in the state, and they received great rewards.

The mythology of the Scandinavians is contained in some ancient works of the Scalds, in the Runic, or ancient Scandinavian language, called the Eddas and the Sagas.

There are two Eddas.

The elder, or poetical, Edda was published by the Icelander Sæmund, a Priest, who was born in 1056. It was published towards the latter end of the eleventh century, and was collected by him from poems of an earlier date It consists of about forty poems, treating of Theogony, and Cosmogony, the adventures of the gods, and heroes, riddles, magic, and ethics. The word Edda signifies a great-grandmother.

The younger, or prose, Edda, is of later date, compiled by Snorro Sturleson, with continuations, and was probably written chiefly by the same Sæmond. It is composed of various treatises: 1. of mythological Fables. 2. Of epithets and metaphors employed by the Scalds. 3. On the Icelandic characters, on grammatical, rhetorical, and poetical figures, and prosody.

The two most remarkable poems in the elder Edda, are the Voluspa, and the Hava-mal.

I. The Voluspa is the song of a Vala, or prophetess, with the addition of Spa, a prophecy. Seated on a lofty throne, she informs the Gods of the mystery of their creation, and that of the world, and mankind, and their final destruction. . . . . It was first discovered and published by Resenius at Copenhagen in 1673, under the

title of Philosophia Antiquissima Norvego-Danica, dicta Voluspa, with a Latin translation, and copious notes in which he has explained the language, and the doctrines. There is another Latin translation by Stephen Olaus. It has been translated into English verse by Prowell and Cottle. It has been literally translated by Mallet in his Northern Antiquities, by Percy, vol. ii. and by Henderson in his Journey through Scotland. Herbert's Helga, 1815, is an original poem, in which most of the doctrine of the Eddas are introduced. He wrote likewise Icelandic translations.

II. The Haava-Maal, from Haava, lofty, and Maal, a discourse, was said to have been written by Odin, and consists of moral rules for the conduct of human life, like the Proverbs of Solomon.

Another collection of ancient writings are called the *Sagas*, which are narrations, whether fabulous, or true. Upwards of two hundred of them are preserved in the Northern libraries. They are biographical narrations, of different lengths, of events from the ninth to the thirteenth centuries. Some have been published with Latin translations, and the remainder are in a course of publication. In 1817, Professor Müller of Copenhagen, published an account of them, with abridgments of all, in three volumes, under the title of Saga Bibliothek. The earlier Sagas are supposed to be faithful historical narratives. ...In the middle of the eighth century, historical romances were introduced.

In chapters vi and vii, Mallet has given a short account of the religion of Scandinavia as it appeared in the Eddas, with their mode of worship, and religious ceremonies. Their magnificent temples, at Upsala in

Sweden, Drontheim in Norway, and in Iceland, glittered with gold. Fruits and animals were sacrificed, and at length men, captives, or slaves. And the people sometimes sacrificed their Kings. As the King of Vennland, a petty province in Sweden, was burnt to put an end to a dearth; and Hacon, King of Norway, offered his son in sacrifice to obtain a victory. A King of Sweden devoted the blood of nine sons to prevail on Odin to prolong his life. Sometimes the victims were thrown into a well in honour of Goya, or the Earth.

The following is a specimen of the Voluspa, which seems to have been the text of which the Edda was the comment, from a literal translation by Dr. Henderson, in his account of his residence in Iceland, in 1814, and 1815.

Ek man jötna ár of-borna, &c.	*Of the Origin of the World.*
I know giants	No earth was found,
Early born	Nor heaven above;
My ancestors	One *chaos* all, (Ginnunga,)
Of former times.	And no where grass,
Nine worlds I know,	Until Börs sons
With their nine poles	Th' expanse did raise.
Of tender wood,	By whom Midgard
Beneath the earth.	The great was made.
	From th' south the sun
In early times,	Shone on the walls,
When Ymer lived,	Then did the earth
Was sand nor sea,	Green herbs produce.
Nor cooling waves.	&c. &c. &c.

Of the final Catastrophe.

The sun turns pale;
The spacious earth
The sea ingulphs.
From heaven fall
The lucid stars
At the end of time.
The vapours rage,
And playful flames
Involve the skies.

The seas arise
The second time.
From the sea, the earth
Completely green;
Cascades do fall,
The eagle soars
That on the hills
Pursues his prey.

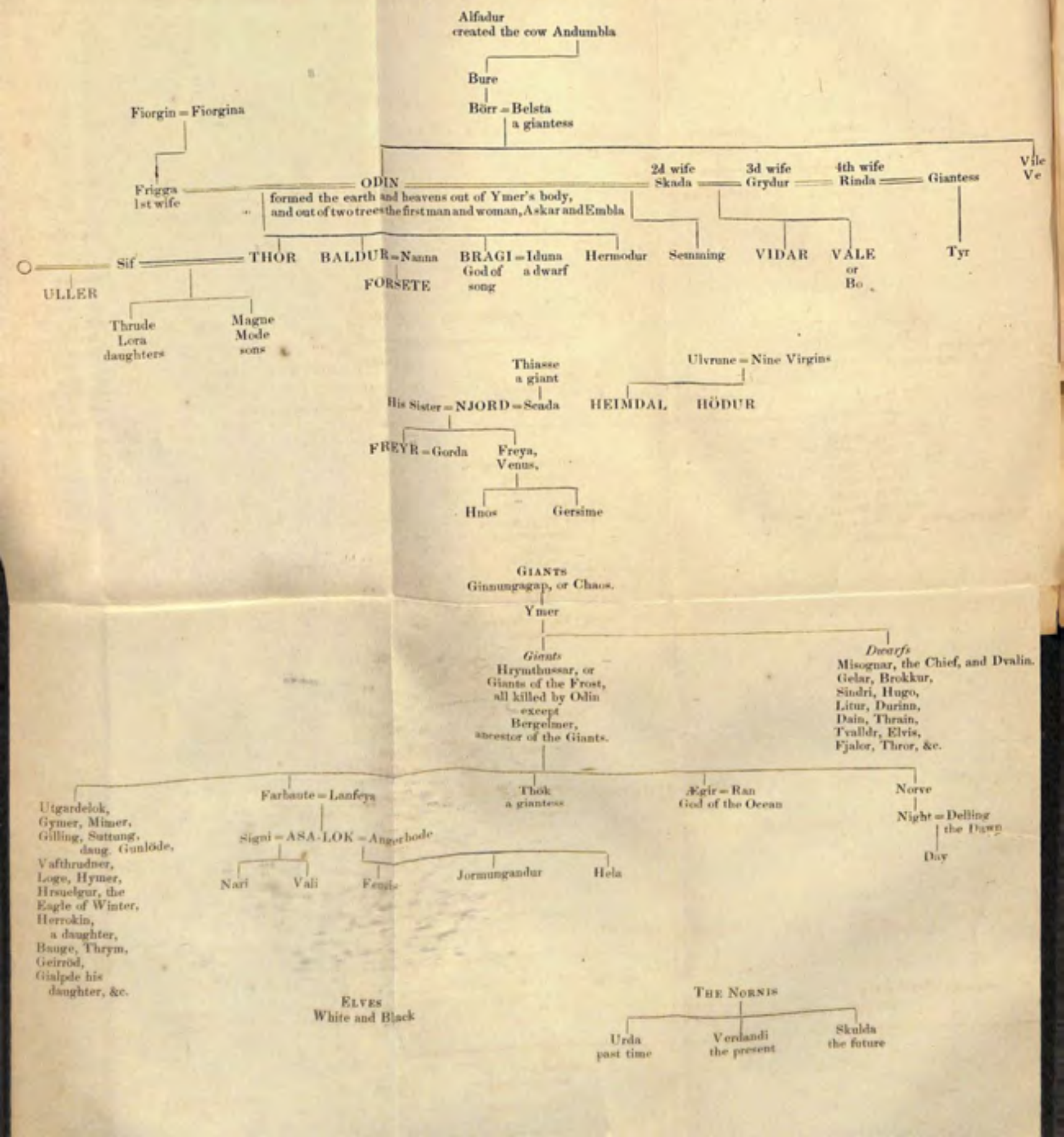
The fields unsown
Shall yield their growth,
All ills shall cease;
Baldur shall come,
And dwell with Havthr.

A hall she sees
Outshine the sun.
Of gold its roof,
It stands in heaven, (Gimle,)
The virtuous there
Shall always dwell.
&c. &c. &c.

The ancient Islandic mythology taught the being of a supreme God, the Author of every thing that existed, eternal and unchangeable. It forbad them to represent his divinity under any corporeal form. From this supreme God were sprung, as emanations of his divinity, an infinite number of subaltern deities and genii; of which every part of the world was the seat and temple. They directed the operations of nature. Each element was under the guidance of some being. The earth, the water, the fire, the air, the sun, moon, and stars. Trees, forests, rivers, mountains, rocks, winds, thunder, and tempests, had their respective divinities, which merited a religious worship. The belief of a future state completed the whole. To

THE GENEALOGY OF THE NORTHERN DIVINITIES.

The names of the twelve principal Aser, printed in Capitals.



serve the divinities with sacrifices and prayers, to do no wrong, and to be brave and intrepid, were their moral doctrines. This was the primitive religion of the North, which was afterwards much corrupted, perhaps upon the arrival of Odin. In that state it appears in the Eddas, and other ancient writings, from which this poetical account is taken. It was then overcharged with false ornaments. Mallet's Northern Antiquities by Percy, vol. i. p. 78. and see Tacitus de Mor. Germanorum.

A dreadful time was appointed, called Ragnarokkar, or the twilight of the gods, when they were all to be slain, and finally destroyed. But the human soul is immortal. Valhalla was the happy place of those who died in battle; and Nifflheim, the place of misery for those who died ingloriously, by disease or old age. But both these places were only temporary, and were to be destroyed, with the Gods, at the Twilight, and two other stations were assigned; Gimle, or the Golden Palace, for the virtuous; and Nastrond, a place of torment, for the wicked. Ibid.

With respect to the real Odin, for the god of that name was a fictitious being, or a personification of the Supreme Deity, much confusion prevails. To solve these difficulties, it has been supposed that, as in the case of Hercules, there were several of that name. He who settled in Scandinavia came from the East, and introduced his religion. It has been supposed that he was the same with the Hindu Buddh. Ibid.

2. *And two wise ravens on his service wait.*

Called Huggin and Mummin, or Observation and Memory.

3. *Frigga* was mother to Thor, Baldur, Bragi, Hermodur, and Tyr. By other women Odin had other children of less note.

4. *But who those maids who round his table stand.*

The Valkyriur are well known as the subject of Gray's fine Ode, The Fatal Sisters, from the Norse, or Icelandic language.

5. *And quaff the sparkling mead from horns of gold.*

Valhalla means the Hall of the Slain. It is an error that the deceased heroes drank mead out of the skulls of their enemies.''' It arose from a mistake in Olaus Wormius's translation of Regnur Lodbroke's Death Song. He translated the passage, *Ex concavis crateribus craniorum.* It should have been translated, *Out of the curved trees of the head,* that is, the horns. In the original, Drecksome bjor at bragditor bjug vidom hausa. Grenville Pigot's Manual of Scandinavian Mythology, 1839.

6. *Nine nights he travelled, and nine sunless days.*

The Descent of Odin is the subject of Gray's Ode, under that name. From these two beautiful poems, much of the Scandinavian Mythology is familiar to all readers.

7. The *Disers* were the goddesses.

8. For the personification of Diseases, see Spenser, F. Q. book ii. cant. 7. st. 21. and Milton's description of the Lazar House, book xi. l. 477.

BOOK V.

1. *And Christian days are called by heathen names.*

The modern days of the week were denominated from the gods of Northern Idolatry. Sunday, from the worship of the sun, Soel; Monday, from Maane, the moon; Tuesday, from Tuisco, or Tyr; Wednesday, from Wodin, or Odin; Thursday, from Thor; Friday, from Freya; Saturday, from the idol Seator, or Sutur. At the winter solstice, there was a great feast in honour of Thor, called Iuul: hence the old name of Christmas was Yule, now used in the North; a Yule-log is a great Christmas log for the merry doings at that season. The month which extends from January 21, to February 19, was called the Sun month, and was celebrated by lighting up torches and bonfires. The Papists substituted Candlemas, or the Feast of torches, in place of it, and likewise the Carnivals. The Feast of St. Paul was the Festival of Vale, the brother of Odin, on the 25th of January. So of St. Valentine's Day. The Popish religion, to attract the Pagans, was ingrafted on their doctrines, and adopted many of these superstitions under new names.

Sir William Jones, and other Oriental scholars, as I have before stated, have shewn the great resemblance

between the Hindu gods, and those of Greece and Rome. There is the same correspondence of the Northern Mythology with the classical Deities, who have all their counterparts in that system of idolatry. Whether, as in the former case, from any original connexions, or from a derivation from one common source, remains to be further investigated. The fact of resemblance is indisputable, insomuch that Resenius, in his Latin translation of the Voluspa, has translated the names of the gods and other beings by the corresponding names of Greek and Roman deities. Thus he has rendered Odin, Jupiter; Heimdall, Bacchus; the Iotuns or Giants, Titans; Aser, the Parcæ; Thursa, the Cyclopic Virgins; Duerga or Dwarfs, Fauns; Misognner, their principal, Tityrus; Thor, a new Jupiter; Hlodni, the mother of Thor, Vesta.

I do not know the origin of the identity of the names of the days of the week in the Roman and Scandinavian chronology. The ancient Romans did not divide their time into weeks; this division was introduced under the Emperors, about the time of Severus, and the days were named from the planets, or the deities who presided over them, and whose names they bore. In the Scandinavian arrangement, which is in use at the present time, the days were named after the deities which corresponded to those of Rome, as Friday, in Latin, dies Veneris, now named from Freya, the Northern Venus.

2. *Their martial females, bold in virtue's pride.*

Inesse (feminis) quinetiam sanctum aliquid, et providum putant: nec aut consilia earum aspernantur, aut responsa

negligunt. Vidimus Veledam din apud plerosque numinis loco habitam. (Tac. Germania viii.) In matrimoniis admonetur, venire se laborum, periculorumque sociam idem in pace, idem in prælio passuram ausuramque, xviii. Paucissima adulteria, publicatæ pudicitiæ nulla venia. Sua quemque mater uberibus alit.

For authorities on the Northern Mythology, see Percy's Translation of Mallet's Northern Antiquities, 2 vols. 1770.—Cottle's Translation of the Edda of Sæmund.—Herbert's Islandic Poetry, Song of Vala, and Select Pieces, with an original Poem called Helga.—Henderson's Journey through Iceland.—Sir Walter Scott's account of the Eyrbriggia Saga.—Weber's Northern Romances.—Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons.—Voluspa, by the Rev. J. Proutt, 1816; and by Stephen Olaus, in 1665, and Resenius in 1673.—M. Edelestand Du Meril's very learned work, La Histoire de la Poesie Scandinave. Paris, 1839.—Grenville Pigott's Manual of Scandinavian Mythology, which is a judicious abstract of most of the preceding works, and some poetical translations of parts of the Eddas.—Oehlensnlager's Poem on the Gods of the North.—Heiberg's Nordiske Mythologiæ; the Works of Finn Magnussen, and Müller, and other Works quoted by Grenville Pigott, but which I have not seen.

BOOK VI.

1. *Oh Sea! by whose commandment didst thou fly?*

Psalms lxxviii, lxxix, lxxx, cv, cxiv.

2. *And Israel's sons on Angels' viands fed.*

Psalm lxxviii. 25.

3. *Why do black clouds on Sinai's summit dwell.*

Hebrews xii. 18.

4. *The sacrifice of Christ's atoning blood.*

Heb. ix. 13, 14. x. 1, 4, 5.

5. *A vine deep planted in the heathen's land.*

Psalm lxxx. 8.

6. *For still rebellious and a stiff-necked race.*

Jeremiah ii. 13. 21. 32. iii. 6. xxiii. 15.

7. *And Salem's daughters weep Adonis slain.*

Ezekiel viii. Selden de Diis Syriis. Op. vol. ii. p. 388. And the Ἀδωνιαζουσαι of Theocritus.

8. *He bares in justice his avenging hand.*

Hosea ii. 18. Jeremiah iv, &c. Lament. i. 1. The description of Jerusalem after the capture by Nebuchadnezzar is taken almost literally from the Lamentations of Jeremiah.

9. *He, to whose word the earth existence owes.*

Isaiah xliv. 28. xlv.

10. *Yet by no terrors awed, no kindness changed.*

Romans i. 11.

11. *But chief Isaiah, rapt in Seraph fire.*

Isaiah vii. 14. xi. 1.

12. *The wolf will lay aside his thirst for blood.*

Isaiah xi. xxxv.

13. *This mighty branch will rise from out the ground.*

Isaiah liii.

14. *High floats the banner of the Saviour's host.*

Isaiah xiii. 2. liv. lx. Micah iv.

15. *But who is this from Bozra's hostile shore.*

Isaiah lxiii. lxiv. xlv. 8. xlvi.

16. *Yet whence such wisdom? Did the earthly wise.*

Job xxxviii.

17. *The greatest nations to his mighty power.*

Isaiah xl. 12. xlix. 15. li. 6.

18. *How beautiful the feet of those who bring.*

Isaiah lii. 7. xli. 1. xlii. xliii. xlix. lv.

BOOK VII.

1. *The mystic numbers of the gifted Seer.*

Daniel's seventy weeks, or 490 years. Dan. ix. 24.

2. *O Flower of Virgins, filled with grace divine.*

Hymn in Officio Beatæ Mariæ, e Breviario Romano. Newman's Hymni Ecclesiæ, vol. ii. p. 83.

Quem terra, pontus, sidera
Colunt, adorant, prædicant,
Trinam regentem machinam
Claustrum Mariæ bajulat.

Cui luna, sol, et omnia,
Deserviunt per tempora;
Perfusa cœli gratia
Gestant puellæ viscera.

Beata Mater munere
Cujus, supernus artifex
Mundum pugillo continens,
Ventris sub arca clausus est.

And again, in Nativitate Domini, vol. i. p. 30. From the Parisian Breviary.

Rerum Creator omnium,
Servile corpus induit—
Quod ante mundi tempora
Verbum Patris prodit sinu,
Obnoxius nunc tempori
Mortalis infans nascitur.—

Quod Eva tristis abstulit
Tu reddis Almo germine,
Intrent ut astra flebiles,
Cœli fenestra facta es.

3. *In Herod's mind a jealous fear was sown.*

Herod put to death his wife Marianne out of a false jealousy, and her father, grandfather, brother, and uncle, and also his three sons, Alexander, Aristobulus, and Antipater. He obtained the kingdom of Judæa, and maintained himself in it by bloody murders and cruelty. He died of a most painful and wretched disorder, having given orders that the principal Jews should be slain at his death, that there might be a general lamentation, which however was not carried into execution. Josephus.

4. *See on all sides the ravenous eagles soar.*

Deut. xxviii. 26, 48, 49. Jer. v. 6. viii. 1. iv. 23.

5. *My heart is sick—oh that my tears would flow.*

Jeremiah ix.

6. *See yonder matron, who with secret care.*

A woman of rank devoured her child. See Josephus.

BOOK VIII.

1. *Then bigot rage the wounded fiend inspired.*

That it was Satan who persecuted the Christians, see Revelations ii. 10, 24. "Behold, the devil shall cast you into prison, as many as have not known the depths of

Satan." See Tacitus, An. l. xv. c. 44. Pliny, l. x. Ep. 97. Juvenal, l. i. 155. &c.

2. *Nor with the great did persecution end.*

This persecution of the Church at Lyons and Vienne was in the year 177, in the seventeenth year of the reign of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, surnamed the Philosopher. For the history of Blandina, and her sufferings, see an epistle from the Churches of Lyons and Vienne to the Churches in Phrygia and Asia, in Routh's Reliquiæ Sacræ, vol. i. p. 265.

3. *The blood of martyrs proved the Church's seed.*

It became a maxim, Sanguis martyrum semen Ecclesiæ.

4. *Since Demons could possess the human soul.*

Dante says of Alberigo dè Manfredi, that after the soul of a bad man is gone to hell, a Demon sometimes enters and animates the dead body.

——Tosto che l' anima trade,
Come fec'io, il corpo suo, l' è tolto
Da un Dimonio, che poscia il governa,
Mentre che 'l tempo suo tutto sia volto.
Inferno, cant. xxxiii. 129.

5. *On Christ's own altar see enthroned on high.*

The Pope after his election receives the homage of the faithful, seated on a throne erected on the High Altar of Saint Peter's Church.

It is scarcely necessary to quote authorities to prove, that it is the popish doctrine that the Pope is the repre-

sentative of God on earth, invested with the divine power, and infallibility. The Canons say, " The Roman Pontiff " is the vicegerent (vices gerit) of God and our Lord Jesus " Christ on earth, and has a plenitude of power over all " nations and kingdoms, judges all, and can be judged by " none in this world." Enacted by Paul IV, in 1558, Sept. Decret. lib. v. tit. 3. c. 9. And again, " We pronounce " that it is absolutely necessary to salvation that every " creature should be subject to the Roman Pontiff." Extrav. Com. lib. i. tit. 8. c. 1. by Boniface VIII.

So by a Canon of the Council of Florence, assembled in the year 1414, it was decreed, " The Apostolical Chair and " the Roman High Priest doth hold a Primacy over the " Universal Church."

If we ask, who are comprehended under the name of the Church, over whom this power of the Pope extends, the answer is, *All baptized Christians*, by whomsoever baptized, even by heretics, and so over protestants! For the Council of Trent decrees, " If any one says, that persons " baptized are free from all the commands of the Holy " Catholic Church, either written, or by tradition, so as not " to be bound to observe them, unless he voluntarily is " willing to submit himself to them, let him be accursed." Concil. Trident. sess. vii. can. iv.

This is the present doctrine. In the Theological Lectures at Maynooth it is said, that the Church retains its jurisdiction over all apostates, heretics, and schismatics, although they do not belong to its body. De Ecc. Christi, 390.

That this power was superior to that of Kings is likewise maintained in innumerable places. One may suffice.

The Bull of Pope Sixtus V. 1585, begins thus. " The

" authority given to St. Peter and his successors by the " immense power of the eternal King excels all the powers " of earthly kings and princes. It passes uncontrollable " sentence upon them all. And if it find any of them " resisting God's ordinances, (that is, the decrees or doc- " trines of the Church,) it takes most severe vengeance of " them, casting them down from their thrones."

The Bishops and Clergy are sworn to observe the canons and the decrees of the Council of Trent, and " to preserve, defend, increase, and advance the rights, " privileges, and authority of our Lord the Pope, and to " persecute heretics." The oath in the Pontificale Romanum, set out by Clement VIII. in 1626.

6. *The Scriptures search, the charters of mankind.*

The supreme power of the Church being vested in the Pope, the whole foundation of the Popish religion depends ultimately upon his supremacy. This is said to have been given to Saint Peter, and his successors.

Was it given to Saint Peter?

Christ's words were, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock " I will build my Church. And I will give thee the keys " of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind " on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou " shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

Now precisely the same powers were given to all the Apostles, and consequently no superiority to Peter.

As to Peter's being the *rock* upon which the Church was to be built, it is said in the Revelations of the heavenly city, that is the Church, that " it had twelve foundations, " and in them the names of the twelve Apostles."

Rev. xxi. 14. So Eph. ii. 20. "Ye are built upon the "foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Christ being "the corner stone."

As to the *keys* of heaven and the power of binding and loosing, He said to the Apostles generally, "Whatsoever "ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and "whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in "heaven." Matt. xviii. 18. The rock and the keys are metaphors.

To the Apostles generally, "Receive the Holy Ghost: "whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted to them, "and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained." John xx. 23.

So to feed the flock, Acts xx. 28. So they all had the promise of receiving the Holy Ghost, "to lead them into "all truth." John xvi. 13.

Nor was this power claimed or exercised by St. Peter, or allowed by his contemporaries.

In his Epistles, he exhorts as an Elder. (1 Pet. v.) In his speeches, he counsels and advises, not commands, and in the common name of the Apostles. 2 Pet. iii. 2.

In his conduct, he assumed no extraordinary authority, or was any deference paid him by his brethren. He laid no command, or exercised any jurisdiction. All things were transacted by common agreement. As in the election of Matthias, the institution of Deacons, the Council on the observance of Mosaical Institutions, in the admission of the Gentiles. The Apostles sent him into Samaria. No appeal is ever made to him. As against heretics he reproves them, but not as Pope with authority. When some said they were of Paul, Apollos, or Cephas, if Peter

was known to be their sovereign, how could any one stand in competition with him? Nor could they have disputed who should have the chief place.

The Apostles went on their missions, not by order of St. Peter, but by the direction of God's Spirit.

St. Paul frequently asserts his independence, particularly as Apostle to the Gentiles, and publicly rebuked St. Peter, because he was blameable. Baronius admits this passage to be "a stone of offence, a rock of scandal, a rugged "place." Anno 51. §. 32. &c.

Christ says, "Ye are all brethren, and call ye not any "one father upon earth, for one is your Father, even he "that is in heaven: neither be ye called masters, for one "is your Master, even Christ." Matt. xxiii. 8, 9.

The equality of the Apostles is maintained by the ancient fathers, St. Cyprian, Chrysostom, Cyril, Jerome, Dionysius, Isidore, and no superiority allowed to St. Peter. Even St. Paul, in the name of the Apostles, claims no dominion over the flock. "We have not dominion over your faith, "but are helpers of your joy." 2 Cor. i. 24.

Whatever were St. Peter's rights, there is no evidence whatever that they descended to his successors the Bishops of Rome, even if he were ever Bishop of that place, which is, at least, doubtful; they were neither claimed or exercised by them, or admitted by the other contemporary Bishops.

In the Scriptures no such succession is mentioned or alluded to. The powers given to St. Peter were merely personal. No mention is made of the Bishops of Rome.

One difficulty presents itself immediately. St. Peter died long before St. John, and probably before other Apostles. If the Bishop of Rome, Linus, or whoever

he was, for there is great uncertainty upon this point, succeeded to St. Peter's primacy, then St. John and the other Apostles became subject to an officer of the Church who was inferior to them in rank.

This doctrine is not found in any ancient summary composed by authority, or eminent persons in the Church, nor in Eusebius, or other ancient historians of the Church. It was first defined by the Lateran Council, held under Innocent the Third, in 1215, and fuller by the modern Creed of Pius the Fourth, and the Council of Trent. Nor do any Pagan historians mention it, or the adversaries of Christianity attack it. In the disputes with heretics, no reference was made to this authority, which would have afforded a clear decision against them.

St. Cyprian, a great Primate of the Church, and Bishop of Carthage, allowed to be a Saint by the Roman Church, asserts the independence and equality of Bishops. He was martyred in 258. He says, "Every Bishop disposeth and "directeth his own acts, being to render an account of his "purpose to the Lord." Cyp. Ep. 52. "Every Prelate "hath in the administration of his Church the free power "of his will." In an Epistle to Pope Stephanus, Ep. 72. "To each pastor a portion of the flock is assigned, "which each should govern and direct." Ep. 55. In his capacity of Prolocutor of the Synod at Carthage, he says, "None of us doth constitute himself Bishop of Bishops, or "by tyrannical terror driveth his colleagues to obey; "whereas every Bishop hath his own free choice." In præf. Concil. Carthag. Again, "Each Bishop is con- "stituted by the judgment of God and Christ, and in his "church is a judge in the fear of Christ." Ep. 51.

The Roman Church, in an Epistle in answer to him, admits this independence. "They are worthy of double "praise, who when they know they owe their consciences "to God as Judge, yet desire their actions to be approved 'by their *Brethren*." Ep. 31. In an Epistle to Pope Stephanus he charges him with pride, ignorance, imprudence, lying, profaneness, his presumption in preferring human tradition to the Divine Ordinances. Ep. 74. Ed. Rigalt.

Pope Gregory the First, or the Great, when the Bishop of Alexandria had used to him the expression of *Sicut jussistis*, As you have commanded, Gregory rebukes him, "That word of command I desire you not to let me hear: "because I know who I am, and who ye are: by place ye "are my brethren, in goodness fathers: I did not therefore "command, but what seemed profitable I hinted to you." Ep. 7. 30.

As to the fact itself: Barrow has divided all power, and particularly that claimed by the Pope, into nineteen heads or branches of sovereign power, and has proved that the Popes have not enjoyed or exercised either of them, or that they have been allowed to them, for three or four centuries after Christ. It would be too long to introduce this argument, or the proofs of it. I shall merely state a few heads. The Councils and Synods were convoked not by the Popes but by the Emperors, nor did he always preside in them, nor was he allowed a negative upon their decrees. He exercised no judicial power, nor appointed, deposed, or restored, Bishops. No appeals were made to him. So far from being infallible, or uncontrollable, he has actually been censured, and even excommunicated for his

errors, by Councils and other Bishops. The Canon Law admits the legality of it. "He is to be judged of none, "except he be found to have gone astray in the Faith." Gra. dist. 43. cap. 6.

7. *Respecting powers—the end to which they're used.*

Christianity, by the Papal influence and doctrines, from a divine philosophy designed to improve the reason, to moderate the passions, to correct manners, and to prepare men for conversation with God and Angels, is modelled to a system of politic devices serving to exalt and enrich the Pope, and his adherents. This is shortly stated in the poem, and the proofs of it may be carried to a great extent.

The Popish religion perverts the truth of Christian doctrine, and primitive tradition: is in opposition to the Divine commands, teaches falsehoods, and maintains impieties; as in idolatry, confession to a priest as necessary to salvation, forgiveness of sins by absurd pilgrimages, and unprofitable penances: it allows perjury, equivocation, rebellion, oral traditions, denying the reading of the Scriptures, and the insufficiency of Christ's sacrifice.

These two notes, 6, 7. are extracted from Barrow's Treatise on the Pope's Supremacy. Barrow's capacious mind comprehends the whole extent of Ecclesiastical learning. In that immortal work, by the highest evidence, taken from the Scriptures, decrees of Councils, the work of the Fathers, and ancient history, he has completely destroyed the edifice of Popery to its very foundations. It has never been answered, and is unanswerable, except by quirks, evasions, and falsehoods, or by having recourse to the *ultima ratio* of Popery, *The Church has said it!*

The inutility of the many Popish forms and ceremonies is proved by St. Hilary, l. 10. de Trinitate. "*Non per* "*difficiles nos Deus ad beatam vitam quæstiones vocat. In* "*absoluto nobis, et facili, est æternitas; Jesum suscitatum* "*à mortuis per Deum credere, et ipsum esse Dominum* "*confiteri.*" Taylor's Holy Dying, on Faith, p. 156.

8. *And all was venal—consciences were sold.*

It was the general practice to pardon sins, and remit the pains of purgatory for thousands of years to come, to those who joined in crusades for the extirpation of heretics, or performed other actions. Licenses were sold to commit any sins with impunity. But what was worse, a price was set upon every sin. Remission at other times is granted to saying certain prayers. But the principal penance and piety is in the payment of money. Catalogues of sins with their prices have been published by authority. In one case a man paid £8. 2s. 9d. for marrying one wife after murdering the former. Townsend, Review, 1827. Nor are these practices obsolete. Pope Leo, by his Bull for the Jubilee in 1825, "resolves fully to unlock the sacred treasure "composed of the merits, sufferings, and virtues of Christ, "of his Virgin Mother, and all the saints, which the "author of human salvation has intrusted to our (the "Pope's) dispensation." During the year 1825, he gives a plenary indulgence, remission and pardon of all their sins, to all truly penitent, and confessing their sins, who shall devoutly visit the Churches of Peter, Paul, St. John, Lateran, and St. Mary Major, for thirty days, or if strangers for fifteen days, and shall pray for the exaltation of the holy Church, and the extirpation of heretics. This Bull is printed at length in Blanco

White's Practical and Internal Evidence against Catholicism. Notes, p. 298.

9. *An intermediate station for the soul.*

Purgatory and prayers for the dead are enjoined by the Council of Trent. Session xxv. "The holy Synod com-" mands that the sound doctrine of purgatory should be " believed by the faithful in Christ, and that the sacri-" fices of masses, prayers, alms, and other works of " piety, should be devoutly performed by the faithful for " the faithful deceased."

10. *And spurns the life her heavenly Father gave.*

The sister of the celebrated Bossuet killed herself by her austerities. She never drank any liquors, which produced great agony, and destroyed her health. She mortified herself by licking sores, and ulcers, and other nasty and disgusting things. Was not this suicide?

The profligacy of many monasteries, both male and female, are well proved.

11. *In the Confessional's dark pen inclosed.*

The absolution of the Priest, in the Church of Rome, is a judicial act, and essential to the forgiveness of sins; which is evidently calculated to exalt the power of the priesthood.

" The sacerdotal absolution is not a mere ministry, or " declaration that sins are forgiven, but a judicial act, by " which, as from a judge, the sentence is pronounced." Conc. Trid. sess. xiv. cap. vi. can. 9. &c.

12. *How elevated is the priestly state.*

They adore the bread and wine. (Council of Trent,

sess. xiii. c. v.) "There can be no doubt but that the "faithful should offer to the holy Sacrament the same "worship which is due to the true God." (Latriæ cultum.)

Again, as to what this Transubstantiation is: "If any "one shall deny that the body and the blood, together with "the soul, and divinity of Jesus Christ, and therefore that "the whole Christ, is contained, truly, really, and substan- "tially in the Sacrament, but shall say that he is only in it "as a sign, let him be accursed." Canon i. "If any one "shall deny that the *whole Christ* is contained in the holy "Sacrament, in each species (the bread and wine), and *in* "*every portion of each species*, when they are divided, let "him be accursed." Can. iii.

They hold the consequences of the curse of the Church to be eternal damnation.

The lying miracles which they have invented to prove this doctrine are many of them perfectly ridiculous. The great Cardinal Bellarmine relates, that a woman laughed at hearing the sacramental bread called the body of our Lord, when she knew that she had made it with her own hands. Upon this St. Gregory prayed, and the outward form of the bread was turned into visible flesh, by which the woman was converted. Bell. de Sacr. Euchar. lib. iii. c. 8.

Another story quoted by the Cardinal likewise. A priest was extremely anxious to see the shape of him whom he believed to be actually present in the bread and wine. At length he beheld the body of Christ in the figure of a child!

Besides those alluded to in the text, the lives of the saints and other books, confirmed too by

some of the highest authorities in the Roman Church, abound with false miracles, many of them childish, absurd, and even blasphemous. These stories were frequently introduced into the discourses of preachers, to instigate their hearers to piety, and submission to the Church. They are very numerous, and a collection of them would make an entertaining romance, or jest book. I shall quote a few from a book entitled, The Conformity of Saint Francis to the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was printed at Milan in 1510, and was approved by the General, and Chapter of the Franciscans. And Martin Luther, who was one of the Order, declares, that they, considering this account as a Gospel, were compelled to adore and believe all those follies, and if any one was so bold as either to doubt, or mutter any thing against them, he was sure to be punished. The following are some of the extraordinary stories.

In confirmation of the sacrifice of the Mass, when a Franciscan Friar repeated the words, " This is my body," Jesus Christ appeared, and shewed him the humility by which he was incarnated, and which caused him *day by day to come into the Priest's hands.* Another time, Christ appeared to him with a lovely beard, clothed in a red vestment, by which he was satisfied that by *that Mass God was appeased for the whole world.* In celebrating the Mass of All Souls, he saw an infinite number pass out of Purgatory into heaven in the likeness of spirits of fire. Another Friar Peter, celebrating Mass, a boy that could hardly speak, declared he saw him eat Christ in the form of a child. When the consecrated bread was

brought to an ass, she fell down on her knees, and paid reverence.

Saint Francis was thought equal to Christ, and to have possessed as great a power of working miracles. When he was in prayer to the Virgin, she appeared to him in a most beautiful manner, and gave up herself to be held and kissed in his arms from the beginning of the night till day. Saint Francis sits in the seat of Lucifer, who was cast out from heaven, from a Seraphic Order, and Saint Francis was made a Seraphim; as was revealed to many persons. His miracles were numberless, and as great as if they had been done by an Angel. He appeared to Friar Leo with wings, glittering feathers, and talons like an eagle.

Animals make no small figure in the wonderful deeds of the Saints. A flock of birds assembled to hear St. Francis preach. Larks collected on the Church of Nostradamus, and sang upon the death of St. Francis. Another, who had roasted fowls set before him, resolved to fast, so they all took wing and flew away.

All the Saints raised many dead to life, and cured all disorders.

St. Anthony had great influence over the animal creation. A great shoal of fishes came to hear him preach, and all held their heads above water, some cried out, others opened their mouths, and bowed their heads. Some heretics set before St. Francis a great toad to eat, by making the sign of the cross he turned it into a roasted capon. The birds sat upon his shoulders, attended his sermons, and sang hymns. The

swallows once disturbed him with their chattering. He said to them, "My lisping sisters, it is time for me to "speak. I would have you, my pretty sisters, leave off." Upon which they were mute. He made a wolf promise never to commit ravages any more, and he bowed his head, and gave his right foot, as a pledge of his faithfulness. The wolf went amongst the people in a friendly manner, and begged for his victuals. A handsome woman tempted St. Francis, but he threw himself naked upon burning coals, and said, "This is my bed, come lie with me;" but she refused his kind invitation. A surgeon thrust a hot iron into his head to cure his sore eyes without hurt. He commanded emmets, frogs, and sheep.

Having performed some austerities, as running naked through briars and thorns, and ice, there appeared a great light, and an infinite company of angels. Then he was clothed in a new gown, and his way was covered with satin. He took twelve red, and twelve white roses, which flowered in January, and laid them on the altar, where Jesus and his mother were standing. After he was dead, he was transfigured, and there came a golden cross out of his mouth, which reached as high as heaven, and unto the ends of the earth: at the sight of which a great dragon was seen to fly away. A Friar saw him standing in the wounds of Christ, and coming out of them. He swallowed a spider in the cup at the Mass, which came out at his thigh.

When Friar Suffian was sick, the Virgin Mary came with three virgins, who carried boxes of medicines, and she gave him bolus's of wonderful effects.

In the two last centuries many Saints were added to the Roman Calendar. To obtain this honour, it was necessary that the candidates should have performed miracles. The Diplomas of the Popes, establishing their canonizations, contain the particular reasons for their elevation to this rank, and of course state a great variety of such miracles; thus confirmed by the highest authority in the Romish Church. See Justus Fontaninus's Codex Constitutionem, quas Summi Pontifices ediderunt in solemni Canonizatione Sanctorum. Folio. Romæ, 1729. (Mos. v. p. 243.)

Nor are these tales of other times. On Trinity Sunday, May 26, 1839, five new Saints were canonized. Their names were St. Alphonsus Liguori, St. Francis de Girolamo, St. John Joseph of the Cross, St. Pacificus of San Saverino, St. Veronica Giuliani. Their lives were published at London for C. Dolman, abridged from the Italian account, which was written by the Postulators, or Advocates employed, and record the miracles which elevated them to the company of Saints. A tardy process is always designedly and fraudulently made necessary, and more than half a century is required to expire, before canonization can take place. Thus the time when proper evidence of the miracles might be applied to ascertain their truth is designedly suffered to pass over, and traditionary testimony must be admitted, and they are pronounced to be genuine, when time has swept away the materials for proof or confutation of them. And thus miracles are attributed to Saints which were never heard of in their lifetimes.

The following are a few of the marvellous occurrences

which have gained these worthies their exalted station in 1839.

St. Alphonsus Liguori was born near Naples in 1696, was Bishop of Agatha de Goti. He was remarkable for piety towards the Virgin, and was favoured with many tokens of her regard. She appeared to him in the sight of an immense crowd of people in the church of Foggia. A ray of light, like that of the sun, was reflected upon his face, which was seen by all the people, who cried out "A miracle, a miracle!" Alphonsus, in his juridical attestation, deposed, that he, together with the congregation, saw her countenance, resembling that of a girl of 14 or 15 years of age, who turned from side to side, as was witnessed by every one present. Another time, praying to the Virgin on his knees, with his eyes raised to heaven, he was seen by all present to be lifted more than a foot from the ground, and turned towards a statue of the Virgin, whose countenance darted forth beams of light, which shone on his face. This spectacle lasted five or six minutes.

St. Francis de Girolamo was born near Taranto, in the kingdom of Naples, in 1642. One day his mother caught him, when a child, in a pious theft, in the act of carrying away some bread to distribute amongst the poor. The matron chid him for his indiscretion, as their circumstances could ill afford so bountiful a charity, and forbad him to do so any more. The boy answered with a blushing cheek, but an air of superiority, "Look to the cupboard!" Whereupon she looked, and, lo! not a loaf was missing. In 1675, he was ordained, and had the

church of Gesu Nuovo at Naples. His sanctity was soon conspicuous by contrast with that voluptuous city, but his peculiar gift was a magic power of reclaiming erring Magdalens. In preaching near a house of ill fame, when a carriage was preparing to drive off, he requested the persons in it to wait, and not interrupt the servant of God. They refused, and ordered the coachman to drive on. He held the crucifix before the horses, who sunk down on their knees, and would not stir. He performed many other miracles, such as flying, and raising the dead.

St. John Joseph of the Cross was born in 1654, in the island of Ischia. He was from his childhood remarkable for mortification, and an indifference to the fair sex, and never, during the sixty years of his life, was he known to look any female in the face. Several times the infant Jesus descended into his arms, and stayed for several hours. His frequent ravishment from the earth, and suspension in the air, was a well-known occurrence, visible to many who beheld him at Mass, and during a procession. He had the gift of appearing in two places at once, and of passing, with the velocity of spirits, from one place to another. He foretold the future destinies of three young men, and he afterwards met one of them, to whom he had predicted the gallows, flying from justice as a robber and murderer. Even the elements obeyed him. Rain ceased at his command. The air brought him his stick, which he had left behind.

The other three Saints were indued with gifts equally miraculous.

13. *Christ not sufficient, in man's sinful need.*

As to their idolatry in worshipping images, saints, and relics.

Images. "Due honour and veneration is to be bestowed "upon images of Christ, the Virgin, and other saints, par- "ticularly in temples." Con. Trid. sess. xxv. Due honour is an equivocation and subterfuge, which is explained by the actual practice. In the Pontifical, after the Priest has blessed the Cross, he is ordered to adore it, and all present may do the same.

The Virgin Mary. All their books are full of services to her. There is a Novena, or nine days devotion to her, to obtain any particular favour.

Other saints. The Council of Trent directs, "that "the faithful should be taught that the saints reigning "with Christ offer their prayers for men, and that it is "good and useful to invoke them, and to have recourse to "their aid." It joins relics also with the saints. In the Missals there are many prayers to saints as mediators; as on the day of St. Nicholas, "grant that by the merits "and death of St. Nicholas we may be delivered from "eternal flames," &c. The Catechism of the Council of Trent commands the people "to venerate, adore, and "worship them."

There is lately published an office of the *sacred heart of Jesus*, including the devotion with the sacred heart of the Virgin Mary, in 1821. It is stated to be "the *material* "heart of the Son of God, wherein corporeally dwells all "the plenitude of his divinity!" A nun, Mary Margaret, who died in 1690, was chosen to begin this devotion, by the appearance of Jesus Christ in person! Confraternities

of the sacred heart were instituted and confirmed by Clement XII. in 1732, and many privileges are granted to them. "You cannot shew your devotion to the sacred "heart of the Son more than by dedicating some part of the "said devotion to the ever pure heart of the Mother. Go, "devout client, go to the heart of Jesus, but let your way "be through the heart of Mary." One devotion to the Mother of God is a key to open the gates of paradise, or to salute her image, or to say ten Ave Marias.

An Agnus Dei, a cake of wax, with the image of the Lamb, and blessed by the Pope, will preserve him who carries it from his spiritual or temporal enemies, fire, water, storms, tempests, thunder and lightning, and sudden death, and other benefits.

14. *The heathen gods, from their high stations driven.*

See a very scarce book, entitled Lo Spaccio della Bestia Triomphante, in which the displacing of the heathen gods for Christian Saints is gone into with much detail and humour. It was written by Giordano Bruno, who was burned by the Church of Rome for a heretic.

16. *God oped his holy volume to mankind.*

By the Council of Trent, (Rule 4.) "all persons are "forbidden the use of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue "without a particular license from the priest, and whoever, "without such license, shall presume to read or possess "them, unless he gives up his Bible to the Ordinary, cannot "receive absolution for his sins." They are sometimes permitted to read the Rhemish translation, in which notes are introduced to state and confirm the most violent doctrines of popery.

In 1816, Pope Pius VII. issued a Bull against the distribution of the Scriptures, which he calls "a pestilence, a "wicked and nefarious scheme." Leo XXII. the present or late Pope, calls the Bible without notes the *Gospel of the Devil.* Bishop Doyle publicly approved of the conduct of a peasant in the county of Kildare, who took up a protestant Bible with a pair of tongs, and buried it in his garden, and he promised to reward it!

"Let every one receive and venerate, with equal piety "and reverence, all the books of the Old and New Testa- "ments, and also *the Traditions* which relate as well to "faith as to morals, as dictated by Christ, or the Holy "Ghost, and preserved by continual succession in the "Catholic Church. Whoever shall despise the said Tra- "ditions is accursed." Conc. Trid. sess. iv.

These doctrines have been asserted in late days, in the Annotations to the Doway Bible, approved of by Dr. Troy, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, as follows:

"The Church Service of England, being in heresy and "schism, is not only unprofitable but damnable." Note on Acts x. 9.

"The prayers of a protestant cannot be heard in heaven." On John xv. 7.

"Their prayers and service are no better than howlings "of wolves." Mark iii. 2.

"The translation of the English Bible ought to be "abhorred to the depths of hell." On Hebrews v. 9.

"A Christian (that is a Catholic) is bound to burn and "deface all heretical books; for example, the *English* "*Bible.*" On 1 Thess. ii.

BOOK IX.

1. *Not when from heaven terrific thunder breaks.*

1 Kings xix. 11.

2. *That witnesses, a small but sacred band.*

Revelations xi.

3. *Where Alpine mountains rear their craggy crest.*

See Gilly's Narration of an Excursion to the mountains in Piedmont in 1823, and the Quarterly Review, No. 65, and some other publications there reviewed. Rodolfe Peyrani was the supreme pastor or moderator, equivalent to a Bishop, of the ancient Protestant Church of the Vaudois, or Waldenses. Their numbers were then 18,000, in thirteen parishes. This was the parent Church of all the Protestant communities in Europe, and their Prelates extend upwards to the Apostles themselves. Their doctrines agree with those of the Church of England. When persecuted formerly, some of them took refuge in Provence, Languedoc, and Guienne. From hence these doctrines found their way into England, and were the same that were preached by Wickliffe. They adhered to the pure doctrines of the Apostolic age, and the Church of Rome separated from them. They were persecuted by the Church of Rome, the Inquisition, and those princes, who like Simon de Montfort were under its influence. Sometimes by their own princes, the Dukes of the House of Savoy. In many instances they bravely defended themselves against the hostile attacks of their persecutors. In 1655, an Edict issued from the Court of Turin, requiring

all protestants to remove to certain vallies, and troops were sent to compel them, and horrors were perpetrated which shocked all Europe. Milton wrote his sonnet, *Avenge, O Lord*, upon this occasion. Cromwell interfered, and a subscription was made. (See Morland's account.) But they were afterward driven from their homes, the whole of their property confiscated, and they were imprisoned. Of 15,000 souls, only 3,000 survived. Henri Arnaud collected 800, re-entered the vallies, and gloriously maintained his station. They are at present in a state of great oppression. To shew that the spirit of persecution is still active in the Romish Church, I add the following recent account.

The government of Austria drove out 500 Protestants from the county of the Zillerthal in the Tyrol, in September in 1837. The King of Prussia kindly received and placed the fugitives, who it appears had been converted to Protestantism by the Bibles which they had obtained in their small traffic. About 100 years before, the Archbishop of Saltzburg banished above 30,000 of his Protestant subjects from their country.

The Histoire Generale Des Eglises Evangelique des Vallees de Piemont, on Vaudoise, par Leger Pasteur des Vallees, *Leyd.* 1669, gives a full account of the Vaudois doctrines from authentic sources. He gives many of their declarations in the language of the country. It appears that they agreed with those of the recent protestants in condemning the doctrines of popery. They admitted only two Sacraments. *Nos non aven conneou autre sacrament que le Baptisme, et la Eucharistia.* As to *transubstantiation*—" *Lo mangar del pan sacramental ès*

mangar lo corps de Christ en figura." "This is my body," not meaning a numerical identity, for Christ's body "is "now in heaven." "Neither *extreme unction*, or the "*invocation of Saints*, or *prayers for the dead*, were ordered "by Christ or his Apostles." *Par aguesta magnification e invocation de li Sancti, lo poble encorre in Idolatria.* "It implies that they are more merciful than God, and "they cannot hear our prayers." As to *purgatory*— "*Item nos cresin, en après aguesta vita esser tant solamènt* "*duoi loc, un de li salvà l' autre de li domnà.*" "Purga- "tory is *seuma*, a dream of Antichrist." *L' aigua benicta*, is "an abomination." So *se abstenir alcuns jorns de la carn.* "Referring to tradition is Anti-Christian." These articles are from a memorial presented by the Vaudois to the King of France, in 1544. "To hear confessions belongs to all Christians, not priests alone." They detest images, and declare the falsehood of the miracles of the Romish Church. They held that the Bishop of Rome is only equal to other Bishops, and the marriage of priests lawful.

The manuscripts of Morland, who was sent as commissioner to the Vaudois from Oliver Cromwell, are deposited at Cambridge. His book is entitled the History of the Evangelical Churches of the Vallies of Piedmont, dedicated to Cromwell.

The difference between *transubstantion* and *consubstantiation* is this. By transubstantiation is meant the conversion of the substance of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ. *Nothing of the bread and wine remaining.* In consubstantiation, the body and blood of our Saviour are in real substance present, *together with the bread and wine.* The

former is held by the Papists, the latter by the Lutherans, and is perhaps the most absurd of the two.

4. *Then lion-hearted Luther first arose.*

Martin Luther began to preach against the corruption of the Church of Rome in 1517. He was a Friar of the Mendicant Order of Augustinian Eremites, and Professor of Divinity in the University of Wittenberg. Hume, with some others, has misrepresented the motives that engaged Luther to oppose the doctrine of indulgences. "He says "that the Austin friars had *usually* been employed to "preach indulgences; that when this occupation was given to "Tetzel a Dominican, Luther *resented this affront put upon* "*his Order*, and began to preach against indulgences." This is untrue; for, *first*, the Austin friars had not been usually employed. The commission had been offered alternately to all the Mendicants. From 1229 it was principally intrusted to Dominicans. An Austin friar seldom occurs. From 1450 to 1517 the name of an Austin friar is scarcely met with. *Secondly*, the preaching of indulgences had become odious. This very commission was offered to the Franciscans, and refused. *Thirdly*, it was not given to the Dominicans generally, but to Tetzel only, notorious for his vices. *Fourthly*, Luther was never accused of such selfish motives by his contemporary enemies. This error has been confuted by De Priero, Pallavicini, and Grawson, who were enemies of Luther. Dr. Maclaine's note to Mosheim, vol. iv. p. 31.

The following characteristic lines were made on Luther.

Vir sine vi ferri, vi verbi, et inermibus armis,
Vir sine re, sine spe, contudit orbis opes.

5. Holy St. Paul, &c.

It is probable, but not certain, that St. Paul brought Christianity into England, which was generally received there before the end of the second century. Episcopacy was established from the first, but no obedience or deference was paid to Rome. See the Work of Fastidius, the only writer of the British Church which remains. He treats of good works as necessary to salvation, without any mention of the merits of superstitious practices, or of the Popes. St. Alban was martyred in the Diocletian persecution, which began in 303. British Bishops were at the Council of Arles, perhaps at Nice, both held in the reign of Constantine, at Sardica and Ariminium. The arrival of the heathen Saxons overturned the ecclesiastical as well as civil establishments. Christianity was again introduced amongst the Saxons by the arrival of St. Augustin in 596, sent by Gregory I. The way having been prepared by the marriage of Britha, daughter of the King of Paris, with Ethelbert, King of Kent. He came with forty monks, and settled at Canterbury. The festivals of the Church were accommodated to the heathen feasts. See Turner's History of the Anglo Saxons. The Church of the Britons who had been driven into Wales refused to unite with the Saxon Church, and to submit to Augustin and Rome. From this original connexion with Rome, that See continued to exercise its encroachments till it had brought the English Church to a state of complete subjugation.

6. *The deep foundations never to decay.*

The advocates of the Roman Church assert, that the Church of England is a new Church, which had no existence before the Reformation. The truth is, that that Church is the religion of the Gospel and the first three centuries, and consequently is as old as Christianity itself. On the other hand, all the peculiar doctrines of the Church of Rome are innovations and corruptions which were invented and introduced in periods long subsequent to the primitive state of the Christian religion, and the times of their respective introduction has been well ascertained. Mr. Palmer has shewn that most of the English Service can be traced nearly to the Apostolic age. Origines Liturgicæ, Oxford 1836, second edition.

The doctrine of *purgatory* first appeared in the third century. Towards the end of the fifth, Pope Gregory openly asserted it, and it was first made an article of faith by the packed Council of Florence in 1439.

As to *transubstantiation*, it was first introduced by the second Council of Nice in 787, and was made an article of faith by the Lateran Council, under Innocent III. in 1215. Till then there was a great variety of opinions in the Church relating to it, and the Church had come to no fixed determination concerning it. Even the haughty Gregory the Seventh, who reigned from 1073 to 1085, favoured the opinions of Berenger, who held that the body of Christ was present only *spiritually* in the Sacrament. Mosheim, cent. xi. vol. ii. p. 568, &c.

No pictures or images were allowed in Christian

Churches for the first three hundred years, and in the Council of Elvira, in 305, there is a positive decree against them. In opposition to the Council of Constantinople, the second Council of Nice, in 787, sanctioned the worship of images, those of Frankfort, Paris, and Britain, condemned it. The worship of the Virgin and Child was established in the fifth century. In the tenth, the Rosary and Crown were instituted in her honour. The Rosary consists of fifteen repetitions of the Lord's Prayer, and 150 salutations of the Virgin. The Crown was of the same nature.

Extreme unction was believed to be serviceable to the soul about the middle of the twelfth century, and decreed to be a sacrament by the Council of Florence.

Besides these, the other corrupt doctrines and practices of the Roman Church, the *pardon of sins for money* in indulgences, the additional sacraments of *Confirmation*, *Penances*, *Orders*, *Extreme Unction*, and *Matrimony*, the *denying the cup to the laity*, *confession as necessary to forgiveness of sins*, unnecessary *fasts* made obligatory, the *gaudy dresses* in the Service, *incense*, *holy water*, *the cross*, and other superstitious practices, *Service in Latin*, the *celibacy of the Clergy*, the *Monastic institutions*, have all been proved to be of recent institution. See Bingham's Ecclesiastical Antiquities, Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, the Works of Stillingfleet, and many other divines.

All the corruptions of the Church of Rome were confirmed and established by the Council of Trent in 1549, which was entirely under the control of the Pope, and exhibited a scene of intrigue and political arts disgraceful to

Christianity. The Creed of Pope Pius is a summary of them.

7. *Nor Lynch's justice dreads, nor Austria's chain.*

See the Memoirs of Silvio Pellico da Saluzza, for the horrible imprisonments he suffered from the year 1820, for ten years, for having favoured the cause of liberty against oppression.

BOOK X.

1. *A Spanish madman raised a desperate band.*

The two most celebrated Orders of Mendicant Friars were the Dominicans and Franciscans, who were most furious in persecuting heretics. The two others were the Augustinian Eremites and the Carmelites.

The Order of Jesuits was founded by Loyola, a Spaniard, in 1538, and confirmed by the Pope in 1540. Their principal object is to gain converts to the Church of Rome, and they are under the absolute government of the General, who resides at Rome.

Their infamous maxims have been admirably exposed in Les Provinciales of Pascal, written in 1656, one of the finest pieces of ironical satire that ever was written. He quotes the opinions of some of these most celebrated Fathers, which have never been contradicted by the Church, or any authority. Their doctrine of *Probable Opinions* destroys all morality. It is, that a man may conscientiously do what is justified by a probable opinion.

That is, a probable opinion which is held by the authority of only one Doctor, though that of all other Doctors is contrary to it. And a Doctor may give advice contrary to his own opinion, if thought probable by others, especially when it is more acceptable, and more for the interest of his consulter, and for following it the party's Confessor is bound to absolve him. Omnes opiniones probabiles sunt æque tutæ. From Escobar.

That of *Intention* is even more pernicious. Any crime is lawful if the *intention* is diverted from the evil done to the *advantages* accruing thereby. The *means* are corrected by the purity of the end. Thus a man may kill and rob another, if he can persuade himself that his object is not the murder or robbery *in se*, but the acquisition of property to himself. This is the general doctrine of Popery, by which every act, whether murder, perjury, or any other crime, is lawful if for the benefit of the Church. They held likewise that the possessor has a just title to what he has received for murder, or other infamous sins.

As to *Equivocation*, they hold, that it is lawful to use ambiguous terms which the hearer shall understand in another sense than he does from whom they proceed. A man may swear he has not done a thing, though he has done it, by understanding within himself he did it not on such a day, or with such or such circumstances, though the words of the oath imply no such restriction, but are general, and of course extend to every case. As if he says to himself, I did not do it on such a day, though that day is not mentioned in the oath. So promises oblige not when a man has no intention to

keep them. These rules extend to oaths, which is evident from the Canons. (By one, P. 2. Caus. 22. Quest. 4.) "An oath is not to be observed by which "any evil (malum) is permitted. The person who takes "it is the judge of what is evil. Not all promises are "to be observed. Oaths against the Divine commands "are not to be observed. Sometimes it is not expedient "to observe oaths." A Council decrees, "that those are "not to be considered as oaths, but as perjuries, which "are against the utility of the Church, and the institutions "of the holy Fathers." Concil. Lateran. iii. Decret. 16. Decret. Greg. lib. ii. tit. xxiv. c. 27. The authority of the Pontiff can absolve subjects from their oath of allegiance, and they have frequently done so. Faith is not to be kept with heretics, is another maxim. And the subjects of all heretics are de facto absolved from their sworn allegiance. (Decret Greg. lib. v. tit. vii. cap. 10.)

As to deceit and duplicity, the Pope says, "Simulation "is useful, and is occasionally to be used." (Caus. xxii. Quest. 2.)

All heretics are excommunicated de facto. But by a Canon, (Decret. Causa xxiii. Quest. v. cap. 47.) "they "are not guilty of murder who, burning with zeal for their "Catholic mother, shall kill any excommunicated person." All the murders in Ireland are here justified!

These horrid principles have recently appeared as reduced to practice in the conduct of the Papists, the violation of their oaths in the House of Commons, the examinations before Committees of the House, the various publications of the Bishops, and on many other occasions.

2. *See Dominic, in saintly cowl arrayed.*

The Orders of the Dominicans were instituted to punish heretics. Dominic may be considered as the first Inquisitor. Tribunals were established in most of the Roman Catholic countries. No where were their proceedings more outrageous than in Spain, particularly at Seville. They were first instituted in the thirteenth century, first in Narbonnese Gaul, or the south of France. The regular form, with judges and other officers, was not established till the Pontificate of Gregory IX. in 1204. See Father Paul's Historia Inquisitionis, Limborch's History of the Inquisition, Mosheim, Dr. Geddes's History, Llorente, &c. &c. The proceedings upon an Auto da Fe at Seville is from Geddes. See the Quarterly Review, No. 57, Art. 9. The last victim I have met with was a female, in 1788. This is an exact description of the standard of the Inquisition.

3. *A narrow grave, a few unlettered stones.*

See Isaiah xiv.

4. *Against the Church fierce sectaries unite.*

Gregory excommunicated all who opposed the Romish Church, and observes, that "however different their faces, "*their tails are all tied together.*" Decret. Greg. lib. v. tit. vii. cap. 13.

The names given in the poem to the sectaries are adopted from Dryden's Hind and Panther. The boar is the Baptist, the hare the Quaker, the ape the Latitudi-

narian, the fox the Socinian, the bear the Independent, the wolf the Presbyterian.

5. *In snow-white robes, and glowing as a flame.*

Revelations vi. 9. viii. xiv. 7, 8. xv. 3. xviii. xix. xx. 2. xxi. 1 Corinth. xv.

END OF VOL. I.

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